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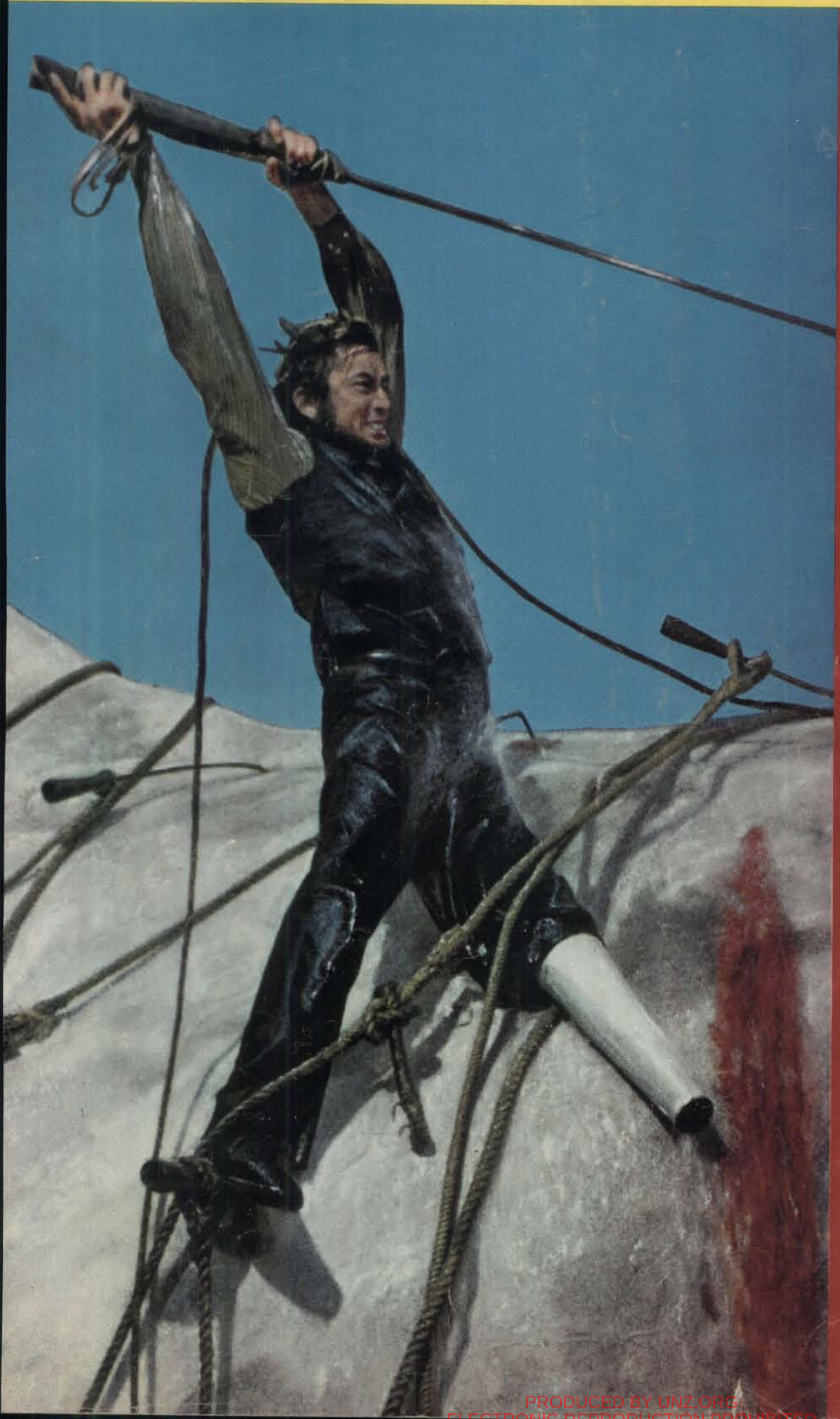

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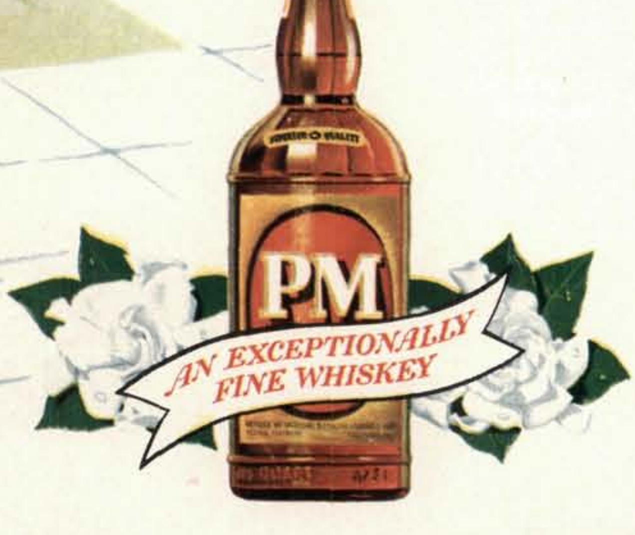

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Picture OF THE MONTH IN CINEMASCOPE

The fleet's in and on the town, and the word will soon be out everywhere that "Hit The Deck", M-G-M's bouncy big new musical in CinemaScope and Color, hits the spot in very high spirits, indeed.

It's a 21-kinds-of-fun salute to young love on leave. Never before was such a rousing story told on the screen by such a happy *combination of talent*... Jane Powell, Tony Martin, Debbie Reynolds, Walter Pidgeon, Vic Damone, Gene Raymond, Ann Miller, Russ Tamblyn.

"Hit The Deck" was a hit on the Broadway stage and now, splashed across the wide screen, its fun, dancing and romancing are twice as big and bountiful. The shore-leave shenanigans get off to a real fun-flying start. Tony, Vic and Russ—a trio of talented tars too long bottled up at sea—uncork themselves in San Francisco and pop into a merry melange of *miss*-adventures!

How the gobs and gals pair off is so much a part of the mirth that we won't spoil it for you here by tipping you off. We will say though that it takes at least ten of Vincent Youmans' youngest, springiest tunes to tell!

If ever songs were made to bless romance and bring young people kiss-close to other young people, songs like "More Than You Know", "Sometimes I'm Happy" and "I Know That You Know" can do that very trick. There are several production sequences such as "Hallelujah" that will have you humming and toe-tapping all the way home.

The whole star-bright package has been choreographed by Hermes Pan, produced by Joe Pasternak, directed by Roy Rowland.

So join the world and see the Navy at play in M-G-M's star-sparkling, laugh-flooded, love-loaded musical, "Hit The Deck"!

* * *

M-G-M presents, in CinemaScope and Color, "HIT THE DECK", starring JANE POWELL, TONY MARTIN, DEBBIE REYNOLDS, WALTER PIDGEON, VIC DAMONE, GENE RAYMOND, ANN MILLER, RUSS TAMBLYN with Kay Armen, J. Carrol Naish, Richard Anderson, Jane Darwell. Written by Sonya Levien and William Ludwig. Based on the musical play "Hit The Deck" by Herbert Fields. Presented on the stage by Vincent Youmans. From "Shore Leave" by Hubert Osborne. Music by Vincent Youmans. Lyrics by Leo Robin, Clifford Grey and Irving Caesar. Choreography by Hermes Pan. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Roy Rowland. Produced by Joe Pasternak. An M-G-M Picture.

"Hit The Deck" song hits are available in the M-G-M Records Album.

Collier's

MARCH 4, 1955

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THE COVER . . Frank Horvat

A couple of giants are featured on the cover. One, the giant whale, Moby Dick, is shown under attack by Gregory Peck, who portrays Captain Ahab in the new film version of the Herman Melville classic. You'll find more exclusive Moby Dick pictures on page 70. The other is the great New York Giant, Willie Mays, whose role in baseball is discussed by Tom Meany in his annual baseball preview, page 28

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Unretouched photograph of Plymouth "6" Belvedere 4-door Sedan

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

THE date of this issue used to be, every four years, the day the President of the United States signed on. That's all the excuse I need to confess to a temptation I suffer every time I move into a new office. And believe me, that's a lot of tempting. Whenever I worked in Hollywood, and on various publications, and even when I was employed by Uncle Sugar, I would be given an office, and pretty soon the first lieutenant, or the civilian version of same, would see to it that I got a whole new supply of letterheads, second sheets, fountain pens, erasers, rubber bands, paper clips, pencils, ash trays and carbons. Without exception I have been tempted to pilfer the lot. One look at those neat, fresh packages was enough to bring out all the larceny in my soul, and only the fear of being caught restrained me. (I am a stationery-swiper at two clubs that I belong to, but only in small quantities.)

The Navy has a euphemism for this kind of stealing. I did not steal a carbine; I surveyed out a carbine, then left it in the mighty fleet oiler Kaskaskia.

What my soul-baring is bringing me to is this: I am going to ask Bob Montgomery to ask Mr. Eisenhower whether he was so tempted when he moved to the White House. "Mr. President, did you feel even a tiny bit like latching on to some of that writing paper and stashing it away at Gettysburg?" The paper clippers and rubber bandits of this country must add up to a sizable vote.

* * *

SOONER OR LATER every man or woman who has a signed column is expected to say something about the current boom in the stock market. Well, I'm not going to let my readers down, and I have prepared my comment:

I don't know a thing about it.

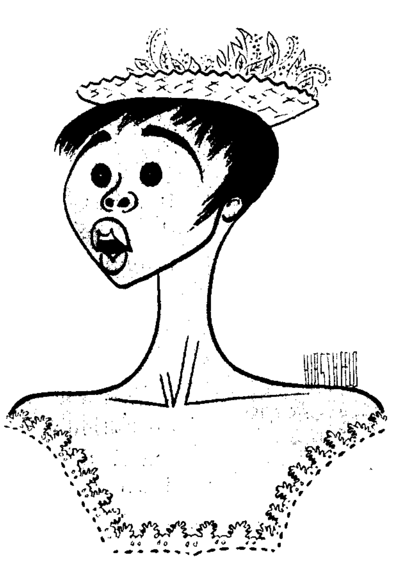
* * *

THERE WAS Gloria Vanderbilt Di Cicco Stokowski sitting with Frank Sinatra, first row on the aisle. In the same row a couple of seats away, Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt without Mr. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, watching a troupe of native dancers. Out in the lobby there was a little man who was being taken for Truman Capote, but wasn't. Oh, the place was full of celebrities and that curious category of people who are not celebrities but whom celebrities know, and who pretend not to be impressed by celebrities. (Boy, couldn't I give you a bunch of names of *those*.) There was an overabundance of the Gay Boys in their '54-'55 uniform, which is the black suit with the narrow pants; too, too Edwardian. There was the English actress—a good one, too—giving a performance in the aisle, much more professional, I must say, than the walk-through being given on stage by Pearl Bailey.

That, in a few words, was how it was at the opening of House of Flowers, the Harold Arlen-Truman Capote musical. I was there as a friend of the family, so to speak, and frankly rooting it home. I looked for good things and found them; Harold Arlen's score, which is too closely tied in with the libretto to provide many hit-parade tunes, but contains some of the melancholy beauty that is in nearly all of his pieces; and Oliver Messel's humorous and highly colored costumes and sets. I'm afraid Mr. Capote blew his chance with the book. The House, if I may be pardoned for saying so, is not a home, and the Flowers are no roses. When you write about that kind of place you are in immediate danger of having a one-joke libretto, and it takes a lot of ingenuity and imagination (and, possibly, experience) to get away from that one joke and the variants thereof. It is almost as though I were to write about a nursery, and I don't know 10 real flowers by sight.

The story is placed somewhere in the West Indies, during a Mardi Gras weekend. Whenever the show takes leave of the libretto and offers the gaiety of the time and the place, you can enjoy yourself. I was particularly delighted with a New Sound; musical instruments made of sawed-off oil drums and tuned to a scale, which were played during a couple of numbers that offered dozens of funny types on parade.

AL HIRSCHFELD



Young Diahann Carroll blooms among cacti in House of Flowers

A girl named Diahann Carroll, no stranger to television witnesses but a newcomer to the stage, plays the only real flower in this bed of cacti, and she will do all right from now on. Anyone who has trouble getting nightmares is recommended to dancer Geoffrey Holder, who one of these nights is going to roll his head right into the orchestra pit, and I'm glad I won't be there to see it.

I need hardly add, but add I will, that House of Flowers is not what you take the kiddies to on Easter vacation. They'll get an exaggerated idea of the fun to be had in such institutions.

* * *

AT THE Winter Garden Theater a few years back Beatrice Lillie used to ride out over the audience on a boom, tossing garters to the customers.

At the Winter Garden Theater the other matinee Mary Martin, in Peter Pan, tossed a bunch of violets to a customer.

A few years back, I caught the Lillie garter.

Last Saturday my nine-year-old daughter caught the violets.

How's that for appropriate?

* * *

WHEN JOE E. LEWIS had an ulcer operation I wrote and asked him if he was accompanied by Austin Mack who is his accompanist.

When he got out of the hospital Lewis sent me a card saying he was just getting over a severe case of whisky.

Eli Basse, who writes most of Lewis' material, is in no danger.

* * *

I HAVE a speaking engagement at Yale along about the time I have this reading engagement with you, charming reader. At this moment I haven't the faintest idea what I'm going to talk about. Naturally, if I'm going to speak at all, I want to speak to a full house, but Yale has already dimly viewed my first suggested subject: How Well Does Whit Griswold Know Zsa Zsa Gabor? That would have packed them in.

Other titles they didn't clear: I Was Ava Gardner's Hairdresser; The Truth about the President of Harvard; Rudy Vallee: Yale's Favorite Son; Is the Fix in for the Boat Races?; Skull & Bones, the Friendly Fifteen; Vassar Secrets.

I'll think of something.

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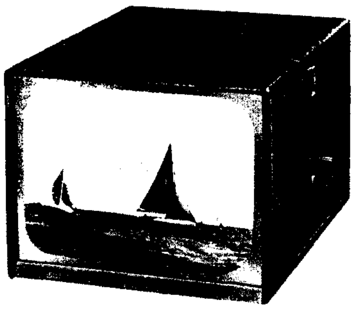

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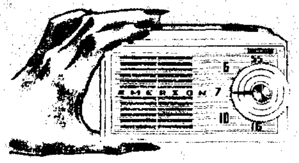

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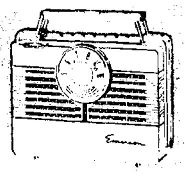

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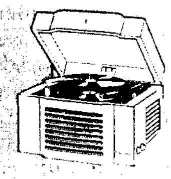

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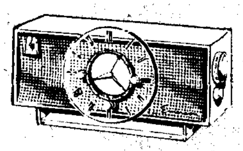

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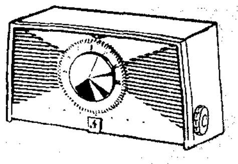

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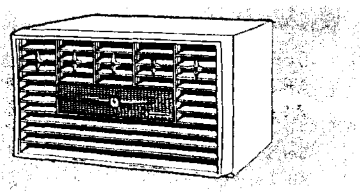

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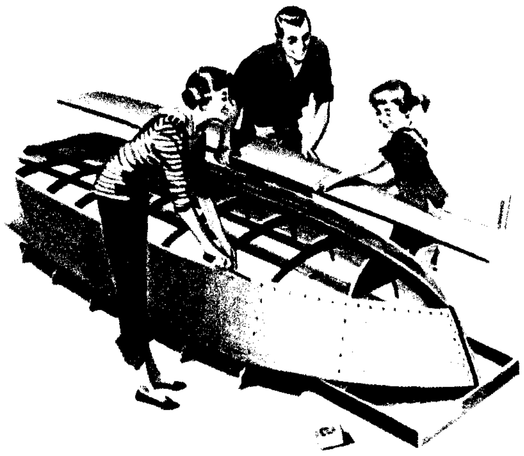

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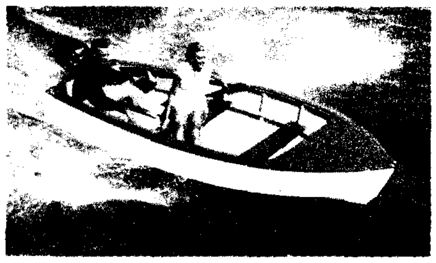

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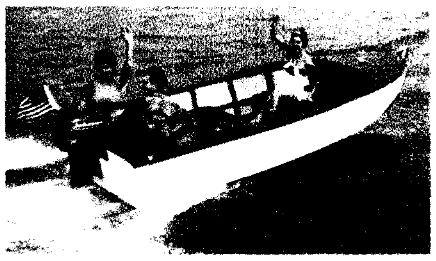

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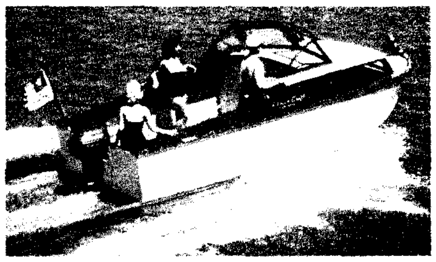

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Stapleton (right) and follower

PHOTOGRAPHING and writing about the new strike in titanium, the wonder ore, Bill Stapleton found himself in the remotest part of Mexico. Groping through the mine shafts, shooting pictures, he found his rear being brought up by a little Indian boy who collected the used flash bulbs.

"Kids do it everyplace," Bill says. "I often feel like the Pied Piper of Hamelin. It seems to me that I've been followed in every country of the globe by little girls and boys juggling those hot bulbs from hand to hand."

Stapleton started dropping Collier's flash bulbs in 1950-'51 in Korea, Burma and Indochina. In 1954 alone the trail would go something like this: Spain, North Africa, Switzerland, San Francisco, Pearl Harbor, Florida, Los Angeles, Brazil, Puerto Rico and Canada. He started off this year with the Mexican adventure, then announced to his wife, Libby, that he is about to return to Puerto Rico. Her reaction is understandable:

"Why don't you get a job in Macy's and come home once in a while!"

* * *

EDWARD L. BEACH'S Run Silent, Run Deep is an excerpt from his novel of the same name which Henry Holt & Company, Inc., will publish next month. It is exciting and creditable fiction about submarine warfare, but it pales slightly in comparison with the true experiences of the author. Commander Beach served the first two years of War II aboard the renowned Trigger, later lost in action. Then he commanded the USS Tirante, which sank nine enemy ships on her first patrol, winning Commander Beach the Navy Cross.

After the war he alternated between land and sea duty, in 1952 being placed in command of the new, snorkel-type Trigger. Since January, 1953, he has been Naval Aide to the President.

* * *

"ODDLY enough," Gene Rachlis complained to us the other day, "that story I wrote for you about crossword puzzles has resulted in my completely losing interest in 'em. When I recently came to work for The New York Times Magazine, I met Mrs. Farrar, whose desk is next to mine, and I did the story about her, and now she lets me look at the answers to her Times puzzles—well, I just can't get interested in crosswords any more, knowing that the answers are there for the asking. I know it's crazy, but aren't all crossword puzzle fans a little bit crazy about them, one way or another?"

* * *

INCLUDED in our select group of congressmen who are humorous, outspoken, educated and certainly not dull, is Senator A. S. Mike Monroney. Here are a few items that come to mind about the author of our article on commonwealth status for Hawaii and Alaska:

1. His name is Almer Stillwell Monroney. Unable to mouth that, everybody, starting with his own family, has called him Mike. So his name is A. S. Mike Monroney, just like that.

2. When he attended the University of Oklahoma he edited for two years what is considered to have been the liveliest college daily they've ever had there; he broke up a fraternity combine that had dominated campus elections for years; he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

3. When he campaigned for Congress in 1937, his slogans were the likes of these: "Mike Monroney—Not a Politician," or "Mike Monroney—Unfair to Organized Politicians."

4. He is probably the only senator who has read into the Congressional Record what he calls his "pan mail."

5. He is about to celebrate his 53d birthday (March 2d).

As nonpartisan as we can be, we wish him many happy returns.

* * *

LAST spring we sent editor Howard Cohn and photographer Roland Patterson to International Falls, Minnesota, to investigate among other things young Bronko Nagurski, Jr. (Collier's, October 15, 1954).

"How'd everything go?" we asked them when they returned, on a nice, warm day in May.

"Okay," Cohn replied, "except they had 14 inches of snow the other day."

"Yeah," Patterson said. "I had to get a team of horses to pull my car out of a snowbank."

If that's how spring comes to the Falls, we mused, it would be mighty interesting to have a look at winter. So the boys returned recently to that cold, cold town. On page 24 you can read Cohn's story about what happened, and below is International Falls two weeks before the fishing season last May.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

May comes to International Falls

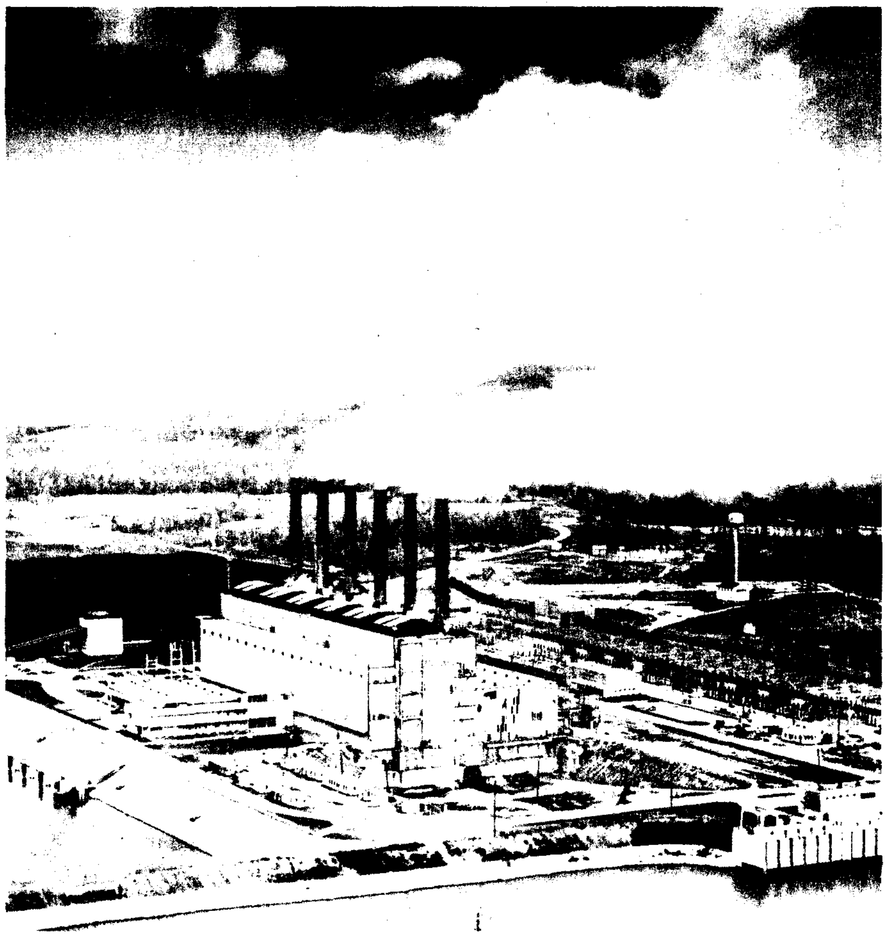
HOW FEDERAL ELECTRIC POWER SETS UP A "FAVORED CLASS" IN AMERICA

Everybody in the U. S. pays in taxes for federal government electric power dams and plants, wherever they're built. But under present law, a "favored class" of Americans has special privilege in getting the subsidized power these projects produce.

Here are three examples of how this strange un-American idea works. The result is that more than 4 million businesses, farms and families have part of their electric bills paid by 40 million others—the tax-paying customers served by *America's Electric Light and Power Companies**.

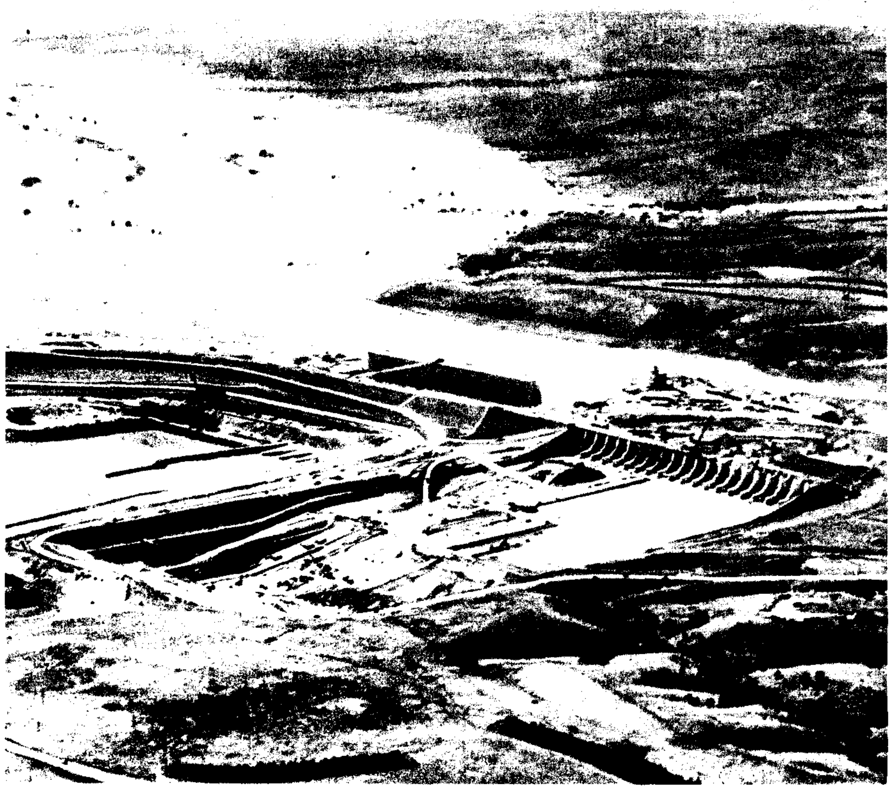
**Names on request from this magazine*

POWER FOR ALL—OR FOR THE "FAVORED CLASS"? Here at Hell's Canyon on the Idaho-Oregon border, a local electric company has been trying to get permission to build three big hydroelectric dams. These dams would be built without cost to taxpayers and would pay nearly $10 million annually in federal and local taxes. The power would go to *all* customers. But people who want power to go to "favored" groups are trying to push the government into doing the job with tax money, and have delayed the project for 7 years.



YOU HELPED BUILD THIS FOR THE "FAVORED CLASS." This big power plant in the TVA area was built by the government and paid for by everybody's taxes. But its power goes to factories, farms and families who don't pay the same electricity taxes the rest of us pay (taxes amount to about 20% of our electric bills).

"YOU ARE THERE"—CBS television—witness history's great events



IOWANS DON'T LIKE SUCH FAVORS. The federal government's Fort Randall Dam on the Missouri River was paid for by all Americans, but by law the "favored class" gets special rights to its electric power. In a recent Iowa public opinion poll, even *people in the favored class* voted 9 to 1 that such favoritism is *unfair.*

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

The OLDEST LAW

By LARRY FINN

"My eyes!" Lennox cried, and thought: It is because of Matambo

WHEN the village awoke at dawn and its inhabitants crept from their huts, Trooper Lennox was waiting for them with his pistol drawn. They were clearly terrified of him, of his unwavering gun and of his uniform. At the sight of him, the innocent and the guilty felt the same, for he stood for something against which they were powerless—the white man's concept of justice.

"Where is Matambo?" Lennox asked them.

There was a sullen murmur from the crowd, and then the Mashona headman stepped forward with his right hand raised in salute.

"What has Matambo done wrong," he said, "that the *pulisa* come for him?"

Lennox slowly brought his gun to the level of the old man's chest. "I said, where is he?"

The headman flinched. "Matambo sleeps there, *baas,*" he said, pointing to a hut on the extreme right. He stared at the ground, as if ashamed.

Lennox nodded, eying them all mockingly. Then he strode over to Matambo's hut, kicked in the board that blocked the low entrance, and stooped to peer inside. "*Vuya,* Matambo! *Chimbidzika!* Come on, hurry up!" He stood back when a man came out and straightened before him. "You are Matambo?"

"I am he, *baas.*"

If Lennox expected the man to lower his eyes, he was disappointed. Matambo stared back, unblinkingly.

"Do you speak English?" Trooper Lennox snapped at him.

"Yes, I speak English, *baas,*" Matambo said simply, switching with ease from Chiswina.

"Then you will address me in English," Lennox told him, "and you will call me 'sir.' "

Matambo licked his lips, saying nothing.

Having failed to provoke him, Lennox reached into his vest pocket and produced a sheet of paper. "It says here," he said, tapping the paper with his gun, "that a charge of witchcraft has been laid against you by a relative called Sinjaan. He says you bewitched his wife and she died."

"I am not guilty, sah," Matambo answered.

"You're a lying dog," Lennox said sharply. "You're all the same—always meddling in mumbo jumbo." He drew a deep breath. "But you're coming back to Gwanda with me, do you hear?"

Matambo stiffened slightly. "Sinjaan is jealous of me, of my healing powers," he said quickly. "His wife died of lung sickness. I tried to save her, but even my *muti* was not strong enough for that."

"That's enough," Lennox said, stuffing the paper back in his pocket. "Come on, let's get going." He gestured with the gun.

Matambo did not move, but his eyes sought the policeman's and held them. "You are being unjust," he said gravely. "You know it is the way of my people, when they are embittered, to make the false accusation."

Lennox got red in the face and raised his gun. "Shut up," he said, "or I'll belt you one with this."

The fellow is too clever, he was thinking. It was true there were many trumped-up charges, the result of hate or jealousy, which led to endless misery and trouble before the accused was proved innocent or guilty. But the government could take no chances.

"Get moving," Lennox ordered him harshly.

"I am innocent," Matambo said. Then he shrugged and walked on ahead of the trooper.

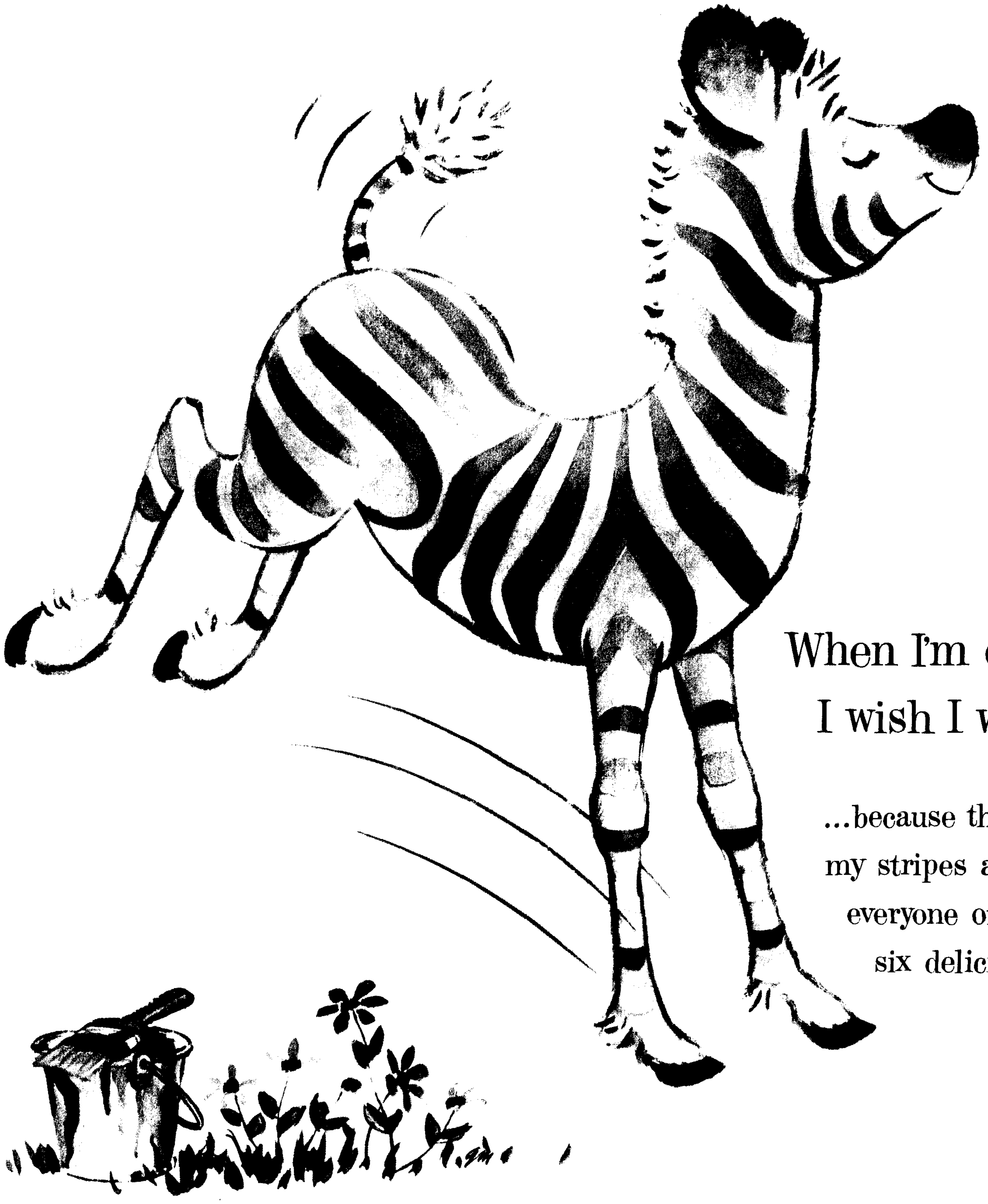
Once again the headman came forward to try to intercede. "Do not take him away, *baas.* He is a good man. He heals the sick . . ."

Lennox made a threatening gesture with his gun and the old fellow shrank back. There was a pitiful wail from the crowd of villagers. . . .

The two of them, with Matambo in the lead, picked their way through the scrub and thorn bush to where Lennox' jeep was parked. They did not speak, and Lennox jauntily replaced his pistol in its holster. He would have no further trouble, he knew. Even fellows like Matambo were lambs when the game was up. They knew when they were beaten.

He was thinking of this when, about twenty

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS



When I'm eating Jell-O
I wish I were a zebra

...because then I could paint
my stripes and remind
everyone of those
six delicious flavors

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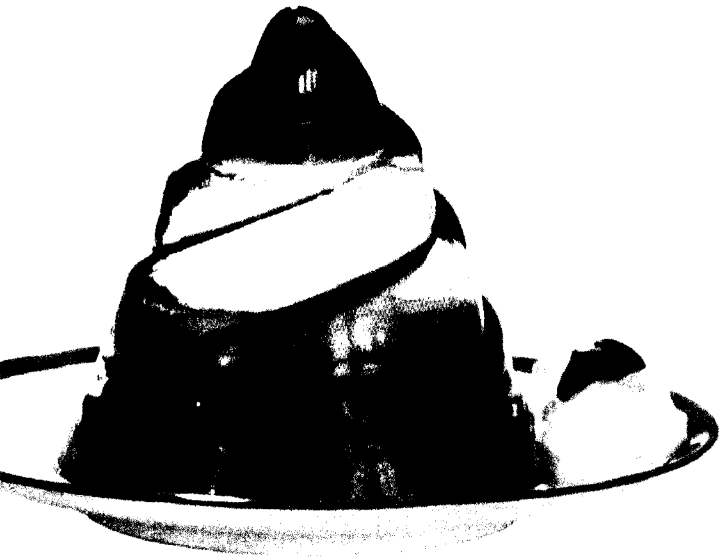

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yards from the jeep, Matambo turned swiftly with a harsh cry. Startled, Lennox jumped back and fumbled for his gun, thinking he was being attacked. Too late he saw the snake that had swiftly uncoiled from the parched grass, hissing. It seemed to hang motionless for a second, its black-ringed neck and salmon-pink belly showing; then its ugly head darted forward.

Lennox stumbled back, but the cobra spat and the jet of fluid struck him squarely in the eyes. He screamed and clutched his face.

AS THE snake slithered back into the grass and disappeared, Matambo stood and calmly watched the white man's agony. When the sobs subsided, he walked up to Lennox and took him by the arm. "My eyes, my eyes," Lennox moaned.

"It was a spitting cobra, sah," Matambo said dispassionately, still holding firmly to Lennox's arm. "Unless you are treated soon, you will be forever blind. And if it goes in your blood, you may die."

Lennox stood stock-still, his eyes still tight shut, his fists clenching and unclenching. The terrible pain had passed, but there was a burning ache behind his eyes and a stifling fear in his heart. "You've got to take me to Gwanda—do you hear? You've got to drive me to a doctor!"

"I cannot make the machine go, sah," Matambo said.

"You can't drive?" Lennox gasped, swaying. "You're a lying swine."

"It is the truth, sah."

It was, and Lennox knew it. "Come," Matambo said. "You must not stand in the sun."

Lennox allowed himself to be led away, as if he were in a stupor and unable to control his movements. As they staggered back to the kraal, the villagers saw the pitiful plight of the white man and stared at Lennox in silence.

Lennox did not know in which hut he was placed, but he guessed it was Matambo's. "I will send a runner to Gwanda, sah," Matambo said. "And they will come and take you."

"It'll be too late, man," Lennox said, struggling to sit up. "They won't get here till tomorrow . . ." The pain was coming back again, in waves.

"Yes," Matambo agreed, with what seemed an exaggerated sigh, "it will be too late, sah. Your eyes will be blind, and the poison will be in your body. Even sundown will be too late."

Help was little more than an hour away by car, Lennox thought helplessly, but he must wait here. And at sundown he would be blind and the venom would be absorbed. Even if he didn't die, he would have to resign himself to a long illness and a future without his sight. And it had all happened on account of a miserable native who was accused of witchcraft, a man who was supposed to heal the sick . . .

Lennox suddenly tensed himself. "Listen," he said, groping until he came in contact with Matambo's sleeve, "you've got some stuff for this, haven't you? You said you cured the sick."

"There are certain herbs, sah."

"Yes, yes, that's it," Lennox said excitedly. Now that he thought of it, he had heard of natives who had survived a cobra attack. They must use something. They had a cure for most ills.

And then Matambo's gentle voice floated out of the painful darkness. "The *baas* is joking, I think. He does not believe in African *muti.*"

"I'm serious, you fool!"

"But perhaps our *muti* is not good for white men," Matambo said quietly.

"Help me," Lennox said, "and I'll let you go. I'll say you were innocent —anything." He raised himself up, gripping Matambo by the coat and shaking him. "Help me," he pleaded, "before it's too late."

"Because you have asked me," Matambo told him, "I will cure you."

After a while Lennox was vaguely aware of a peculiar odor close by him. Then he felt cool fingers placing some kind of warm poultices over his eyes.

"It is good," Matambo said, "when a white man will believe in my *muti.*"

Lennox said nothing. Let him think what he likes, he told himself, but let him cure me.

"I know you are a policeman," Matambo's voice went on impassively, "and have your duty, sah. But I am not guilty, I swear. Would I have not run away, when I could? Of course. But I will help you, and you will help me. There will be no trouble. I will leave and go into the bush . . ."

"It's a promise," Lennox said harshly. "Now get on with this."

"I knew you would understand, sah," Matambo said quietly.

Lennox knew it was blackmail, but he was not disturbed. Of course he would not hold himself to his promise. There was no question of giving your word to a native; you had to be as crafty as they were. When this was over he was taking Matambo back with him to Gwanda.

THERE was silence in the hut now. The poultices on Lennox' eyes had congealed and stuck fast. There was only the waiting. He became sleepy, but fought against the urge to doze off. It seemed sometimes that he had slept, for he was still unaccustomed to the deep darkness in which he was enveloped. After a while he sat up groggily. "How much longer?"

"Be patient, sah."

For the first time Lennox became suspicious. Was it a trick? Was he simply being detained until it was too late? He put a hand to the poultices.

"Do not touch yet," Matambo warned him.

"It's getting late," Lennox muttered. "What are you doing to me? Why isn't it finished?" He lay back, brooding. "If there's any trick—" he began once, but left it unfinished. "I'm taking off the poultices," he said finally.

There was a rustle beside him, and when Matambo answered, his voice came from a distance. "Then I am leaving you, sah. My work is finished."

"No, you're not!" Lennox shouted. He stood up, reaching for his gun.

"Listen to me, white man!" The tone of his voice stopped Lennox cold. "You must hurry to Gwanda without me," Matambo said. "It is almost sundown. Hurry to Gwanda!"

Lennox swore and groped for the exit. When he found it and staggered into the open, he savagely tore the poultices from his eyes. In that instant he was too stunned to move.

With his right eye, sore and watery, he saw the old familiar world slowly taking shape before him. But with his left eye he could see nothing.

Oh, cunning Matambo! *Hurry to Gwanda!* —LARRY FINN

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Black Label!

CARLING'S Black Label

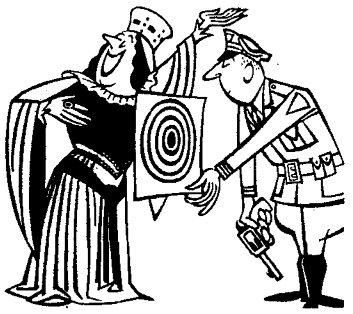
THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

After considering the matter thoroughly and at length, Mr. Bush Eberle announces from Knoxville, Tennessee, that we should all be more kind and considerate of others. He comes out slugging for politeness even to the extent of laughing heartily at the other guy's gags. He is even willing to practice what he preaches. "I like your column very much," says Mr. Eberle.

★ ★ ★



IRWIN CAPLAN

Somebody too modest, or perhaps in too great a hurry to sign his name, has sent us good news about Mr. Angelo Michael Perez, a Los Angeles motorcycle cop. News is that Mr. Perez "has a magnificent tenor voice and has won many national and international trophies for pistol shooting." But it doesn't say what he shoots so unerringly. Maybe sopranos.

★ ★ ★

From Charlotte, North Carolina, Mr. Joe MacComas, wishes it known that he knows a bus driver who has designed an eider-down handbag. The idea is to keep women's hands snug and warm while they fish around therein for the fare, an operation, he says, averaging 3 minutes and 27 seconds.

★ ★ ★

By way of proving to his wife that he is willing to let someone else talk now and then, Mr. Olin Irtish, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, agreed to go with her to listen to a psychology lecture. Mr. Irtish reports the learned fellow said that no person should keep too much to himself. "Took the words right out of the internal revenue collector's mouth," says Mr. Irtish.

★ ★ ★

They say that gasps of congratulatory amazement were heard at the latest huddle of the National Academy of Sciences when the news got out that one group had managed to slice a frog's egg within a millionth of an inch. But you should have heard the patronizing scoffs of the sandwich cutters at a nearby snack bar.

★ ★ ★

We're a little short on crime news this week. So you'll have to be satisfied with a tiding from a member of the Baptist Church at Hintonville, Mississippi. At the height of a fine revival service, the evangelist called for another hymn. It was at that point they made the discovery that someone had just stolen the piano.

★ ★ ★

In this columning business you have to repress the occasional desire to tell a contributor that he ought to be ashamed of himself. Therefore we unreservedly accept as true a few lines from this Spokane, Washington, businessman. Hiring a stenographer, he asked one of the young lady applicants whether she could spell. She said sure but that she wasn't a fanatic on the subject.

★ ★ ★

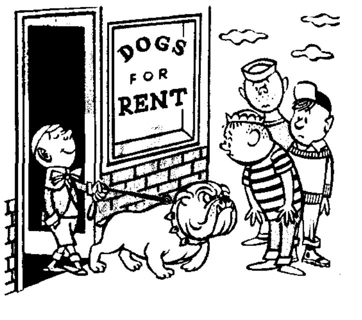
There's a large portrait of the President of the United States hanging in the post office in Russellville, Arkansas. Ike looks down on all the customers as they write post cards, read their mail, make out money orders and what not. And, Mr. Craig Lovesy reports, there has been a sharp reduction in the number of missing government pens.

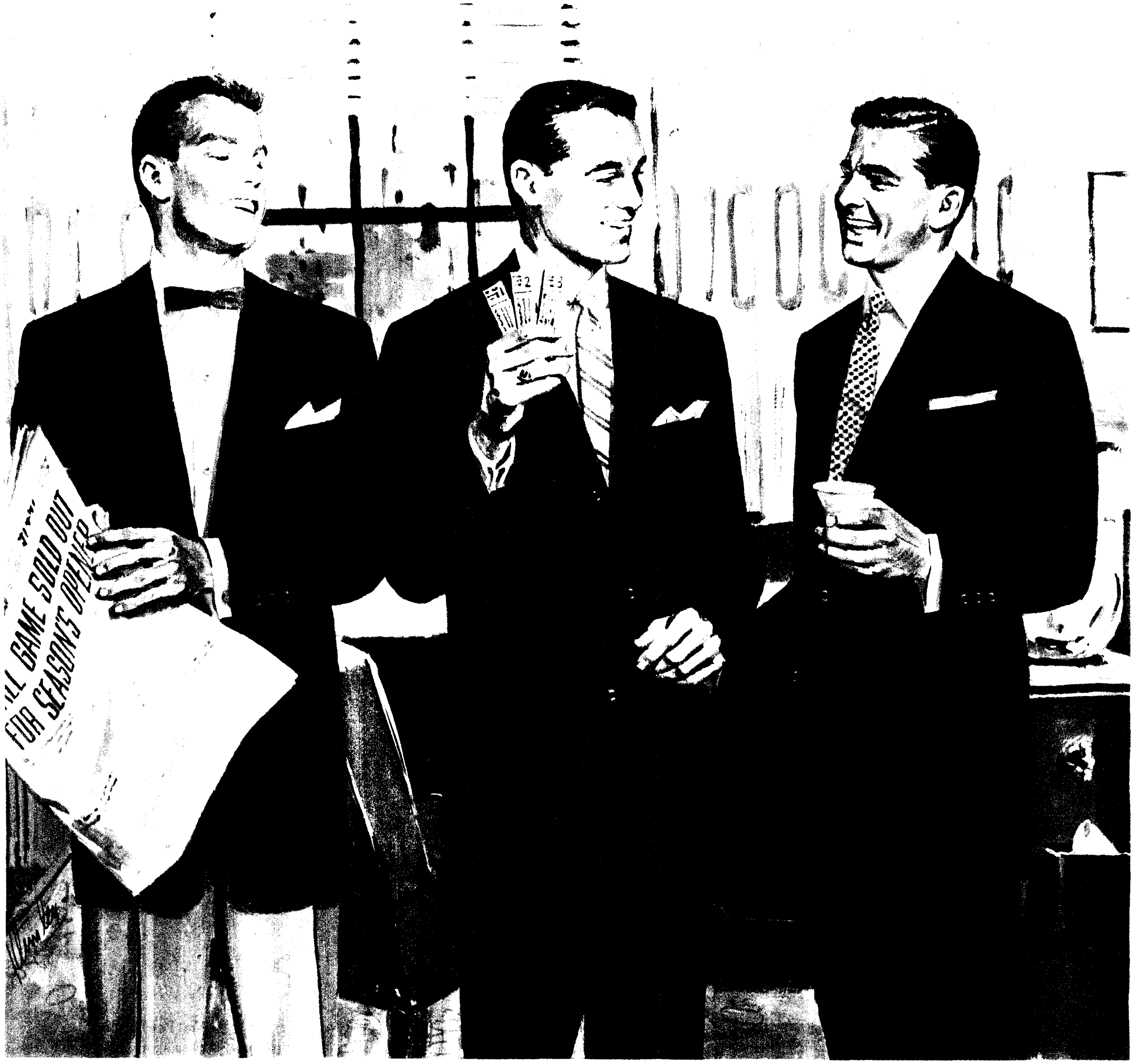
★ ★ ★

This tremulous young bride-to-be in Indianapolis, Indiana, told her mother that she loved her boy but nevertheless had qualms about going through with the wedding. "Mother," wept she, "somehow I often think I just can't bear the thought of leaving Father. I love him so." Mother had an answer all wrapped up ready to go. "Nonsense," said she. "Take him with you. Let's get on with it."

★ ★ ★

Disagreeing with those of you who think there's trouble enough in this frantic world, Mr. Amos McAnulty threatens to open a dog-lending business. Maybe in Reno, Nevada. Unless he pays no attention to our advice, Mr. McAnulty proposes to lend you a dog for two dollars a week. Everybody, says he, needs a change of dog now and then to suit one's mood or match one's costume. Ladies yearning to be photographed with great Danes or boxers will be accommodated. Gentlemen planning to hunt will have a wide choice of pointers and retrievers. Our conscience is clear. We've warned Mr. McAnulty. ▲▲▲





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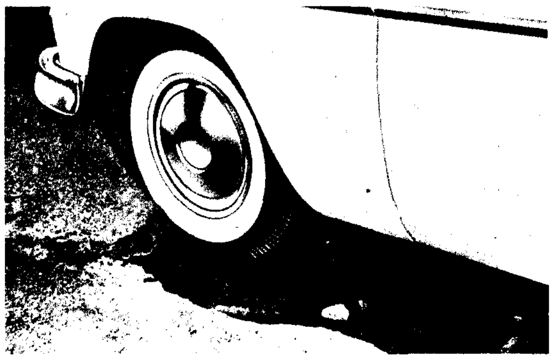

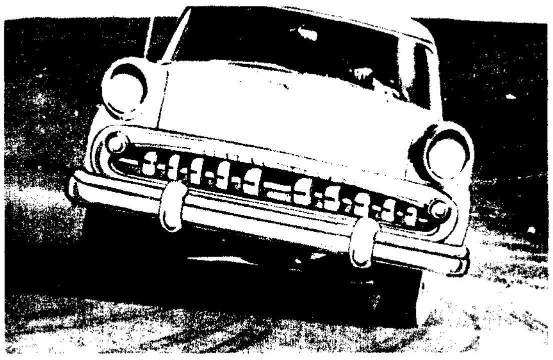

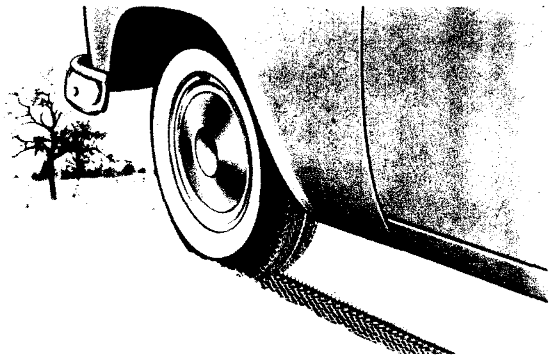

Blowouts Practically Eliminated

With the new Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord Body, the new Safety-Liner and Tubeless Construction, damage which might cause a blowout in a conventional tire merely causes a slow leak in the new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire, giving you plenty of time to bring your car to a safe, straight-line stop, even from high speeds. This tire is so strong and the tread so tough that it gives protection even against terrific impacts.

Hushes Squeal, Whine and Hum

The Silent Safety-Grip Tread is scientifically designed for quiet running. Instead of adding stabilizers to the tread as an "after thought," the outer grooves are stabilized by the elements of the tread itself, thereby eliminating the cause of squealing on turns. Furthermore, the traction elements in the tread overlap each other, which prevents annoying whining and humming on the road, even on wet pavements and on wet brick.

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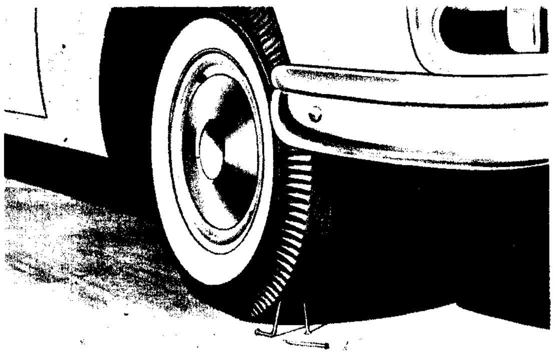
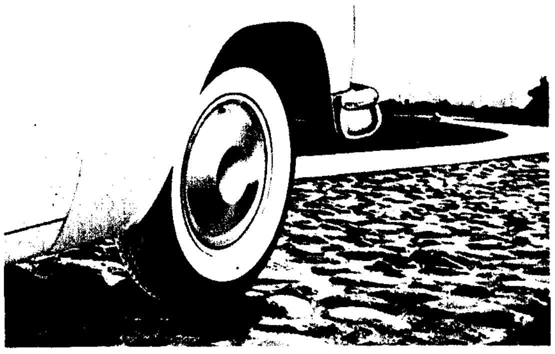
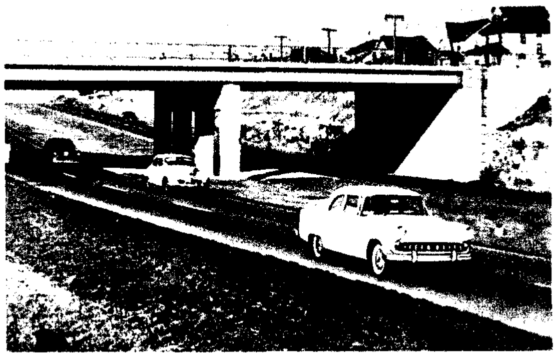
The new Silent Safety-Grip Tread provides greater protection against skidding and side-slips and greater traction than any other tire on the market except, of course, special winter tires. The tread elements are scientifically-angled for maximum skid-resistance in all directions and for utmost traction. The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire has more inches of non-skid edges than any other tire of similar type and price.







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If a nail or any other sharp object should possibly penetrate the extra-tough tread and cord body, the Safety-Liner, which is inseparably welded to the inside of the tire body, grips the nail and prevents loss of air, thereby minimizing the danger and annoyance of punctures. You can keep on going until you have time to have the nail removed and the tire repaired at a service station. No need to change tires on the highway.

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The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire absorbs bumps and road shocks which conventional tires transmit to the frame and body of the car and thus to you and your passengers. It provides a super-soft cushion of rubber and air which helps smooth out even the roughest roads. It makes steering easier . . . and it has an extra-tough Curb Rib which protects white sidewalls against damage and scuffing and preserves the beauty of the tire.

Most Miles Per Dollar

Every part of this amazing new tire is built for long, trouble-free mileage. The Silent Safety-Grip Tread is made of extra-tough, wear-resistant rubber. It is road-level flat for maximum contact with the road and utmost mileage. The Safety-Tensioned Gum-Dipped Cord Body is locked or "set" so that it cannot expand or "grow" and cause the tread to crack and separate, thereby ruining the tire. It is so strong it can be retreaded again and again.

The New Firestone

STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON THE NEW 1955 CARS..

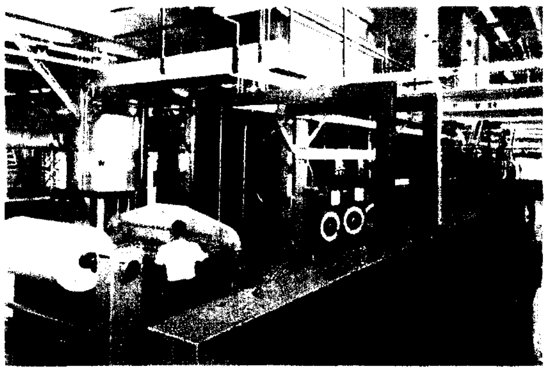
New TUBELESS TIRES
ment on the 1955 Cars

WNERS WITH TUBELESS TIRES AT NO EXTRA COST

A NEW day has dawned for the car owners of America! Tubeless tires are now standard equipment on all of the new 1955 cars at NO EXTRA COST. Until now, tubeless tires have always sold at premium prices. But Firestone, after years of research and after investing many millions of dollars in engineering, in facilities and in new equipment, showed the industry how to build them to sell at the price of a conventional tire and tube.

Yes, Firestone, the Pioneer and Pacemaker, has done it again. The new Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tire at the price of a conventional tire and tube takes its place with the first non-skid tread, the first straight-side tire, the first balloon tire and many other Firestone "firsts" as a notable contribution to automotive safety, comfort and economy.

If you buy a 1955 model car, have it delivered on Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires. Or, if you continue to drive your present car you can have it equipped with Firestone De Luxe Champion Tubeless Tires, without changing your present wheels or rims, at your nearby Firestone dealer or store and get a generous allowance for the unused mileage in your present tires.



This is the only complete cord treating factory of its kind in the world. In it, the cord used in the bodies of Firestone tires is Gum-Dipped and Safety-Tensioned to "set" the cord so it cannot expand when it gets hot from fast driving, causing the tread to crack and separate from the tire body. Safety-Tensioning and Gum-Dipping were originated by Firestone. No other tires can give you this extra safety feature.

Firestone
Gum Dipped
America's Future Progress Depends on Better and Safer Highways

*Also available for use with tube.

*DELUXE CHAMPION
Tubeless Tires

Copyright 1955, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

YOU CAN PUT THEM ON YOUR PRESENT CAR

CURTISS
Coconut Grove
CREAMY COCONUT WITH LUSCIOUS BITTERSWEET COATING
CANDY...enriched with dextrose
(a food energy sugar)
makers of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Caramel Nougat ... candy bars,
Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

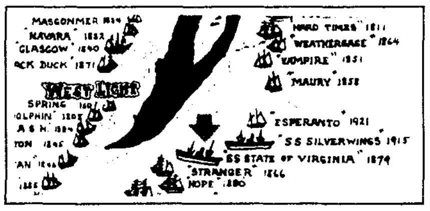
LETTERS

Ships: Lost—and Found

EDITOR: Regarding your article by Edward Rowe Snow on Sable Island (Island of Lost Ships, Jan. 7th), I'm a survivor of one of the vessels lost on the island. I was a small child, along with my parents on a trip to England. Our ship was wrecked (11 lives lost). We were put on Sable Island where we stayed three weeks waiting for a boat to take us on to England.

That was in the fall of 1879, or maybe 1880. Sable, my middle name, was given to me for having been wrecked on the island. I realize it is a wild idea, but is there any way to get the name of the boat I was shipwrecked on?

NELLIE SABLE BAGLEY HOARD, Portland, Ore.


MASCONMER 1814
"NAVARA" 1882
"GLASCOW" 1840
ACK DUCK" 1871
WEST LIGHT
SPRING 1801
OLPHIN" 1805
A & H. 1814
TON 1845
AN" 1846
"HARD TIMES" 1811
"WEATHERGAGE" 1864
"UMPIRE" 1851
"MAURY" 1858
"ESPERANTO" 1921
"SS SILVERWINGS" 1915
"SS STATE OF VIRGINIA" 1879
"STRANGER" 1866
"HOPE" 1880

According to sunken-ship sleuth Snow, who checked the passenger list, Mrs. Hoard was aboard the steamer State of Virginia, which left New York for Glasgow, July 10, 1879. (The ship is shown with red arrow in detail of map of Sable Island victims above.) Mr. Snow says further:

"Time after time the tiny lifeboats were in danger of capsizing, but it wasn't until all but 20 of the passengers were safe ashore that tragedy struck. Without warning, a giant wave pitch-polled the boat carrying the last passengers, spewing women and children into the sea. Four women and five children were drowned, but the others were saved. . . ."

. . . I was a boy of nine on a voyage with my father, Captain William R. Cole, when his ship, the Nicosia, was wrecked on Sable Island in 1893. We launched a boat, connected to the ship with a line, and rowed ashore. But before I could get out, the boat was hit broadside by a huge wave, and capsized. I managed to hang on underneath the boat while it was hauled back to the ship and righted, when I bobbed up.

I was surprised to find conditions on the island—buckboards, seals and wild horses—have changed so little in 60 years.

HAROLD L. COLE, Eastham, Mass.

What Gives?

EDITOR: I'm a teen-ager, and I have never seen a portrayal as accurate and understanding as Bill Mauldin's Today's Teen-Agers—"What Gives?" (Jan. 21st). My next letter home will suggest that my parents read the article, if they haven't already beaten me to it.

MIKE ZIMMERMAN, Coffeyville, Kans.

. . . The type of young person Mr Mauldin met in his research is a definite minority in our school. Most of the boys in our class plan to go to college or engineering school. None of them wants to "live it up now, for tomorrow is another day."

The majority of the girls are planning to enter college or nurses' training. The rest are going into business and secretarial fields; some are going to be married. Why are there few articles on the wholesome young person?

ANNE LLOYD, Berea, Ohio

. . . Should be required reading for every adult in this crazy, mixed-up country.

CHARLES R. GRUNER, Carbondale, Ill.

. . . I am nineteen . . . ready to be drafted. I didn't apply for the Quartermasters. I don't plan to make the service a career, but I do plan to make the most of the time I will spend in uniform. I enjoy beer . . . girls . . . cars. I don't have a special haircut, special clothes. I don't carry a knife. I am not a hot-rod fan. But I do not sit at home playing the part of the intellectual. There are hundreds like me. We are sick of being the object of suspicion, disregard and pity . . .

CHUCK WINDSOR, Delafield, Wis.

Gola vs. Selvy

EDITOR: Bill Fay says Gola's Terrific—Even Without the Ball (Jan. 21st). But Furman's Frank Selvy scored 40 points and overshadowed Gola when they met in Convention Hall in 1954.

As for the remark made by Mr. Milton Gross about Gola's effectiveness in guarding Selvy, I'll take Frank "nailed to the floor" any time over Tom Gola with all his kangaroo jumps.

JAMES BRANHAM, Furman Univ., Greenville, S.C.

. . . Gola's even more terrific than you realize. You credit him with sinking 96 free throws out of 100 for a 96 per cent average. Total your figures again and you'll see he made 100 out of 104 for 96.15 per cent.

T. R. SWEARINGEN, Lexington, Ky.

Gola's terrific—even without an adding machine.

Boys Will Be Boys

EDITOR: I was astonished to see what seemed to be my five-year-old, Peter Fairchild, smiling from the January 7th cover (The Boy Who Lives in a Palace). Here is a photo I took last September of our son and heir—bangs, knee-socks and all!

MRS. MAURICE CONRAD NORD, Stevens Point, Wis.

Peter

THE BOY WHO LIVES IN A PALACE

Prince Charles

FLEISCHMANN'S
1870
FLEISCHMANN'S
Established 1870
90 PROOF
PREFERRED
BLENDED WHISKEY
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
FLEISCHMANN
FLEISCHMANN'S
DISTILLED DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK
4/5 QUART

A cheery fire . . . good friends gathered 'round . . . and drinks made with Fleischmann's Gin or Fleischmann's Preferred are among the better things of life. Here's to your enjoyment of them for a long, long time to come!

FLEISCHMANN'S PREFERRED — BLENDED WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FLEISCHMANN'S GIN — FIRST GIN DISTILLED IN AMERICA • DISTILLED DRY GIN • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

Again In Mexico—

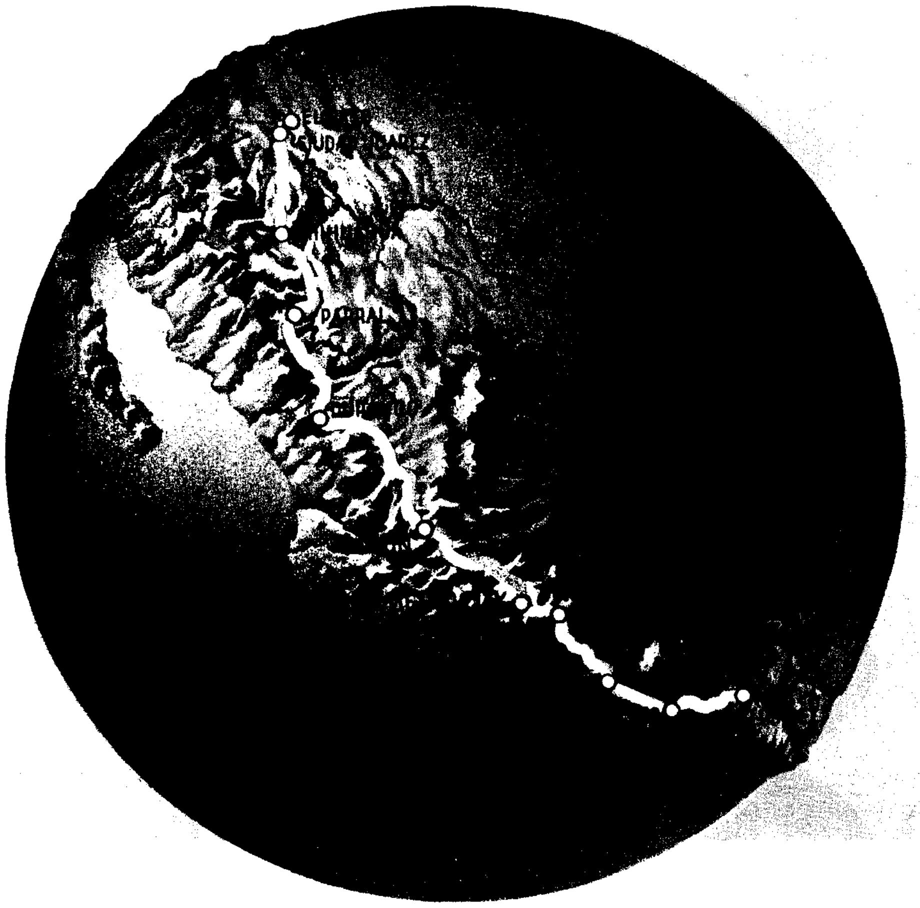
FULL-FIRING CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS SCORE TRIPLE VICTORY IN WORLD'S TOUGHEST ROAD RACE!

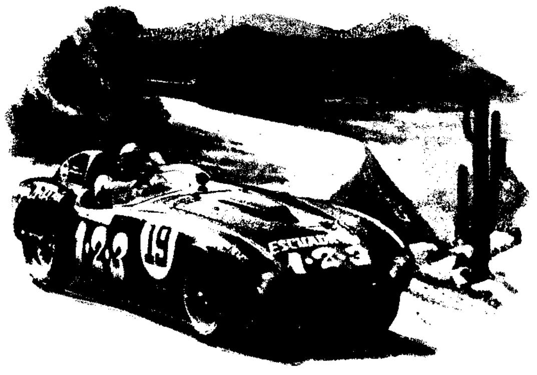
Champion-equipped cars, large and small, American and foreign, have again dominated the Mexican Road Race, *world's longest and toughest test of spark plug superiority.*

Five days and 1908 brutal miles of jungle, mountain and desert from the starting point at Tuxtla Gutierrez, the surviving cars roared across the finish line at Ciudad Juarez with dependable Champions scoring a tremendous triple victory in the Big Sports Car category and in the Large and Small Stock Car Classes.

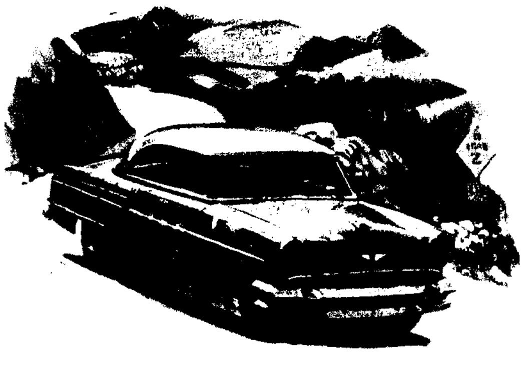
Today's traffic can be as exhausting as a road race—and a sluggish engine makes it twice as tough on your stamina and nerves. Be easy on yourself and your car—have your nearby Champion dealer install full-firing, ***FIVE-RIB*** Champions for smoother engine operation and quicker response under all driving conditions.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO 1, OHIO

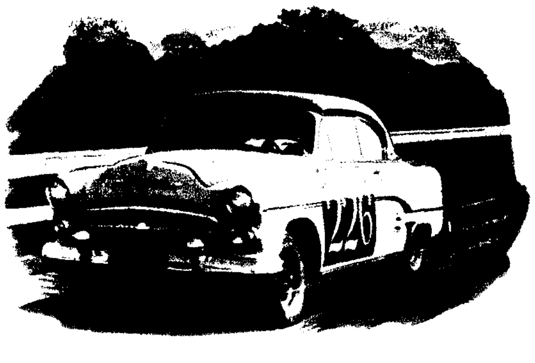




The Champion-fitted 4.9 Ferrari driven by Maglioli at terrific speeds captured the Big Sports Car Class. Other Ferraris, also using Champions, placed 2nd, 3rd and 4th.



Crawford paced the Lincolns to their third straight win—a 1-2 victory in the Big Stock Car Class with Cadillac in No. 3 position. All of these cars were Champion-equipped.



Dodge cars, equipped with dependable Champions, finished 1-2-3 in the Small Stock Car Class. Drisdale, driver of the winning Dodge, led this class most of the way.

Collier's, March 4, 1955

STALKING THE STORK

LOWELL HESS

How do so many perfect strangers find out when you're going to have a baby? Behind the deluge of mail, phone calls and salesmen's visits is a lucrative new business—in names

BY MURRAY ROBINSON

A YOUNG woman expecting her first baby recently bought some maternity clothes in a Chicago shop. A few weeks later, she stormed back into the store and demanded to know if the management made it a practice to go around telling perfect strangers in Texas and New York that she was going to have a baby.

"Somebody in Texas wants to sell me diapers," she said, "and somebody else in New York is trying to interest me in baby furniture. I keep getting letters from them."

The manager assured her that the shop hadn't shared her secret with anyone, and tactfully indicated that her mail from strangers, near and far, would undoubtedly get a lot heavier. Then the woman asked a question millions of American parents-to-be, perhaps including you, have asked in recent years in pique, puzzlement, or plain fascination, "How do *they* know we're going to have a baby?"

By *they* the frequently nettled parents-to-be mean an army of total strangers, often in distant cities, who obviously *do* know they're going to have a baby—and when, as well. They show this awareness by bombarding prospective mamas and papas with letters, circulars, telephone calls, salesmen's visits and free samples, starting almost as soon as it has been established that a baby is on the way.

When the infant becomes a gurgling reality, the happy parents, eyes already weary from reading tons of mail and ears ringing from prenatal sales talks, are sitting ducks for still another urgent barrage of commercials.

Naturally, all these cheery, well-wishing stalkers of the stork—whether they first approach the prospective parents in the early months or fly down the chimney in a dead heat with the big bird—have something to sell. Their wares and services add up to staggering figures, and it's not hard to see why. Last year, according to unofficial estimates, 4,100,000 babies—an all-time high—were born in the United States.

The maternity-clothes industry, biggest single prenatal operation, does an annual business estimated at up to $200,000,000. Layettes, cribs, baby carriages, baths, feeding accessories and toiletries, purchases of which are arranged before the baby is born, gross half a billion dollars a year. Diaper services, possibly the most vigorous competitors in the prenatal field, do an annual coast-to-coast business of $30,000,000.

And now back to the customer in the Chicago maternity shop who asked, "How do *they* know we're going to have a baby?"

The shop manager gentled her down and asked her to try to recall if anyone beside her husband, relatives and physician knew she was expecting before she bought her maternity clothes.

"Yes," she said. "I took a 'rabbit test' some time ago through a drugstore."

"That may have been it," the maternity-shop man suggested. "Either the drugstore clerk or a clerk at the laboratory—unbeknown to the management—put your name on a list of expectant mothers. These lists are sold all over the country, not just in your home town. We buy lists ourselves."

These lists are the life line of the whole multimillion-dollar market in maternity clothes and baby merchandise and services during the prenatal period. And the compilation, sale and frequent resale of the names on them make up an often wacky and always feverish chapter in the American baby story. It's possible for people in the business to buy and sell names with such abandon that they wind up buying some of those they sold in the first place.

But despite the mad buying and selling, a great deal of study, survey and shrewd application of practical psychology goes into the making up of prenatal lists. "A name without a date doesn't mean a thing," Robert Mandel, president of the Diaper Service Institute of America, declared recently, thereby laying down a basic law in smart acquisition of the names of expectant mothers. There is a sound practical reason for this.

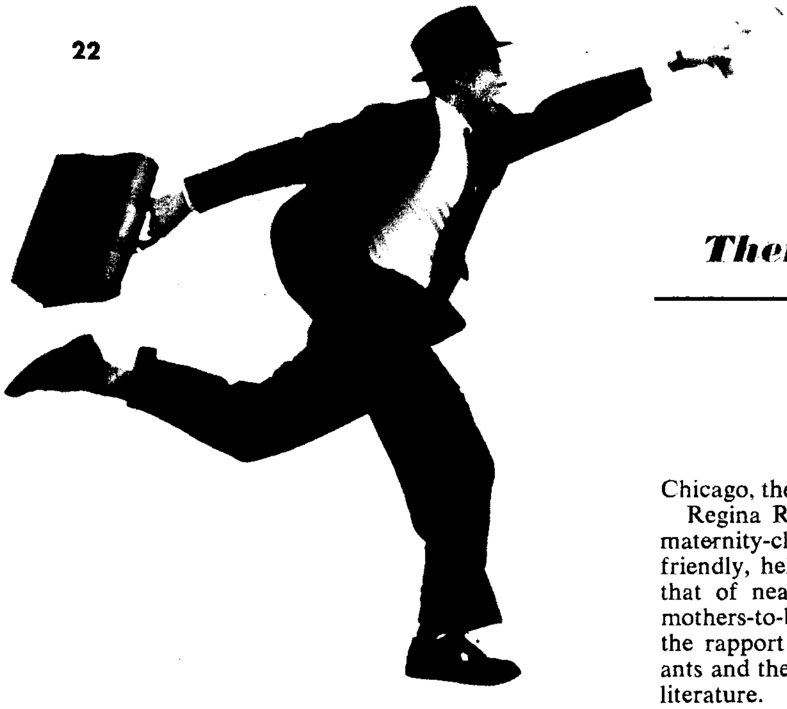
For example, research experts of the Lane Bryant shop chain, which pioneered the maternity gown 50 years ago last year, divide the prenatal period into three parts.

The first three months are "fun" for the mother-to-be; she's thrilled at the prospect of having a baby, and there is no interference with her normal routine. During the next three months, she is absorbed mainly in her appearance and may even resent temporarily the fact that she's having a baby. It is during this period that she buys her maternity clothes. During the last three months of pregnancy, her thoughts turn to what her baby will need in the way of clothes, accessories, and so on.

While the maternity-clothes shops—an estimated 2,000 through the country—try to interest mothers-to-be at the start of stage two, or even a little earlier, the hucksters of items and services for baby prefer to stay out of the prenatal selling operation until the seventh month, when the expectants begin concentrating on their babies.

To show just how the various dealers in baby goods and services operate, let's take a young couple we'll call Regina and Richard Roe and see what happened to them as the "secret" of their coming blessed event spread across the country.

When Regina thought she was pregnant, she went to her doctor, who verified that she was. His nurse knew about the pregnancy, too, and—as previously suggested—so did the drug clerk who arranged for her "rabbit test," the technician who made it and a clerk in the laboratory. Without putting the finger on any of them or on the hospital



There's a ready market for lists of expectant mothers.

where Regina made her long-range reservation, it's apparent that by this time quite a few people knew the Roes' "secret." List buyers tell me that any or all of them might have reported Regina's condition.

There are other people, too, who make it their business to learn of such matters as soon as possible for professional or semiprofessional purposes. Routemen of all kinds are a good source of names. In fact, they're rated tops in the snoop-and-sell department. Milkmen, bakery drivers, laundrymen and, of course, diaper-service drivers are always on the lookout for mothers-to-be. They are in close and usually daily contact with married women.

"These are the more obvious gatherers of 'interesting information,'" one baby-carriage dealer (who also buys names) told me not long ago. "More subtle are neighborhood gossips, usually elderly women who have little else to do but keep tabs on the neighbors. They sit around on park benches and get young women talking. A lot of 'live' names come from them, for a modest fee."

Paying Off in Baby Pants and Nylons

Then there are the friends of expectant mothers who use a diaper service themselves and either recommend the service to mothers-to-be ("and don't forget to tell them I sent you"), or actually sell their names, for a credit slip or a bonus. One Chicago diaper service has a set pay-off scale, or at least it had until recently. It offered "baby pants for two names." Hospital office employees are a good source, too. Sometimes they get nylons.

Thus, while Regina Roe may not have realized it, she was the subject of a lot of maneuvering, name selling, listing and filing for future reference very early in her pregnancy. She might not have received any mail or fast-talking salesmen's visits at this stage, but the wheels were whirling.

Eventually the name of Regina Roe, expectant mother, appeared on lists from coast to coast. Almost every concern which buys names also sells them after using them itself, and there were always buyers with more plans for Regina.

A Long Island, New York, baby-accessories dealer showed me a letter from a maternity-clothes outfit in Kansas City, Missouri, offering to sell him the names of expectant mothers at $15 per thousand. "We have 3,000 names on hand and can supply more at the rate of 800 a month," the letter stated. The future mamas were all residents of New York State. "Can't use them," the Long Island dealer commented. "For my purposes, the best names are the ones I buy locally."

The prices of names sold in bulk range from $5 to $60 per thousand, but names sold locally by individuals or small operators generally bring higher prices. Around New York, diaper services pay five to ten cents for a name from a reliable source; in Chicago, they have paid as high as 30 cents a name.

Regina Roe's first mail barrage came from the maternity-clothes people. Their pitch was the friendly, helpful, service-type kind—as is, in fact, that of nearly every company which deals with mothers-to-be and new mothers. It accounts for the rapport established early between the expectants and the reputable companies which send them literature.

"However," a maternity-clothes specialist points out, "we're dealing with very sensitive people. Sometimes they seem pleased with getting our letters and ads. Then again, they may get irritable suddenly and drop us a curt note to stop bothering them. Mothers-to-be are apt to be very touchy—and unpredictable—during the fourth and fifth months."

There's another reason, too, for the occasional resentment of expectant mothers at getting maternity mail—the fear that snooping neighbors will spot it. This reason is cited chiefly in rural areas, where old taboos about pregnancy still prevail to some extent. Expectant back-country mothers frequently are reluctant even to send for a maternity-clothes catalogue. The usual dodge is to ask for one for "a friend," and sign the letter "Miss Smith."

The flow of maternity-clothes mail and other mild pitches to Regina continued up to the start of the seventh month. Then began the really big pitches. Nor was Richard Roe forgotten at this stage, which explains why so many of the in-person and telephone sales talks were timed to include him, too. (The modern trend is toward considering papa a vital part of the baby-makes-three routine instead of a nuisance. It gives him a feeling of importance and "belonging," as the phrase goes. He's also a softer touch than mama-to-be.)

For the first time, the diaper service, a phenomenon born in the Midwest during the depression of the early thirties, entered the picture. Life immediately became more exciting—and often unbearable—for Regina and Richard.

Mrs. Ruth P. Schaumann, secretary-treasurer of the National Institute of Diaper Services, Inc., estimates that 10 per cent of the nation's babies, or about 400,000, are served by the 600 diaper services in the United States.

Courtney Shanken, operator of the biggest diaper service in the Chicago area (it covers the territory between Gary, Indiana, and Waukegan, Illinois), points out, however, that in urban areas which have diaper services, about 40 per cent of mothers use them. "At least," he says, "that's the figure around Chicago."

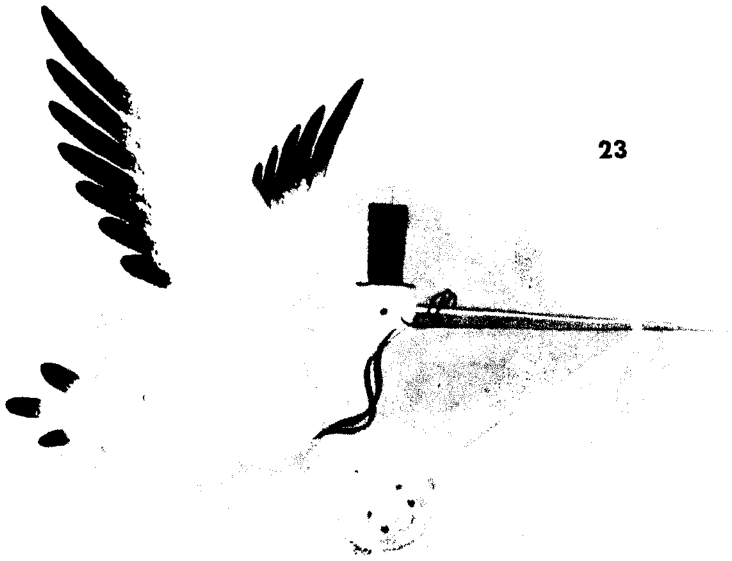
Jerry Davidson, a Los Angeles service owner, puts the figure in his area at about 30 per cent, and in Eastern cities it runs as high as 60 per cent.

The Photographer Gets into the Act

Diaper-service pitchmen woo expectant parents in person, by mail and by telephone. The bait varies in different parts of the country. Around New York, where the competition is fiercest, the usual offer is a free baby magazine plus a series of eight free photographs at intervals beginning when the baby is six months old. This gimmick brings a photographer knocking at the door some three months before a baby is due.

"I've been sent by the diaper service," he tells the parents-to-be—and then proceeds to try to sell them on all sorts of fancy stuff on his own behalf. Most expectant mothers bristle at these tactics, maybe because of superstition. They throw out the overzealous photographer—and sometimes cancel the diaper-service order as well.

The fight for the diaper-service trade isn't quite so frantic in other parts of the country, nor are the inducements so flossy. In Chicago, it's customary to offer a bonus of one free picture of baby at three months of age. The inducement in Florida is a free baby magazine. It's the same in California. (One West Coast diaper-service owner, incidentally, has



The names bring from $5 to $60 a thousand

a special problem. Hugh Wallace, whose outfit is the largest in southern California, has a number of movie stars as clients. Snoopy gossip columnists are always trying to trick him into disclosing who has signed with him, but he never cracks.)

While Regina and Richard were standing off the diaper-service hucksters and their camera camp followers and trying to make up their minds, they began to get mail from manufacturers of patented diapers listing reasons why they should buy these products instead of using a diaper service. High on the list of diaper makers and a prolific buyer of expectant-mother lists from all over the country is Fred Dexter, of Houston, Texas. He says his new diapers are "shaped like a B-29 to make one size fit all-age babies without folding."

As motherhood drew nearer, Regina read all the baby magazines she could lay her hands on, including the one she got free from the diaper service. And she made full use of a page devoted to offers of free samples and other gimmicks. Every time she did so, she probably made another list.

The Two Best Months—for Salesmen

Meanwhile, the baby carriage, baby furniture, baby bath and accessories manufacturers and/or dealers, who had long had Regina's name stashed away, started firing their heavy postal guns her way. The seventh and eighth months are best for these salesmen.

For some reason he has been unable to determine, Martin A. Glass, of Carriage Craft, Inc., importers of English baby carriages, says he gets much better results by mailing his literature in plain white vellum envelopes. "You'd think that by this time everyone in the neighborhood would know when a woman is going to have a baby," he says, "so why should she so appreciate a plain envelope?"

By now, Richard Roe, expectant papa, was staggering in every morning from the mailbox with a mountain of bids for old, new and weird devices to ease the life of the baby when he or she arrived. Richard and Regina were getting just a little weary of the gaily colored ads for infant frills and furbelows, many of which they never knew existed.

"We call them 'pink- and blue-ribbon stuff,' " says Horace H. Hughes, of the Maternity Center Association, an organization devoted to the education of prospective mothers and fathers. "We tell the expectant couples who come to our classes together that a baby with nothing but a dry diaper and a shirt considers himself perfectly well dressed."

At last, Regina went to the hospital to have her baby, and Richard began pacing the waiting room in the approved fashion. Oh, yes—some of his last-minute mail contained "expectancy cards" sent by friends. These cards, developed by the Barker Greeting Card Company of Cincinnati, are typical of these unabashed times. One of them is also useful. It contains 2,000 boys' and girls' names with the meaning of each.

If Regina and Richard thought they'd be left alone, with only bills in the mail, after their baby had arrived (let's call him Romney, shall we?), they were in for a staggering surprise. The fight for their business had really just begun, and it would be waged again in the mails, on the telephone and in hand-to-hand combat—all because little Romney, only hours old, had made his first list: Births. This list, which made him a *fait accompli,* gave insurance salesmen, more photographers, dealers in countless forms of baby gadgets, and toymakers their leads.

The Institute of Life Insurance observes that the new father should be approached on the basis of providing more protection for his family, not to try to sell him insurance on the infant. "The provider comes first," says Mrs. Marion Stevens Eberly of the institute. "After he has been insured adequately to cover his new responsibilities, his wife comes next. Then the baby." It's the first time papa has been at the head of the line since he starred in the conga.

Many insurance salesmen are certainly eager to get to the new daddy. A young papa down in Key West blew his top recently because when he got home from the hospital with his wife and four-day-old baby, he found the front porch four-deep with overzealous insurance salesmen. There was no sale.

Another new father, harried by telephone calls from several insurance agents, was telling me about his ordeal a few weeks ago. "I call them the 'Heaven-forbid boys,' " he said. "A bunch of them have been casing me since the baby was born, and every last one of them started off his pitch by saying: 'What will your poor wife and helpless little babe do if anything should happen to you—Heaven forbid?' "

The baby photographers probably cause more Reginas and Richards to burn than any other hucksters who besiege them in their trying time. In some hospitals, the baby is snapped by an attendant (in one hospital by an intern, in another by a nurse) when he's only a day or two old. The parents are offered prints. Sometimes a photographer has a hospital picture concession.

When the baby is brought home, photographers swarm around the parents with highly involved propositions which daze them. One proud new papa was telling me of paying $50 for a few crudely colored prints of his first-born.

"I knew I was getting stuck," he explained, "but here was a guy showing me pictures of my own little doll—in color, yet! I melted." His jaw hardened. "Next time, I won't be so easy—maybe."

Mal Gurian, president of the Eastern Professional Photographers Association, which has been fighting gyps in the business, says phony salesmen posing as representatives of reputable photo studios are among the worst villains in the piece. "They take a deposit and never show back," he said recently. "And if a fly-by-night actually takes a picture," he added, "he's followed up by a 'proof-pusher' trained to con the baby's parents into bigger orders—like a composite with five head shots."

California's new parents are also pestered by sly baby photographers who get their leads from birth lists. It's called the "kidnaping" business there.

Merchants of Good Will and Baby Food

Baby-food companies probably have the greatest acceptance among new parents, perhaps because they offer generous free samples and don't use high-pressure methods. All of them—Gerber's, Heinz, Beech-Nut, Swift, Clapp's and the rest—build good will with "service" advertisements and conduct no mail campaign, unless a mother-to-be writes in for a sample of baby food out of curiosity.

How well this strategy pays off may be seen by a look at some statistics. The 26-year-old baby-food industry now does an estimated $220,000,000 annual business, with Gerber's, which pioneered in the field and set the sales pattern, accounting for about 43 per cent of the total.

The bond between some new parents and the baby-food companies is so strong that women frequently appeal to their favorite firm for help in solving personal problems. One mother of triplets wrote a company thanking it for a supply of baby food and added: "And now will you please help me find my husband? He left me as soon as he found out we had triplets."

Now for a quick look at the latest batch of mail delivered at the home of Regina and Richard Roe while little Romney slept cozily in his brand-new crib (ordered during the seventh month from a firm which put out beautiful pink-and-blue literature). There's a letter from a baby-shoe bronzing outfit in California, another from a baby-seat firm in Detroit, pamphlets from a baby-table manufacturer in Brooklyn and another in Cleveland, and a pitch for something or other in Illinois. The Roes are apparently still hot stuff on the lists.

Speaking of lists reminds me of the squawk a young mother living on a Missouri farm made not so long ago to a maternity shop in a nearby city. She blamed the shop—unjustly, she was told—for letting her name get bandied about. It was the familiar old complaint, except that this time the brand-new mother had solid grounds for getting indignant.

She brandished a card from a Cleveland outfit. It seems she had got on a list which offered to put her on a lot more lists—for *one dollar!*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HOWELL CONANT

Coldest Town

It's International Falls, Minnesota. The temperature

WELCOME
INTERNATIONAL

Welcome sign has a frosty air. The city has continual snow cover from November to April

By HOWARD COHN

A WINTER visitor to International Falls, Minnesota, returns home with tales of arctic-like weather that seem fantastic for an American city. It gets so cold there that tears from watering eyes freeze on the lashes almost instantly. If a visiting motorist parks his car outdoors overnight, next morning he's likely to think he's driving on square wheels; on a typical 30-below-zero night tires become so stiff that it takes two to three miles of driving to restore the weight-flattened surfaces to their normal shape. Occasionally the wheels won't even turn; the grease has frozen solid.

The ice on nearby Rainy Lake is so thick—up to 30 inches—families use it as a highway on weekends as they search for choice fishing spots and picnic locations. Milkmen deposit bottles in heated wall compartments in homes on their routes so that the liquid won't freeze and shatter the glass. Gravediggers in the local cemetery use a gasoline-powered jackhammer to break through ground frozen to a depth of five to ten feet. And local bars feature hot brandy, hot whisky and hot buttered rum.

The United States Weather Bureau won't single out any city as the nation's coldest because there is no agreement as to whether the yardstick should be the lowest daily reading, the winter average or the yearly average. However, many bureau officials say that International Falls is the leading contender for the title.

Situated some 260 miles north of Minneapolis on the Canadian border, the Falls has a year-around average temperature of 36.3 degrees, a frigid January average of three degrees, and a February average of only 7.2. The lowest temperature ever officially recorded is 41 degrees below zero, although unofficially the thermometer has dropped to 56 below. One year the city went through six straight weeks during which the temperature never once rose above zero.

"Once the weather gets to zero after a stretch like that, you'd think it was spring," says forty-year-old C. E. Lindvall, a senior clerk at the local paper mill who's lived in the Falls all his life. "The kids run around without caps and you're almost ready to bring out the golf clubs."

What makes this climate especially noteworthy is that it prevails in a bustling industrial community rather than a tiny hamlet perched atop an isolated mountain. International Falls has a population of about 6,500, and another 1,500 persons live permanently in the immediate vicinity. The final day of freezing weather last spring was May 25th. Then summer and the resort season arrived, and the temperature soared into the 80s—although it dived to 42 one July evening. But on September 22d, the last official day of summer, the thaw ended and the Falls experienced its first below-freezing day of the new autumn-winter season.

Such figures make other American cities with coldish reputations seem warm by comparison.

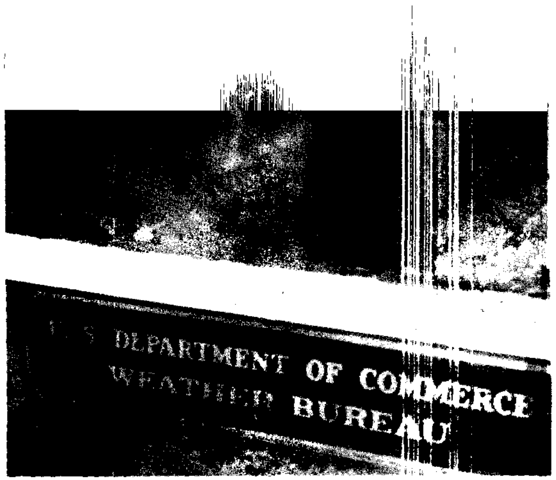
ABOVE: Warmth is the key to fashion. Mayor Joseph Bartkowski (lower left), members of City Council and City Engineer Ed Downward (upper right) are typically well insulated after meeting

BELOW: An old-fashioned wolf crosses main street. Clifford Slowe (left) and pilot Francis [illegible]narson tracked it on nearby frozen lake from the air, brought carcass to town for $35 bounty

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROLAND PATTERSON

in America

here dip so low that zero sometimes feels like spring



While cold awes newcomers like weatherman Bob Nolen, most residents are unconcerned

Fargo, North Dakota, for example, has a January average of seven degrees and a year-around mean of 40.9. Portland, Maine, averages 20.1 in January and 44.5 for the year. And Chicago sounds almost tropical with a January reading of 24.9, and a year-around average of 50.1.

All these cities, like International Falls, have full-time, government-paid weather observers and therefore are termed first-class stations by the Weather Bureau. The International Falls station plays an important role in the forecasting of weather changes for a large section of the country.

"The city owes its cold weather and meteorological value to geography," says Richard T. Fox, who heads the weather station's staff of nine. "North of International Falls is a great continental land mass stretching to the North Pole. There are no oceans or mountains or other tempering influences in between that might lift temperatures. Outbreaks of cold air from the arctic therefore can head straight down with no interference. They usually cross the American border in this vicinity and a sudden drop in our readings is an advance warning to the Midwest of a coming cold wave."

Townspeople generally begin their winterizing about October 1st. Their biggest single problem is to get their automobiles in shape. Almost all drivers use snow tires and store a shovel, a bucket of sand and a tow chain in the trunk. They have either two batteries or an oversized model under the hood. Their cars use extra-thin oil and lubricants, and radiators are about half filled with antifreeze for protection to 40 and more below zero.

International Falls is a mill town that has grown up around huge paper and insulated-board plants of the Minnesota & Ontario Paper Company. Most of the firm's 2,000 local employees work indoors. But its railroad switchmen and pulpwood unloaders are out in the open every day and night in temperatures so low that veterans insist a slug of whisky has to be swished around in the mouth before swallowing so it won't chill the stomach. The frigid weather also affects labor relations. "Our union is asking the company in the next contract to provide free towing service in its parking lots for stuck cars," says Marlo Coran, a steam fitter at the mill and president of the International Falls City Council.

Falls residents, from tots to grandpas, take pride in their resistance to the cold. There's little time lost either at work or school because of the climate. School attendance among the city's approximately 2,700 school children averages 94.8 per cent, and only once in memory has school been called off because of weather. "I was newly appointed to my job then and woke up one morning to see a blizzard," school superintendent Leo Dominick recalls. "I thought it only natural to call off classes, so I did. However, everyone looked at me so strangely that I haven't called them off since."

Dominick's peace of mind about the weather isn't shared by Ed Downward, City Engineer and Director of Public Works. His headaches run from snow removal to maintaining the city's 288 parking meters. Last winter, when the Falls had a record snowfall of 93½ inches, Downward's seven plows cleared 96,000 cubic yards of snow from the small downtown area alone. As for the parking meters, an even slightly damp coin freezes in the slot.

Despite almost daily below-zero temperatures in midwinter, the area has few cases of cold-weather exposure. Dr. Ralph Hanover, who practices in the Falls and has lived in northern Minnesota all his life, says: "One winter I was my only frostbite case. I had to hike eight miles in 20- to 30-degree-below-zero temperatures to see a patient and wound up half frozen. I've found that people here stay well mostly because they know how to dress for the weather."

The almost indispensable garment is the parka, which Mayor Joseph Bartkowski says has revolutionized winter comfort in the region. Under the parka, men wear wool pants and shirt, a jacket, long underwear, heavy wool socks and overshoes or boots. In recent years, most women have switched from long drawers to more modern undies, but outwardly they dress similarly to the men, with some adding woolen overstockings over their nylons.

The pride townspeople have in their ability to withstand the cold weather is almost matched by their ability to joke about it. Norman Hagen, a government meteorologist in Washington, D.C., who grew up in northern Minnesota, tells a favorite International Falls story about a farmer who decided one winter to have his land surveyed.

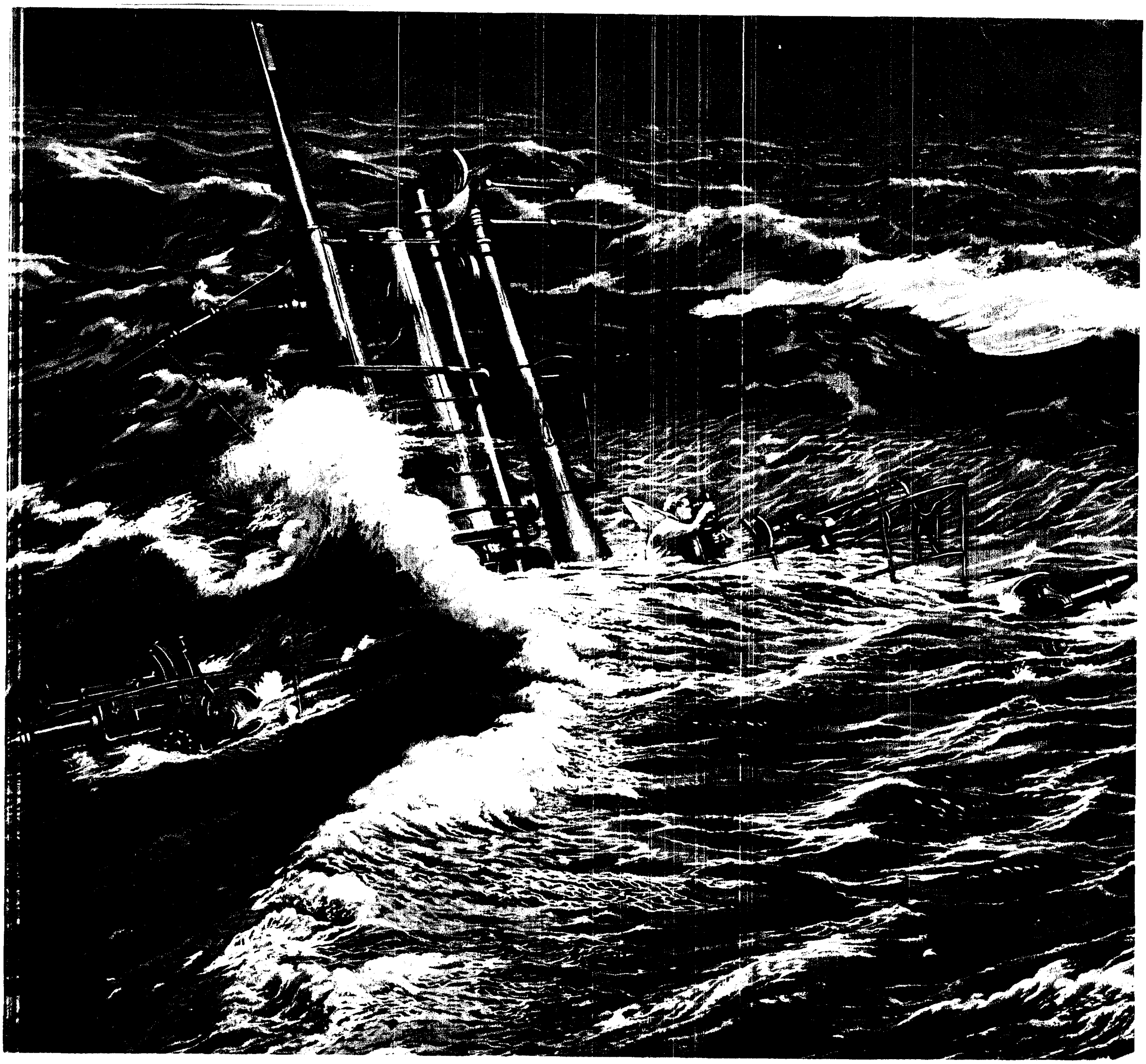
"He learned the results," says Hagen, "on a February day when the Falls thermometer seemed stuck at 35 degrees below zero.

"'Your land ends just 50 feet from the Canadian border,' said the frozen surveyor.

"'Thank Heaven,' said the farmer. 'Now I don't have to worry any more about those cold Canadian winters.'" ▲▲▲

Retractable runners on carriage let Mrs. Gladys Lindvall glide son Jeff over snow around home, or wheel him along cleared shopping area

U.S. Customs and Immigration inspectors at Canadian border quickly thaw out frozen trunk locks with a hose hooked onto auto's exhaust



President Eisenhower's naval aide, a former submarine commander, tells a thrilling story of underwater warfare in the midst of a hurricane

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP

By EDWARD L. BEACH

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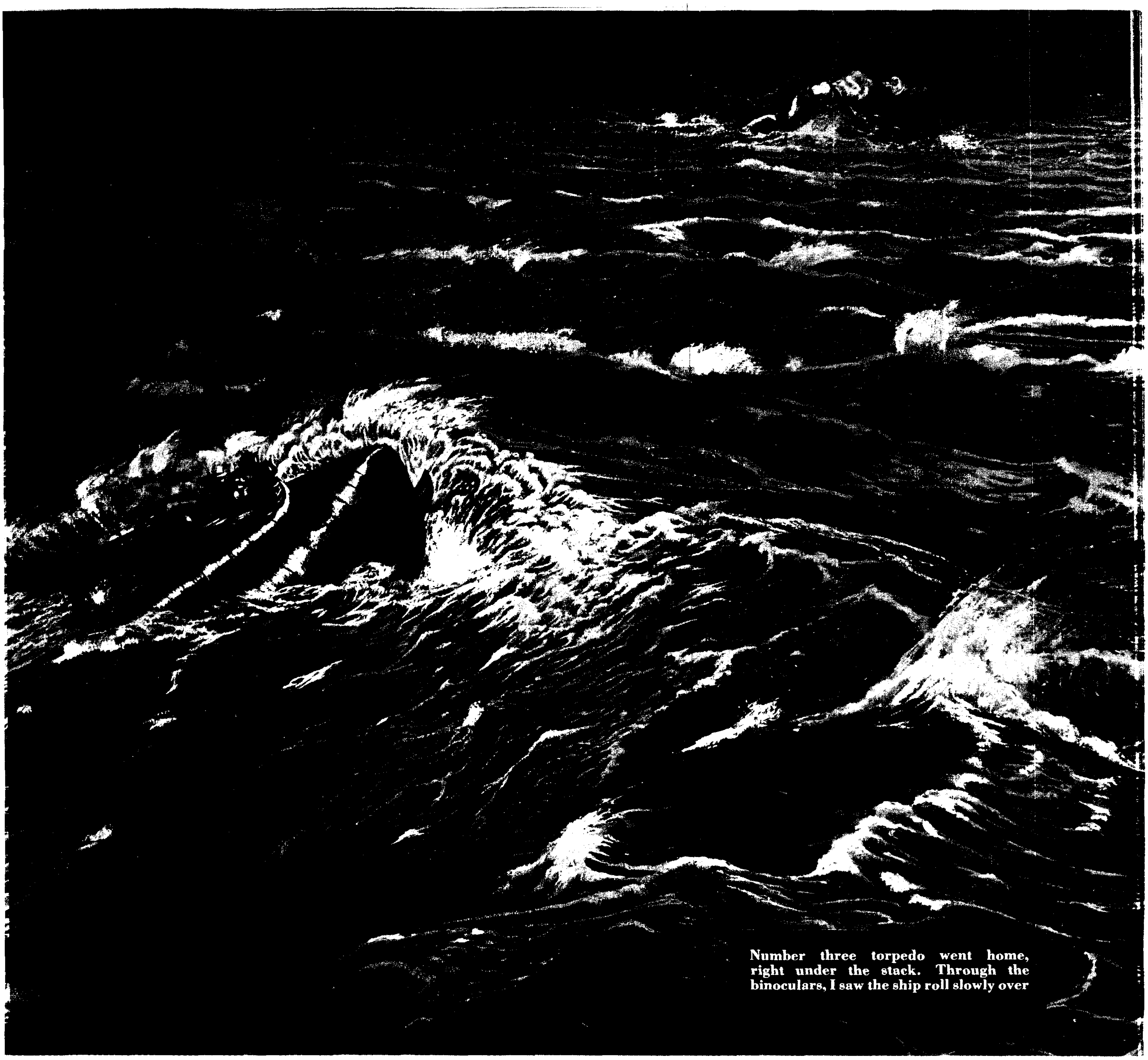


Number three torpedo went home, right under the stack. Through the binoculars, I saw the ship roll slowly over

THE trip west across the Pacific in our new sub, Eel, made no conscious impression on my mind. All I could think of was Bungo Pete, or, to use his proper name, Captain Tateo Nakame, Imperial Japanese Navy. He was no doubt a Jap hero because of the number of U.S. subs he claimed to have destroyed. To Keith Leone, my Executive Officer, and me, he was a devil and needed to be destroyed.

War rarely generates personal animosities between members of the opposing forces; it is too big for that. The hate is there, but it is a larger hatred, a hatred for everything the enemy stands for—for all of his professed ideals, for his very way of life. Individuals stand for nothing in this mammoth hate, and that is why friends—even members of the same family—can at times be on opposite sides, and why, after the fighting is over, it is possible to respect and even like the man who lately wished to kill you. Bungo, however, had done us personal injury—Needlefish, Turbot, Awlfish, Lancetfish, Stingback, Nerka and, finally, Walrus—seven subs—had been lost in Bungo's area of operation. And with Walrus, men with whom Keith Leone and I had served had been lost. Consequently, it didn't seem in the least strange to us that this once we should be consumed with bitter personal enmity toward a certain personality among the enemy. That this individual was only doing his duty as he saw it, as he had a right to see it, made not the slightest difference.

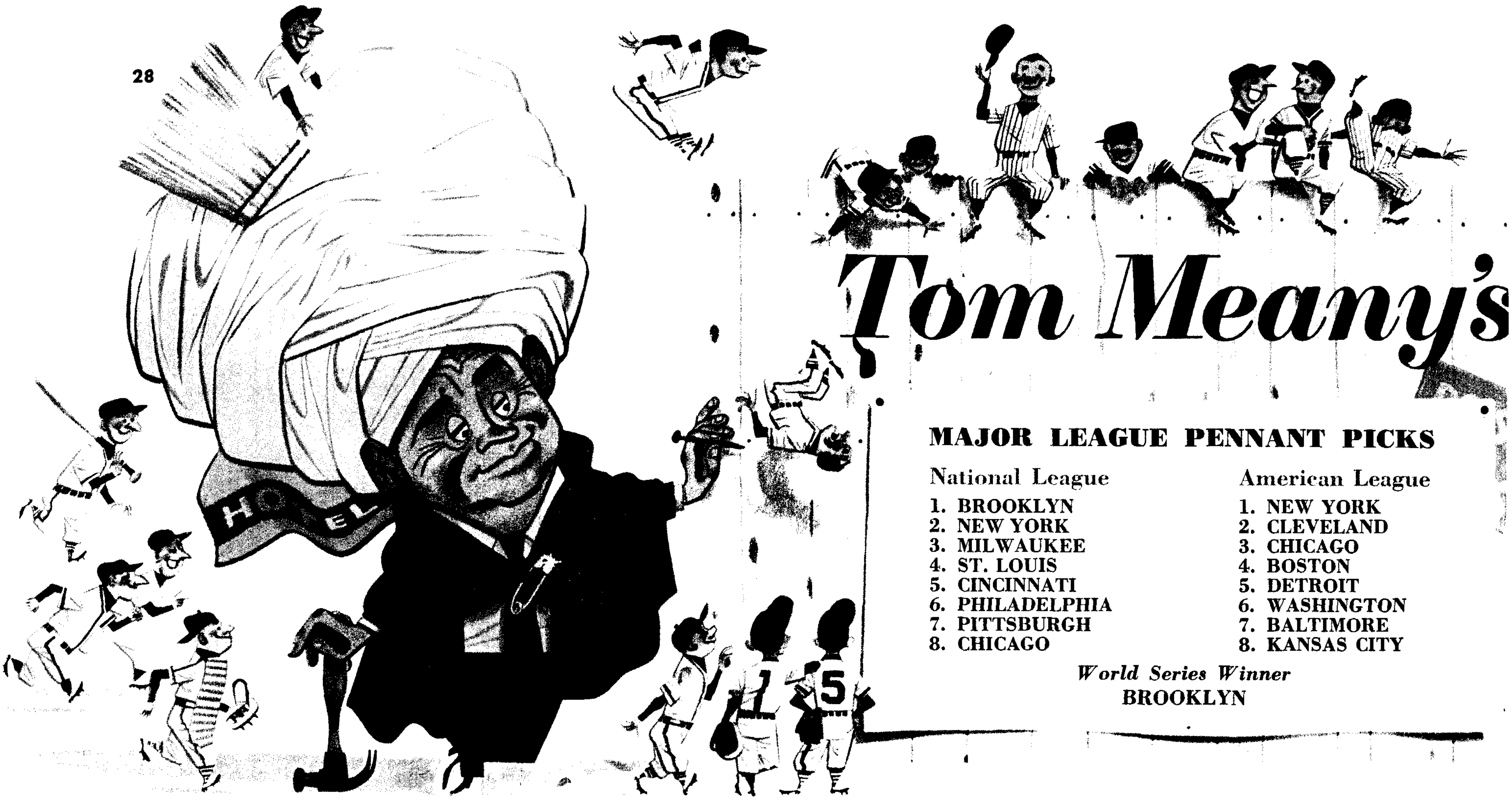
And it was not entirely one-sided. For Nakame was doubtless gloating in his own turn over the fact that he had at last squared accounts with Walrus, the submarine that had dared to outwit him twice, even accidentally, and had sunk one of the destroyers working under him. He might even know my name, just as I knew his.

It was with this oddly personal hatred in mind that Keith and I worked out one of our ideas for the campaign against Bungo. We had prepared for it by bringing along stationery and other material originally designated for Walrus. All the way out to Kyushu, we worked an hour or two a day on the papers. We made certain that the name Eel would nowhere appear in our garbage sacks, but that the name Walrus would with normal frequency. And I wrote my own name—Lieutenant Commander E. J. Richardson, commanding U.S.S. Walrus (how lately that had been the truth)—on papers that would appear to have been spoiled or discarded for one reason or another.

We had learned not long ago that Bungo Pete got his information about submarines in his area by retrieving garbage sacks. All subs had immediately been instructed to weight their garbage more carefully, but now, as part of the plan we had worked out, Bungo Pete would again begin to find garbage sacks, and the papers they contained, marked *Walrus*. In this way Walrus would once again seem to have escaped him. Keith and I were agreed that our personal revenge would take the form of robbing Bungo Pete of that satisfaction before destroying him.

And after his curiosity had been aroused by the discovery that Walrus had *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED FREEMAN



Tom Meany's

MAJOR LEAGUE PENNANT PICKS

National League	American League
1. BROOKLYN	1. NEW YORK
2. NEW YORK	2. CLEVELAND
3. MILWAUKEE	3. CHICAGO
4. ST. LOUIS	4. BOSTON
5. CINCINNATI	5. DETROIT
6. PHILADELPHIA	6. WASHINGTON
7. PITTSBURGH	7. BALTIMORE
8. CHICAGO	8. KANSAS CITY

World Series Winner
BROOKLYN

Together with his usual no-money-back guarantee, Collier's fairly fearles

NO SWAMI need peer into a crystal ball to come up with the prediction that Willie Mays, the Giants' center fielder, will be the most exciting ballplayer to watch in 1955. You could find that out by looking into a porcelain doorknob or a china egg. On the strength of 306 major-league games—all Willie has played in his career to date—many experienced baseball figures already are saying he's the greatest ballplayer they've ever seen.

Actually, nobody yet knows how good Willie really is, including Willie. Still a few months short of his twenty-fourth birthday, with his Army service behind him, he has by no means reached his peak years.

"If Willie can keep his average at .325 or better for the next five years, then he's got to be the best we've ever seen," Leo Durocher, his boss, declared recently. "I say he's the best I've ever seen right now. I'll take him over Musial and I would even if they were the same age."

Making allowances for Manager Durocher's understandable enthusiasm for his star, his remarks are worth taking seriously. Leo played with Babe Ruth and against Ty Cobb and has been looking at big-leaguers since 1928.

"To be great in baseball, you have to be great in five things," said Leo. "You must be able to hit, to hit with power, to run, to throw and to field. Willie can do them all better than anybody today."

Not the least of Mays's value is that some of his spark and fire seems to rub off on the rest of the club. "It electrifies 'em," according to Durocher, "and does something to the whole club, even to an old pro like Alvin Dark."

No player—not Cobb or Ruth, Joe DiMaggio or Ted Williams—ever achieved the honors in his first full big-league season which fell to Mays in 1954. He was the leading hitter in the majors with a .345 average, and the leading slugger with a percentage of .667. He hit 41 home runs. He was voted the Most Valuable Player in the National League—and the MVP title is not easily won. Joe DiMaggio played for four years before he achieved it; Ted Williams for five.

Some weeks ago Ben Geraghty, who manages Jacksonville, Florida, for the Milwaukee organization, made a flying trip to New York and caught the official 1954 World Series movies, in which Mays is the star, with the Giants and Indians acting as supporting players. A room filled with baseball notables buzzed and raved about Willie's potentials when the film ended.

"I've been in baseball for nearly twenty years," said Geraghty, "and, outside of a cup of coffee with the Dodgers and a ham sandwich with the Braves, all of my time has been in the minors. But I still have to say that Mays is the best ballplayer I've ever seen."

Scoring from First on a Scratch Hit

Geraghty, who managed Caguas in the Puerto Rican winter league and watched Mays perform there with Santurce, told of a play in which Willie scored from first base on a ball which hit the shortstop's glove and trickled a few feet behind him. The shortstop loafed recovering the ball and Mays simply didn't stop running.

"I never saw anything like it," concluded Ben.

"I never saw anybody like Mays," amended the reporter. "I was a great Frankie Frisch booster and then a great Joe DiMaggio man, but as of now I have to say Mays is number one."

DiMaggio himself, asked recently whom he considered the game's top player today, promptly replied: "Willie Mays, without a question."

It's impossible at this stage of Willie's career to assay his potential. Last year he dominated the Giants, the National League and the World Series. His power, his speed, his fielding and his throwing put him far ahead of the rest of the field. He excelled in each and he excelled in all.

To see Mays charge a ground ball like a shortstop and rifle it back to the infield is a thrill in itself, comparable to watching any of his amazing catches or his long drives. Willie has the great physical co-ordination which is given only to the greatest of stars. He could play in the infield as well as in the outfield, and probably would be superlative in any sport he played. With his quick hands and lightning reflexes, Willie would have made a great boxer, for example.

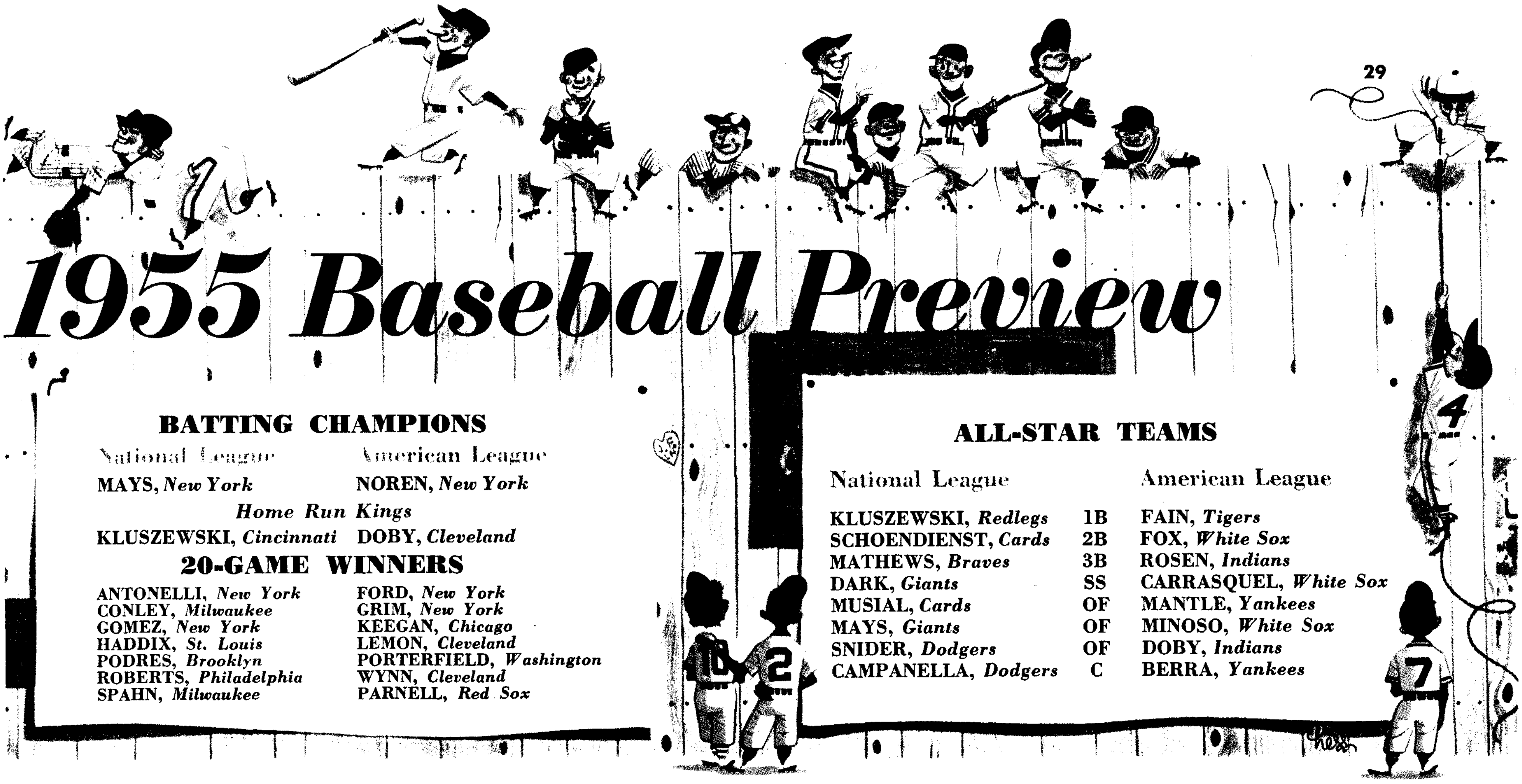
I myself saw Cobb play and traveled with Ruth. Mays has the extra something that distinguished those two stars, the personal magnetism which pulls fans into ball parks. Willie has the boundless enthusiasm of a romping kid for the sport which is his profession. He plays the game by instinct and plays it as if it were especially devised for his benefit. He's the greatest player in the game today, and there is no reason why he shouldn't go on to be the greatest that ever played the game.

Mays is one reason why this year's National League race is likely to be the hottest since 1951. His value to the Giants is impossible to estimate. Nevertheless, one man doesn't make a team—and even Mays can't convince me that the Dodgers won't beat out the Giants for the pennant, meeting the Yankees in the World Series for the third time in four years.

Winning the pennant won't be easy for the Dodgers. Along with Mays, the Giants have the great confidence that accrues to a club which has swept the World Series in four straight. Milwaukee, too, will be in the fight all the way; Durocher, in fact, thinks the Braves will be more of a threat than the Dodgers. And St. Louis, a dark horse, has a raft of hot prospects coming up.

Brooklyn, New York and Milwaukee should be at one another's throats all year. Brooklyn doesn't need particularly good luck to win—just an end to last year's bad luck. And one Dodger improvement not to be found among the statistics is likely to be manager Walter Alston. A freshman last season, he should be a more decisive manager this year.

Brooklyn's pitching staff is loaded with more ifs than a landlord's lease, but a great potential is there. Johnny Podres (11-7) could be a 20-game winner for the Dodgers this year, it being reasonable to assume that he hasn't a second vermiform appendix to donate to science. Billy Loes (13-5) would be a sensation if he matured, but is a big help as he is. Carl Erskine (18-15) may lack the stamina to win 20; still, he doesn't figure to peter out as



1955 Baseball Preview

BATTING CHAMPIONS

National League	American League
MAYS, *New York*	NOREN, *New York*

Home Run Kings

KLUSZEWSKI, *Cincinnati*	DOBY, *Cleveland*

20-GAME WINNERS

ANTONELLI, *New York*	FORD, *New York*
CONLEY, *Milwaukee*	GRIM, *New York*
GOMEZ, *New York*	KEEGAN, *Chicago*
HADDIX, *St. Louis*	LEMON, *Cleveland*
PODRES, *Brooklyn*	PORTERFIELD, *Washington*
ROBERTS, *Philadelphia*	WYNN, *Cleveland*
SPAHN, *Milwaukee*	PARNELL, *Red Sox*

ALL-STAR TEAMS

National League		American League
KLUSZEWSKI, *Redlegs*	1B	FAIN, *Tigers*
SCHOENDIENST, *Cards*	2B	FOX, *White Sox*
MATHEWS, *Braves*	3B	ROSEN, *Indians*
DARK, *Giants*	SS	CARRASQUEL, *White Sox*
MUSIAL, *Cards*	OF	MANTLE, *Yankees*
MAYS, *Giants*	OF	MINOSO, *White Sox*
SNIDER, *Dodgers*	OF	DOBY, *Indians*
CAMPANELLA, *Dodgers*	C	BERRA, *Yankees*

LOWELL HESS

Forecaster offers his annual picture of who's going to be on top and why

he did last September. Don Newcombe (9-8) was regarded as sure pop for 20 before he went into service and mislaid his fast one. Alston has a staff which runs deeper than most and he has in Jim Hughes (8-4) a first-flight reliefer, provided he isn't overworked as he was last year. In young Karl Spooner (21-9), Alston has another left-handed starter who was a sensation late last year when brought up from Fort Worth.

Slight Changes by Dodger Brain Trust

Brooklyn's regulars have played together for several years and this could have been the year of decision for the Dodgers. But instead of going into a complete rebuilding job, the brain trusters decided to tinker with the machine only slightly. Two new infielders, Chico Fernandez (Montreal, .282) and Charley Neal (St. Paul, .272) may edge into the picture. The big lift for the Dodgers is that Roy Campanella reports his injured hand—which caused his average to dip from .312 in '53 to .207 last year—has now healed. If Roy is right, the Dodgers have the best catcher in the league.

Although the Dodgers are picked, it would be no shock if the Giants should repeat. Johnny Antonelli (21-7) is the most powerful left-hander to show in the majors since Lefty Grove—even if the Giants can't count on Johnny against the Dodgers, who murder southpaws. Johnny beat Brooklyn once last year, lost twice and didn't pitch a complete game against the runners-up. Ruben Gomez (17-9) is an improving pitcher who easily could win 20 now that he has learned to vary his pitches. Sal (the Barber) Maglie (14-6) will be thirty-eight in April but has the guile to get by if the spots are picked for him, which Durocher certainly will do.

The Giants have an excellent one-two punch in the bull pen in Hoyt Wilhelm (12-4) with his knuckler, and Marv Grissom (10-7), with his screwball. Don Liddle (9-4) is bound to get a lift from his victory in the final World Series game.

Weak spots? Whitey Lockman (.251), Davey Williams (.222) and Monte Irvin (.262) carried a lot of wood up to the plate in 1954 without having much to show for it. Dusty Rhodes (.341) or Bob Lennon, a Brooklyn kid who hit 64 homers and batted .345 for Nashville, might take over for Irvin. The rap on Bob is that he uppercuts the ball. Foster Castleman (.317) is up from Minneapolis with a chance to help out in the infield.

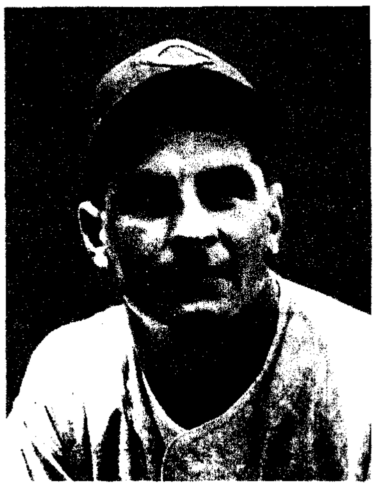
The Giants can't afford to have three regulars hitting under .270 when Wes Westrum isn't hitting .200. Wes was a cool .187 last year but he is such an excellent receiver that pitchers clamor to have him behind the bat, regardless of his average.

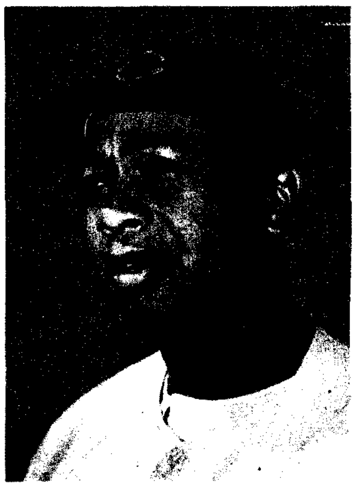
Milwaukee figures to have solid pitching with Warren Spahn (21-12), Gene Conley (14-9) and Lew Burdette (15-14). Ray Crone (7-3), who came up from Toledo in the last half of 1954, is highly regarded. But the biggest boost to Charley Grimm's crew, of course, is the presence of an able Bobby Thomson (.232). Bobby broke his ankle in spring training last year after averaging better than 100 RBIs per year for five previous years with the Giants. He batted in 15 for the Braves, playing only 43 games. Eddie Mathews, despite a slow start, hit 40 homers while batting .290 last year and seems a good bet to do even better in 1955. Hank Aaron (.280) has recovered from his ankle injury. Joe Adcock (.308) is a solid power hitter. And Bill Bruton (.284) jumped his freshman average nearly 40 points. All in all, Milwaukee is a tough club, and one which has the class to hold the lead if it ever gets in front.

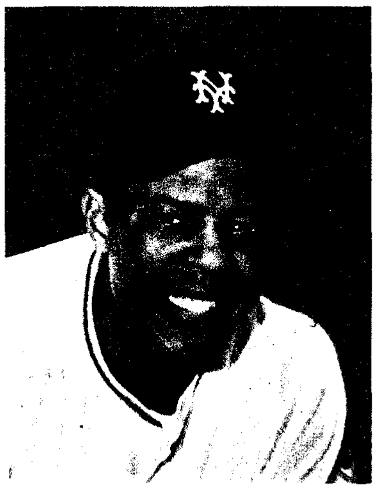
Only Two Top Contenders in A.L.

While the National League is having a three-club (and possibly four-club) dogfight, competition for the top spot in the American League probably will be limited to the Yankees and Indians, with the White Sox dropping back this year.

Cleveland will have topflight pitching and power again, but I like the Yankees on two proven young pitchers, Whitey Ford (16-8) and Bob Grim (20-6); two newcomers from Baltimore, Bob Turley (14-15) and Don Larsen (3-21); and the possibility that Ed Lopat (12-4) and Allie Reynolds (13-4) will be effective when pitched in spots,


TED KLUSZEWSKI
Redlegs


LARRY DOBY
Indians


WILLIE MAYS
Giants

IRV NOREN
Yankees

THEY SHOULD TAKE 20

Choosing big Ted Kluszewski to lead his league in home

Bob Porterfield

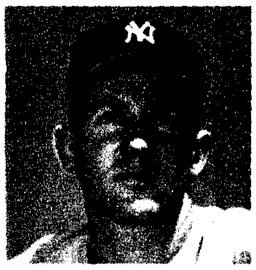
Harvey Haddix

Johnny Podres

Robin Roberts

Early Wynn

Bob Lemon


Whitey Ford

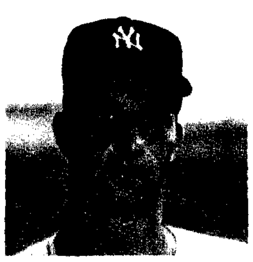
Warren Spahn

Johnny Antonelli

Ruben Gomez

Bob Keegan

Mel Parnell


Bob Grim

Gene Conley

which is how Casey Stengel certainly will pitch his two veterans.

The game of musical chairs which the American League played with its managers also may help the Yankees. Al Lopez and Stengel, who finished one-two, are the only ones who remain in their jobs. Pinky Higgins, up from Louisville, replaced Lou Boudreau in Boston and Lou replaced Eddie Joost on the Athletics, who replaced Philadelphia with Kansas City. Paul Richards replaced Jimmy Dykes in Baltimore and Marty Marion moved up to Paul's place with Chicago. Chuck Dressen is back from his personal Elba (Oakland) to manage Washington, replacing Bucky Harris, who replaced Fred Hutchinson in Detroit. There are six new managers, but only three men lost their big-league jobs—Joost, Dykes and Hutchinson.

The managerial shifts may make it harder for the Indians to knock off the sucker teams, as they did in 1954. The Tribe scored 89 of its 111 victories against the five lower teams but did no better than 11-11 splits with the other two top clubs, the Yankees and White Sox. And it is on the theory that the second-division competition will be stiffer that the Yankees are picked to win, as much as because of any memories of the incredible ineptitude of the Indians in the World Series.

Billy Hunter (.243) is expected to take over for Phil Rizzuto (.195) at short, at least until Billy Martin returns from service in May. Yogi Berra (.307 and the league's Most Valuable Player), Mickey Mantle (.300), Irv Noren (.319) and Bill Skowron (.340) supply the Yanks with sufficient punch.

Yanks May Get Negro MVP

This well may be the year that a Negro first wears a Yankee uniform in the majors. Elston Howard (.330), Toronto, an outfielder-turned-catcher, was voted the International League's Most Valuable Player, but don't be surprised if he is turned into an outfielder again.

Howard played with San Juan in Puerto Rico and showed amazing power. He is a long-ball hitter but is unlikely to crowd Berra away from catching. Stengel talked about playing Yogi in the outfield or at third but the more logical switch would be to use Elston in the outfield, since he played there originally.

Cleveland still has its pitching Big Three—Bob Lemon (23-7), Early Wynn (23-11) and Mike Garcia (19-8)—no matter what the World Series may have led you to believe. The Tribe also has the most touted rookie of 1955 in Herb Score (22-5), who set an American Association strike-out mark with Indianapolis, the amazing total of 330 in 251 innings. The twenty-two-year-old southpaw seems a cinch to give the Tribe a pitching Big Four.

But while Lopez will have plenty of pitching, the defense still is shaky. Vic Wertz (.257) simply is not a first baseman and the Tribe has trouble making the double play. In the American League during 1954, only Detroit made fewer double plays than the Indians.

Besides the added home-run threat of Ralph Kiner (.285), the Indians have another fine prospect in Rocky Colavito (.271), a right-handed power hitter from Indianapolis, where he had 38 homers and 116 RBIs. Cleveland's pitching, and the power supplied by Bobby Avila (.341), a healthy Al Rosen (.300) and Larry Doby (.272), who should improve on his 32 homers, will keep the club up there all year. It should be no shock if they repeat. (Not nearly the shock their World Series play was, anyway.)

Brooklyn Victory Foreseen

Assuming that these selections are correct—and Lloyd's of London won't guarantee 'em—the Yankees and Dodgers will meet in the World Series; and the Dodgers will win. The Dodgers have never won a World Series and it's time they got around to it.

Returning to the balance of the National League race, Eddie Stanky will have to get the Cardinals home in the first division to hold his job. He has two of the best prospects in years in Ken Boyer (.319), who is up from Houston to take over the job of Ray Jablonski (.296) at third, and Bill Virdon (.333) who led the International League with Rochester. Virdon, a much-improved hitter since he took to wearing glasses, may force either Rip Repulski (.283) or Wally Moon (.304) to two-platoon with him in the outfield. And nobody, of course, is going to budge Stan Musial (.330).

The Cards will have pitching, too, with Harvey Haddix (18-13), Brooks Lawrence (15-6), Gordon Jones (4-4), who looked great at the tag end of last season, and Larry Jackson (12-6) from Rochester, who mowed down major-leaguers in Puerto Rico this last winter. Also Vinegar Bend Mizell (13-11) may be back from the Army.

That Birdie Tebbetts put new life into the Redlegs there is no doubt, but Cincinnati's problem seems to be pitching. Reports are good on twenty-six-year-old Cliff Ross (13-10) from Schenectady, Jim Pearce (17-7) and Jerry Lane (13-8) from Chattanooga, and Rudy Minarcin (11-2) from Toronto. Ted Kluszewski (.326) whacked 49 homers last year and should get better. Gus Bell (.299) will not slump as he did after last year's All-Star game. Unless the Cardinals capitalize fully on their assets, the Redlegs are a first-division threat, particularly if the pitching comes through.

Philadelphia, the only National League club with a new manager—Mayo Smith up from Birmingham—has Robin Roberts (23-15) and Curt Simmons (14-15) and has added two pitchers from Syracuse, Jim Owens (17-9) and John Meyer (15-11). Murry Dickson (10-20) might improve but he'll soon be thirty-nine. Marv Blaylock (.303) from Syracuse may give Earl Torgeson (.271) a battle for the first-base job.

On the theory that Branch Rickey's forced-feeding scheme at Pittsburgh may have developed some of the young Bucs ahead of their time, the Pirates are picked to get out of the cellar at the expense of the Cubs. Gene Freese (.332), an infielder from New Orleans, played outstandingly in Puerto Rico and should make it. Roberto Clemente (.257), an outfielder drafted from the Dodger farm at Montreal, is fast but needs experience.

The Cubs have brought up the pitcher with the greatest minor-league record in the country last year, Bob Thorpe, but he is unlikely to stay. He was 28-4 with Stockton in the Class C California League, starting 33 games and finishing 32 of them! He can't be expected to make the jump from Class C, but he's only twenty and worth tabbing for the future.

Otherwise, the Cubs don't seem to have too much. They're bringing up a raft of young players, but Sam Jones (15-8), a right-hander who was up with Cleveland a few years ago and who pitched with Indianapolis last year, looks like the only solid bet. The Cubs are still in the process of building—and it seems to be taking as long as the Pyramids.

A New "High" in Optimism

The American League race will be a three-team affair, if you can go along with White Sox manager Marty Marion (which I can't). Marion's calm prediction that he expects the Chicagoans to win the pennant rates as the most optimistic statement of the hot-stove season. Marty believes Walt Dropo (.281), picked up from Detroit, will help out Minnie Minoso (.320), who so far has been the alpha and omega of Chicago's power. Jim Rivera (.286) is still coming along. On the mound, Bob Keegan (16-9) could win 20. With Sandy Consuegra (16-3), Virgil Trucks (19-12), a new right-hander, Connie Johnson (17-8) from Toronto and Harry Dorish (6-4) for relief, the Sox have pitching enough to give anybody trouble.

The American League deteriorates rapidly after the top three, as it did last year. The one club with a ray of hope is the Red Sox, whose bonus babies are nearing maturity. Two of them, outfielder Marty Keough (.292) and shortstop Don Buddin (.246), helped Louisville win the American Association play-offs from Indianapolis, although they never played higher than Class B before 1954.

Keough, according to a rival scout, got a bonus large enough to give him a rooting interest in Fort Knox. The Red Sox are reported (by rival bidders) to have paid about $125,000 for his autograph. Incidentally, the Sox are coy about Marty and Buddin. Although both will be at Sarasota, neither is on the Boston roster.

Another Louisville player, first baseman Norb Zauchin (.289) will be with his old boss, Higgins, in

runs, says the author, is like picking Rocky Marciano to knock out Johnnie Ray

spring training. Zauchin is slow but has right-handed power and may tattoo Fenway Park's handy left-field wall. With the new talent, and a manager who raised most of it, the Red Sox look like a good bet for fourth.

Detroit May Surprise Everyone

While hope springs eternal with the Red Sox, hope just springs and sags back with the rest of the American League, unless Bucky Harris can do something with Detroit's younger pitchers. A lot of money has been spent by the Tigers, as by the Red Sox, but the Sox seem nearer to cashing in. Frank Lary (15-11) is back from Buffalo for another try with the Tigers, and a native son, Dante Cristante (24-7), is up from Atlanta. Duke Maas (7-4) from Buffalo is another bidder. Detroit already has cashed in on Harvey Kuenn (.306), and Ray Boone (.295) has proved a great pickup. Ferris Fain (.302) is thirty-three and hardly fits into a youth movement, but if he has recovered from his 1954 injuries he can help the Tigers.

Washington, Baltimore and Kansas City belong among the have-nots of the American League, in contrast to the could-bes of Boston and Detroit. Chuck Dressen speaks of three Washington pitchers "winning 60 among them in 1955" but that's hard to visualize with a club which didn't have a .300 hitter last season. Bob Porterfield (13-15) could make 20 but it looks like a hard road for Maurice McDermott (7-15) and for Dean Stone (12-10).

Paul Richards will be building with the Orioles and building well. He has an outstanding young catcher in Hal Smith (.350), who led the American Association in batting with Columbus. Gus Triandos (.296), who was up with the Yankees, will get a shot at first base. He spent last season in Kansas City. Dressen thinks Richards may have a winning pitcher in Don Ferrarese (18-15), who worked for Chuck at Oakland last year. A real sleeper with the Orioles could be Ray Moore (8-7), an ex-Dodger who was with St. Paul last year. Moore has had a sore arm but when it is right he can win in any league.

Boudreau at Kansas City will be facing the same problems Eddie Joost had in Philadelphia last season—trying to win with minor-leaguers who are making the long jump. Jim Finigan (.302) made it all the way from Binghamton in the Class A Eastern League last season, but he was an exception. Walter Craddock (12-8), a southpaw, is up from Savannah in the Sally League.

A rookie with a chance is Hector Lopez (.316), a Panamanian infielder who played with Ottawa in the International League.

Turning from clubs to individuals, Mays, who led the majors last year with .345, is picked to lead the National League again. The Giant center fielder shortened his stance in the last half of the season and began to rip the ball through the infield. With a spread stance, Willie was a home-run threat and the chances are that he will alternate his stance through the season. Irv Noren (.319) is a dark-horse pick to be home first among American League hitters. The Yankee outfielder is beginning to look like the ballplayer Clark Griffith thought he was when he gave a bundle to the Dodgers for him in 1949. With the help of coach Bill Dickey, Noren finally has mastered the art of leveling off his swing.

Picking Ted Kluszewski to lead the National League in home runs is like picking Rocky Marciano to knock out Johnnie Ray. The Cincinnati first baseman, who led with 49 last year, should go over 50. There isn't a park in the league which isn't within the reach of the burly slugger. Eddie Mathews (40) could give Ted a run if he were playing in any park except Milwaukee's, which is rough on left-handed hitters. Other home-run clouters to be considered with respect are Gil Hodges (42), Willie Mays (41), Hank Sauer (41), Duke Snider (40), Stan Musial (35) and Joe Adcock (23).

In the American, Cleveland's Larry Doby (32) has the best chance to repeat because his home park is tailored to his measure. Teammate Al Rosen (24) will give Larry a run now that his broken finger has mended, and the Yankees offer two threats in Mantle (27) and Berra (22).

Possible Twenty-Game Winners

Picking 20-game winners is ticklish stuff, although Warren Spahn (21) has had the magic number in five of the last six seasons, and Robin Roberts (23) has made it five years straight. Johnny Antonelli (21) should make it again and so should Harvey Haddix (18). Strictly guesses are Ruben Gomez (17), Gene Conley (14) and Johnny Podres (11).

Bob Lemon (23) and Early Wynn (23) have been consistent in the American League. Lemon has been a 20-game winner in six of his last seven seasons and Wynn in three of the last four. Bob Porterfield (13) has a good chance and so has Whitey Ford (16). Bob Grim (20) made it his freshman year and could repeat. Bob Keegan (16) could win 20 if the White Sox get him some runs. Mel Parnell (3-7) might come back as a 20-game winner with Boston.

Herb Score, who wasn't put on the Cleveland roster until mid-January, is picked to be the American League's outstanding rookie, and Ken Boyer, the Cardinal third baseman, is the choice in the National. (Wally Moon, touted here as a sleeper last spring, wasn't on the St. Louis roster until the last minute, but he wound up the National's number one rookie.)

Our 1954 pennant picks, the Yankees and Dodgers, finished second, which is about the best you could say for the 1954 Preview. Cleveland, the American League winner, was rated third but the Giants were picked fifth. I just couldn't believe Willie Mays could make that much difference. I still can't.

See you all next year. Same time, same place.

Cards' infielder Ken Boyer, from Houston, named top N.L. rookie

Pitcher Herb Score will be A.L.'s best. He's property of Cleveland

1955 ROOKIES TO WATCH

Name, Club	Bat Throw	Ht.	Wt.	Born	Home	1954 Club	
PITCHERS							**W-L**
*JOHN ANDRE, *Cubs*	L-R	6'4"	200	1925	Delmar, Del.	Shreveport	21-9
*DANTE CRISTANTE, *Tigers*	R-R	6'1"	200	1926	Detroit, Mich.	Atlanta	24-7
*HY COHEN, *Cubs*	R-R	6'1"	215	1931	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Des Moines	16-6
RAY CRONE, *Braves*	R-R	6'2"	180	1931	Memphis, Tenn.	Toledo	7-3
*WALTER CRADDOCK, *Athletics*	R-L	5'11"	176	1933	Mount Hope, W.Va.	Savannah	12-8
JERRY DEAN, *Redlegs*	R-L	6'1"	190	1930	Joiner, Ark.	Greenville	15-2
*LARRY JACKSON, *Cardinals*	R-R	6'2"	175	1931	Boise, Idaho	Rochester	12-6
*TONY JACOBS, *Cardinals*	L-R-R	5'9"	150	1925	Blue Island, Ill.	Rochester	13-1
*CONNIE JOHNSON, *White Sox*	R-R	6'4"	198	1922	Los Angeles, Cal.	Toronto	17-8
*SAM JONES, *Cubs*	R-R	6'4"	200	1925	Monongah, W.Va.	Indianapolis	15-8
JERRY LANE, *Redlegs*	R-R	6'	185	1927	Ringgold, Ga.	Chattanooga	13-8
*FRANK LARY, *Tigers*	R-R	5'11"	180	1931	Northport, Ala.	Buffalo	15-11
*DUKE MAAS, *Tigers*	R-R	5'10"	165	1931	Utica, Mich.	Buffalo	7-4
JOE MARGONERI, *Giants*	L-L	6'	183	1930	Smithton, Pa.	Nashville	14-10
DON McMAHON, *Braves*	R-R	6'2"	215	1930	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Atlanta	8-5
*JOHN MEYER, *Phillies*	R-R	6'1"	175	1932	Medford Lakes, N.J.	Syracuse	15-11
*RUDY MINARCIN, *Redlegs*	R-R	6'	195	1930	North Vandergrift, Pa.	Toronto	11-2
*RAY MOORE, *Orioles*	R-R	6'	195	1926	Upper Marlboro, Md.	St. Paul	8-7
*JIM OWENS, *Phillies*	R-R	5'11"	180	1934	Gifford, Pa.	Syracuse	17-9
JIM PEARCE, *Redlegs*	R-R	6'6"	170	1925	Zebulon, N.C.	Chattanooga	17-7
ED ROEBUCK, *Dodgers*	R-R	6'2"	185	1931	Crestline, Ohio	Montreal	18-14
CLIFF ROSS, *Redlegs*	L-L	6'4"	185	1928	Philadelphia, Pa.	Schenectady	13-10
*HERB SCORE, *Indians*	L-L	6'1"	180	1933	Lake Worth, Fla.	Indianapolis	22-5
*KARL SPOONER, *Dodgers*	R-L	5'11"	180	1931	Hornell, N.Y.	Fort Worth	21-9
BOB THORPE, *Cubs*	R-R	6'1"	170	1935	San Diego, Cal.	Stockton	28-4
*ROBERTO VARGAS, *Braves*	L-L	5'11"	170	1929	Caguas, P.R.	Reading	12-13
CATCHERS							**B.A.**
EARL BATTEY, *White Sox*	R-R	6'1"	205	1935	Los Angeles, Cal.	Waterloo	.292
*LOU BERBERET, *Yankees*	L-R	5'11"	200	1929	Long Beach, Cal.	Birmingham	.317
*HANK FOILES, *Indians*	R-R	6'	195	1930	Norfolk, Va.	Indianapolis	.332
*ELSTON HOWARD, *Yankees*	R-R	6'2"	191	1929	St. Louis, Mo.	Toronto	.330
DAN KRAVITZ, *Pirates*	L-R	5'11"	195	1930	Lopez, Pa.	New Orleans	.292
*HAL SMITH, *Orioles*	R-R	6'	195	1932	Detroit, Mich.	Columbus	.350
FIRST BASEMEN							
JULIO BECQUER, *Nationals*	L-L	6'	162	1932	Havana, Cuba	Havana	.260
*MARV BLAYLOCK, *Phillies*	L-L	6'2"	175	1929	Fort Smith, Ark.	Syracuse	.303
*NORBERT ZAUCHIN, *Red Sox*	R-R	6'4"	220	1929	Royal Oak, Mich.	Louisville	.289
INFIELDERS							
*KEN BOYER, *Cardinals*	R-R	6'2"	190	1931	Alba, Mo.	Houston	.319
DON BUDDIN, *Red Sox*	R-R	5'11"	175	1934	Olanta, S.C.	Louisville	.246
*FOSTER CASTLEMAN, *Giants*	R-R	6'	175	1931	Jacksonville, Fla.	Minneapolis	.317
*CHICO FERNANDEZ, *Dodgers*	R-R	6'	165	1932	Havana, Cuba	Montreal	.282
*GENE FREESE, *Pirates*	R-R	5'11"	160	1934	Wheeling, W.Va.	New Orleans	.332
WOODY HELD, *Yankees*	R-R	5'10"	160	1932	Sacramento, Cal.	Kansas City	.257
*BOB KLINE, *Nationals*	R-R	6'	175	1929	St. Petersburg, Fla.	Birmingham	.319
*HECTOR LOPEZ, *Athletics*	R-R	6'	168	1933	Colón, Panama	Ottawa	.316
*CHARLEY NEAL, *Dodgers*	R-R	5'10"	165	1931	Longview, Texas	St. Paul	.272
OUTFIELDERS							
*BRUCE BARMES, *Nationals*	L-R	5'8"	165	1930	Charlotte, N.C.	Chattanooga	.318
*ROBERTO CLEMENTE, *Pirates*	R-R	5'11"	175	1934	Carolina, P.R.	Montreal	.257
*ROCKY COLAVITO, *Indians*	R-R	6'3"	190	1933	New York, N.Y.	Indianapolis	.271
*MARTY KEOUGH, *Red Sox*	L-L	5'11"	175	1934	Pomona, Cal.	Louisville	.292
*BOB LENNON, *Giants*	L-L	6'	200	1928	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Nashville	.345
*BILL VIRDON, *Cardinals*	L-R	6'	175	1931	West Plains, Mo.	Rochester	.333

(*) Good chance of sticking

U.S. Senator A. S. MIKE MONRONEY says:

Let's Keep It 48

P A C
O C E A N
I C O

Oklahoma's Democratic Senator Mike Monroney refers to a map to point up one of his reasons for opposing admission: neither Alaska nor Hawaii is contiguous to the U.S.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB PHILLIPS

Granting statehood to Hawaii and Alaska could change the nature of the U.S., the Senator claims. To avoid that, he has an alternative plan for the two territories . . .

ON THE eleventh day of last March, Congress came within three votes of changing the shape and the very nature of the United States. By that narrow margin the Senate tied Alaska to Hawaii in the great statehood debate, and thus stopped for the session the admission of a distant archipelago as the 49th state. The Republican-controlled House of Representatives had previously given its approval to the admission of Hawaii alone, but was unwilling to accept Alaska, and so the legislation died for that session.

The issue will arise again in the new Congress. Both Democrats and Republicans endorsed statehood for Hawaii in their 1952 platforms. Unless the proposal is blocked or altered we will be on the highroad—or high seas—moving no one knows how swiftly toward changing the United States of America into the Associated States of the Western Hemisphere, or even the Associated States of the World. We will be leaving our concept of a closely knit union, every state contiguous to others, bonded by common heritages, common ideals, common standards of democracy, law and customs.

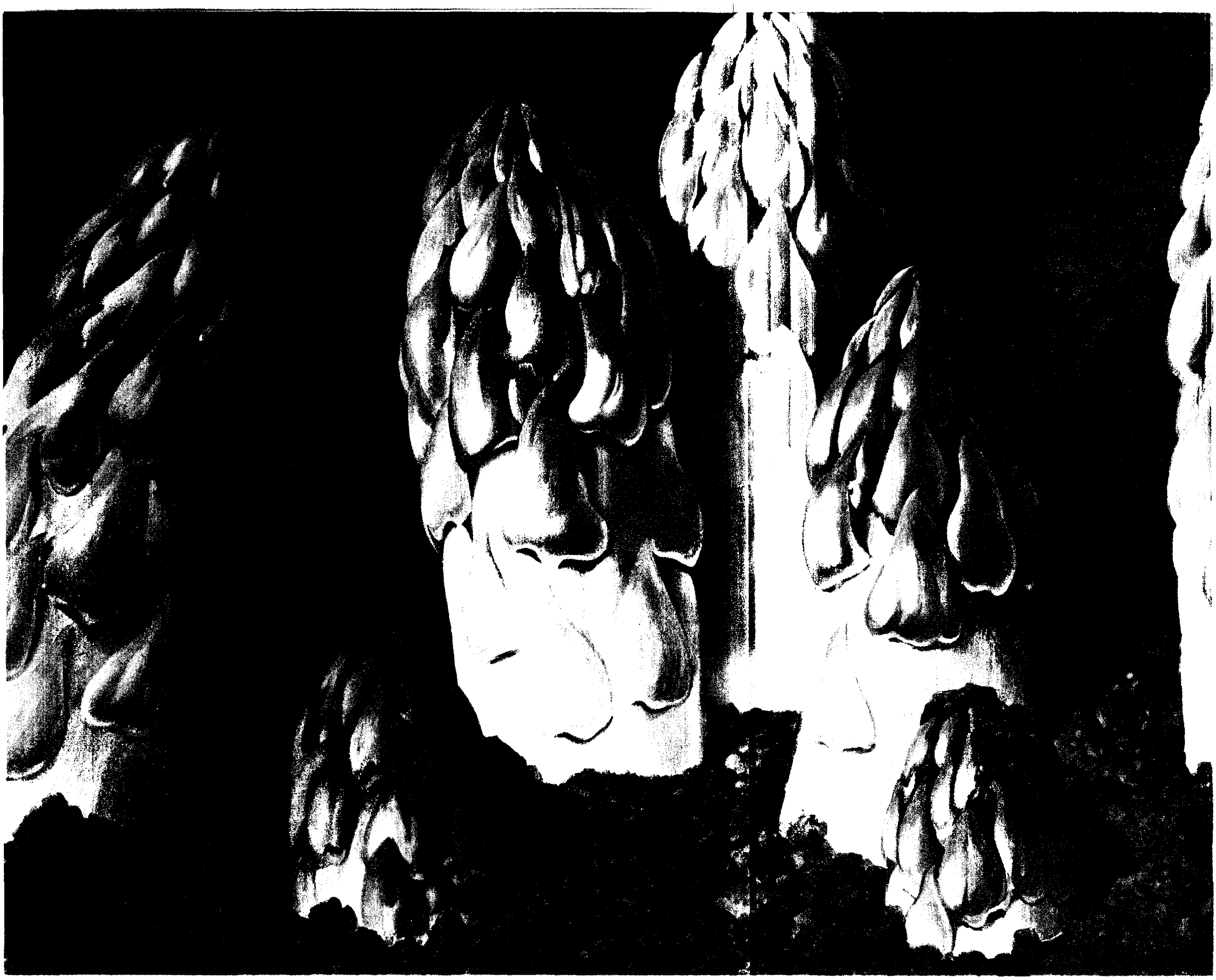
There is physical strength and symbolism in our land mass that stretches without break or enclave across the heart of North America. If we depart from the long-established rectangular land union that represents the United States on all maps of the world and bring in distant states, unavoidably they will be separated from existing states by the territory of other sovereign nations, or by international waters. It would be physically impossible to extend to them such neighborhood associations as now exist among our 48 states.

But far more than the physical shape of our country would be changed if we embark on this policy of offshore states. Senators and Representatives from them would stand for the needs and objectives and the methods of the areas from which they come. Inevitably there would be serious conflicts of interest, and a few offshore members of Congress could, and someday probably would, block something of real concern to a majority of the present states. Island economies are, by their very nature, narrow and insular.

The debates in Congress indicate to me that many members have not thought the issue through to its ultimate possibilities, but regard it as a matter of immediate political expediency, of no great long-range importance one way or another. I think our two parties in their conventions have been much too casual about statehood.

Certainly history will show that political considerations have played a part in statehood debates and legislation in the past. But then Congress was filling in the land Union and each new state was a neighbor of a group of older ones. In most cases the new state was formed by residents of the neighboring older states.

Hawaii is the key to the issue. Hawaii has taken the lead in efforts to obtain statehood, and Hawaii



Campbell Asparagus

How we capture the transient flavor of a plant-world prima donna

Here you see asparagus just as it pops out of the ground early in the spring. When you taste it fresh from the garden, you know why it's been considered a delicacy since before 287 B.C.

But getting the garden-fresh flavor of asparagus into soup is no easy job. For asparagus is a plant-world prima donna. The flavor starts to fade a little the minute you break the stalk. It fades faster when you start to prepare the soup, so prompt handling and rapid preparation are necessary if you hope to preserve the flavor.

Here's how we capture this delicate, transient flavor for Campbell's Cream of Asparagus Soup. We begin by using asparagus delivered fresh to our kitchens from nearby fields. Next, we prepare this garden fresh asparagus with dispatch and care that you could hardly match in your kitchen. It is cooked exactly the right length of time and not a tick longer. In less than an hour, the finished soup is in the cans.

So, very often, Campbell Asparagus begins the day in the garden and ends the same day in a can of Campbell's Cream of Asparagus Soup. This is an awfully good place for it to end, as we think anyone who's tasted the soup will agree.

The extra care that Campbell takes, even with little things like this, is one of the big reasons why everything Campbell makes always tastes so good. As Campbell puts it:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's
CREAM OF
ASPARAGUS
SOUP

Campbell's

Soups · Tomato Juice · Tomato Ketchup
Pork & Beans · V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
Franco-American Products

is charming. Nowhere do continental American tourists have a more exciting time. Nowhere are congressmen more delightfully entertained or more thoroughly photographed with those gay wreaths of tropical flowers around their necks. They come back to the comparatively drab halls of Congress bubbling with enthusiasm, eager to manifest their good will toward the hospitable people of Hawaii.

And they *are* wonderful people, who have proved their loyalty to the United States in peace and in war. They are so pleasant, and their lives so idyllic on those beautiful tropical islands, that nearly everyone returning wants to do something for them. So—why not give them statehood? That, I'm afraid, is the kind of warm but superficial thinking too many people have done.

I like Hawaiians, too, and respect their worthiness and aspirations as much as anyone. But the issue, as I see it, is not statehood or a continuation of Hawaii's present status as a territory. There is an alternative plan far safer for our Union and also better for the Hawaiian people. This alternative is commonwealth status, which would give the people of Hawaii and other territories similarly situated complete local self-government—freedom to choose their own executives, legislators and judges, and to conduct their own local affairs as they wish.

Within their own commonwealth citizens would enjoy virtually all the privileges granted citizens in our 48 states. In addition, a commonwealth would have one great advantage over a state —the power to raise and retain all tax revenue originating in its area; its citizens would not be subject to our federal income tax. Puerto Rico is prospering under commonwealth status now.

Citizens of a commonwealth are in no sense beneath those of the mother country. I am sure no Canadian feels inferior to a Briton, and there is no reason why he should. I have heard of no movement in Canada to make that member of the British Commonwealth of Nations a more direct participant in the government of the British Isles. The same statements apply to other members of the British Commonwealth.

THE British have had more experience with overseas associates than any other nation, and after a century or more have developed the commonwealth plan as the most workable relationship in the modern world between a home government and distant associated governments.

The arrangement gives full recognition to the rights of the people to be free and to have governments of their own choice, and at the same time recognizes their mutual responsibilities for security against an outside enemy.

I am not proposing that commonwealth status extended by the United States to distant territories be identical with the British system. Unlike members of the British Commonwealth, our commonwealths would not have their own ambassadors to foreign countries. In common with the existing states of our Union, the American commonwealths would have no foreign relations except through the government at Washington. There would be no separate currencies in our plan; the American dollar would be the commonwealth dollar. Our commonwealth members would be represented in Congress by delegates, as now.

The French have tried making offshore possessions with widely differing peoples and interests an integral part of the government of continental France. The plan has been less than satisfactory. It has played a part in the instability and the inconsistency of the French parliamentary system.

Much of our strength here in the continental United States stems from the fact that all of our 48 states are contiguous to sister states. The people who have formed our new states, as our nation expanded westward to the Pacific, had become Americans in older states. They took with them their love of New England or the South, or wherever they came from.

Occasionally, as with California, we have admitted to the Union a state not contiguous to others, but always the territory in between was commonly owned American territory, an integral part of our solid block of land. Always it has been the seed corn of existing states that was transplanted in each new area of our land mass, and this seed corn coming to maturity has reflected the common ideals, aspirations and ways of life of the many older states from which it came.

I WAS born in Oklahoma, our 46th state, and I remember the stories of the pioneers who made the historic run on April 22, 1889. Thousands of land-hungry homesteaders lined up at the borders and at the firing of a gun raced on horseback, farm wagon, train or on foot for 160 acres of free land. The first to "stake out" his claim had the land for his homestead. Some came from New England, from Virginia, from Georgia and from Tennessee. But mostly these new homeseekers came from Nebraska, Illinois, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas.

They brought with them their horses, wagons, cooking pans and plows. They chose the land adapted best to the farm crops they knew and understood. The Texans and Arkansawyers and others from the South sought out the cotton lands, and the Kansans and Nebraskans took up wheat lands in the north. They even brought their politics with them. To this day the political complexion of northern Oklahoma is still Republican and that of the cotton regions is solidly Democratic; the southern areas take pride in the claim that they are "Little Dixie."

My own parents came from Missouri and from Illinois. I saw firsthand the intermingling of many sections of this great land to make a state. When statehood was granted in 1907, the provisions of our state constitution were a composite of the best and most progressive ideas of the older states.

It was easy for Americans to move from existing states into bordering territories of our land mass. They could go by foot or wagon or train. And if the opportunity they sought failed to materialize, the trek back to their homes was not too difficult.

It is argued now that the airplane has brought Hawaii closer in hours to our mainland than California was to the settled states in the 1850s, and that is true. But migration to overseas locations by large numbers of homesteaders is not easy.

The delights of Hawaii have been known for many years, yet between 1940 and 1950 the population of that widely scattered archipelago increased less than 100,000, while in the same period the population of California increased by nearly 4,000,000. Mass movements of people seeking new starts in life, taking their cows and plows and pots and pans, are not yet by airplane.

Last year in the Senate debate, and in earlier years, many who argued for Hawaiian statehood talked as if this territory and possibly Alaska would be the only two noncontiguous states. But they can give no assurance of that. If we set the precedent of admitting states separated from our land mass by the territory of other sovereign nations, or by international waters, who can say we will stop with these two?

Puerto Rico, which now has commonwealth status, may wish—if these two areas are granted statehood—to become a state. Her population is far greater than the combined populations of Hawaii and Alaska. The Virgin Islands might like statehood. We also own or administer the Marshalls, the Carolines and the Marianas in the far Pacific. If there should be another war, who knows what additional islands or even nations might wish to become territories—and later states—of the United States?

Anything might happen in an atomic-hydrogen-bomb war. Already Australia and New Zealand, realizing that Britain no longer can protect them with her navy as she once could, have looked to us for security, and we have treaties of mutual defense with them. Will they someday wish to enter our Union as states? How many states would Australia be made into? In the Caribbean are many British, French, Dutch and independent islands, ranging in size up to Cuba. If an atomic-hydrogen-bomb war upset political arrangements, as probably it would, how many of these might we be asked to assume protective responsibility for? Then they, too, might want statehood.

You may say I am talking about remote possibilities, and to some degree I am. But these possibilities should be taken into our thinking when we decide whether or not to change the map and the nature of the United States by committing ourselves now—on Hawaii or Alaska—to a policy of admitting offshore states into our Union.

THE problem is much deeper in its implications and potentialities than Republican or Democratic control of the Senate. Republicans generally supported statehood for Hawaii in the belief that both Senators from there would be Republicans; Democrats believed that both Senators from Alaska would be Democrats. On an issue as grave as this, neither party should be for or against statehood merely or mainly because it seems to offer some temporary advantage in the number of members the party may have in the Senate. It is sheer political recklessness to seek control of one session of Congress at a price that might be hazardous to the United States in years to come. Incidentally, the uncertainty of this course from a practical political standpoint was illustrated in the elections last November in Hawaii, where both branches of the island legislature were won by Democrats for the first time. The Republican candidate for delegate to Congress won, but it is plain the islands are not solidly for the G.O.P.

The late Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, for many years president of Columbia University (he was also Republican candidate for the U.S. Vice-Presidency in 1912), gave the matter of distant, noncontiguous states long and careful study and came to this conclusion:

"Under no circumstances should Alaska, Hawaii or Puerto Rico, or any other outlying island or territory be admitted as a state in our federal Union. To do so, in my judgment, would mark the beginning of the end of the United States as we have known it and as it has become so familiar and so useful to the world. Our country now consists of a sound and compact area, bounded by Canada, by Mexico and by the two oceans. To add outlying territory hundreds or thousands of miles away with what certainly must be different interests from ours and very different background might easily mark, as I have said, the beginning of the end.

"Think of what would happen were the vote of one Senator from Alaska or Hawaii or Puerto Rico to defeat the ratification of an important treaty affecting the policy and good order of the world . . ."

SOME of those who have argued for statehood for Hawaii have said that the promise of statehood was held out to those islands at the time of their annexation in 1898, and that our government assumed this moral obligation. I can find no support for that contention, either in the documents of the Department of State or in the records of the Department of the Interior.

On the contrary, a House report of the 55th Congress, dated May 17, 1898, says specifically: "Hawaii does not ask for [statehood] and the United States does not grant it. The Treaty of Annexation provides that Hawaii shall come into the Union as a Territory. . . . It [statehood] will be a question for our successors and not for us to settle."

Representative John R. Pillion, a New York Republican, submitted last year a study showing how the influence and power of each of our existing 48 states would be decreased if Hawaii and Alaska were admitted to statehood. His figures were based on 1950 populations, but remain substantially correct, except that the population of the United States has increased more rapidly than that of the territories.

"The admission of Hawaii and Alaska," Pillion says in summarizing his study, "will entitle their residents (628,437 combined) to four seats in the United States Senate. The average representation would be one for each 157,000 inhabitants. The people of the 48 states . . . represented by 96 Senators today, enjoy the average representation of one Senator for each 1,589,000 persons.

"Thus Hawaii and Alaska would become entitled to representation in the United States Senate 10 times greater than the average representation of the people of the 48 states. . . .

"Statehood will give Hawaii and Alaska . . . one twenty-fifth of the membership, although their combined population is only one two-hundred-and-forty-second of the population of the 48 states. This grant of one twenty-fifth of the membership of the United States Senate dilutes and diminishes by that fraction the representation in that body of the people of the 48 states. . . ."

The power of these two territories, if admitted, would also dilute and diminish the power of existing states in Presidential elections, in that the territories would have approximately one seventy-fifth of the strength of the electoral college.

That is something for the people of our states to think about. They are under no obligation to whittle down the political stature of their states. Our obligation is to be certain that we are entirely just to our territories, and we can give them what I think is com-

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One commonwealth advantage: no U.S. income tax

plete justice under the commonwealth plan. Statehood is not an inherent or inalienable right of every area that is fortunate enough to be a part of the territory that now is, or may later come, under the protection of the United States.

Senator George A. Smathers of Florida has been a leader in the fight to preserve the present shape and nature of our United States and at the same time be completely just to ambitious distant territories. He, with Senator J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas and Senator Price Daniel of Texas, joined with me in introducing a bill to grant commonwealth status to these territories. But he has gone even further than that.

He has a proposal to amend the Constitution of the United States so that no new state can come in without the expressed consent of three fourths of the existing 48 states. I follow him completely. There is some evidence, as he has brought out in Senate debates, that the founding fathers intended to have such a provision in the Constitution. Something like it had been in the Articles of Confederation.

Whatever the historic fact may be, it is a current fact that each of the 48 states would be diluted by the admission of additional states. A willful President, with a heavy majority in Congress, could, under present law by a mere majority vote of both Houses, admit any number of distant states and vastly change the political power and the nature of our Union. Our Constitution protects us against violent change in most other possibilities, but its silence here in effect gives assent to this eventuality.

Therefore, in the opinion of Senator Smathers and many of his colleagues, including me, the existing states should decide directly as states whether they wish to share their privileges, responsibilities and powers with new, distant, noncontiguous and perhaps heterogeneous distant areas.

An Error We Couldn't Correct

Statehood, once granted, is irrevocable. Even though it should prove to be a great error, probably nothing could be done. But commonwealth status is not necessarily irrevocable. If the Congress offers it, and the territories accept it, we can learn from experience whether it should be continued indefinitely, or altered into statehood or something else after a fair trial.

This approach should appeal to the Eisenhower administration, which came into office urging that the power and prestige of individual states be restored and maintained. A very present threat to that power and prestige is the hard drive by some Republicans to admit Hawaii.

Up to now I have been concentrating mainly on the disadvantages to our land Union in setting a course for the admission of future offshore states. But my position is not as negative as that might imply. The commonwealth-status proposal is affirmative and progressive. It is not a political trick to block statehood. It is an effort to do what is the first duty of every official—serve our homeland, which he can do, and also be wholly just to our territories.

Under commonwealth status, Hawaii and Alaska would enjoy complete self-government in their entire area. No state would have greater power over its own affairs. They, like states, would be free to write and adopt their own constitutions—subject, like those of states, to approval by the federal government. They would likewise have the right to create their own governmental systems, offices, courts, regulatory boards and commissions. They would control their own elections, and could fill offices by election or appointment as they preferred.

They would do away with the objectionable features that mark their dependency as territories. Their governors—often nonresidents—no longer would be appointed by Washington; they would be elected by the people of each area. Local judges would be selected not by Washington but by their fellow citizens. Instead of having their daily life closely regulated and supervised by the Department of the Interior and its territorial bureaucracy, the people would be bosses of their own lands to the same extent as the citizens of any state.

While the inhabitants of a commonwealth would enjoy full autonomy in all matters of self-government, they would also have the full protection of our Constitution, including the Bill of Rights. They would share the responsibilities and enjoy the benefits of such federal legislation as Social Security, Unemployment Compensation, Federal Housing, Fair Labor Standards Act and so on.

Aside from the lack of full representation in the national Congress, it would be almost impossible to find material differences between commonwealth and state status. As I have said, one important compensation for this lack of national representation is proposed for the commonwealths—that is, exemption from the federal income tax.

All revenues originating within the commonwealth areas would be at the disposal of locally chosen officials for expenditure within those areas. Because the commonwealth plan does not provide for voting membership in the national Congress, it seems to me that this exemption is necessary to maintain the fine American tradition of no taxation without full representation. But this provision would not mean that citizens of continental United States could avoid their federal income taxes merely by establishing residence in a commonwealth area. Only that income derived from production, employment or investment in the areas would be exempt. Income earned in the United States, even though received by a resident of Hawaii or Alaska, would still be taxed at our regular rates.

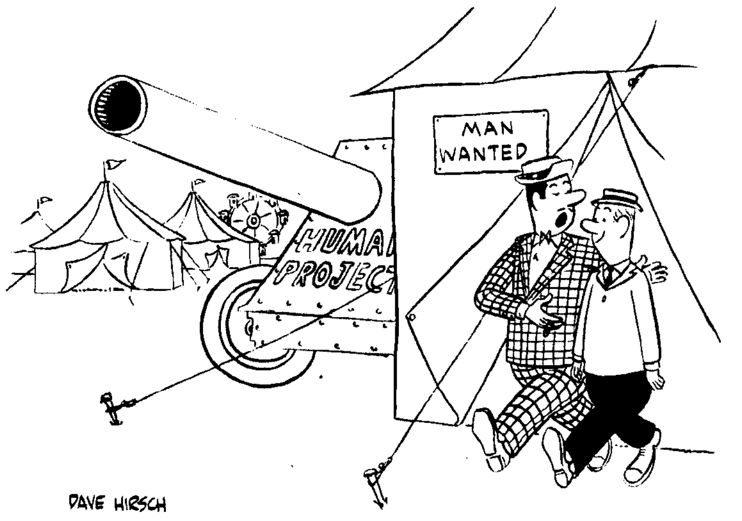
Investment Would Be Stimulated

This tax exemption would be of great importance for the expanded development of these areas. Such opportunity to invest and develop new industries, new lands and new enterprises while paying only local taxes should help attract private capital to these areas.

We have seen the great difficulties that the government has experienced in attempting to attract immigration to our territories, especially to Alaska. Our various projects have been costly in administration and cumbersome in red tape and regulations. Development of pioneer countries does not lend itself to the rigid rules that must surround the expenditure of government funds or of government-guaranteed loans for investment. Free enterprise, with its risk and subsequent high return *after* taxes, would do a vastly better job. Alaska, a storehouse of timber, mineral riches, land and fisheries, is starved for investment capital because the returns after taxes do not reward the venture. There are also land and resources, industry and business possibilities yet undeveloped in Hawaii.

Commonwealth status is not just a one-way street, however. Over and against the rich benefits they would enjoy, these new commonwealth areas would, of course, have a full obligation, as has Puerto Rico, for the defense of the United States. Their land and their harbors would be subject to condemnation for military purposes the same as in any state, and their young men would be subject to Selective Service.

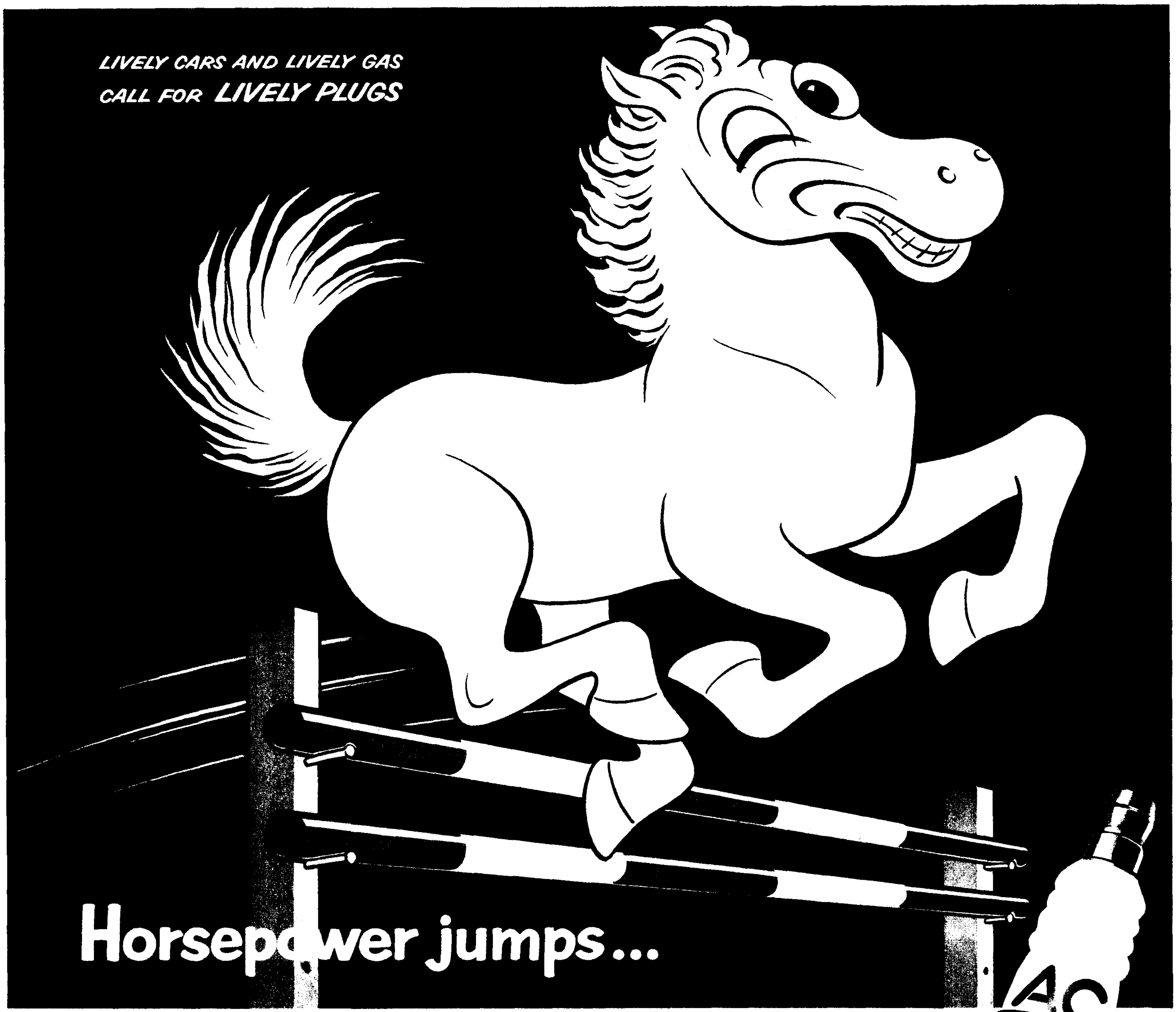
Let me repeat, the question before Congress and the people is not statehood or nothing. The alternative plan of commonwealth status seems to me far better for Hawaii and Alaska. It is the best way to give justice to the distant areas and at the same time protect the political unity and the present political stature of our 48 contiguous sister states.



COLLIER'S

". . . and it's not every day that a man of your caliber comes along"

DAVE HIRSCH



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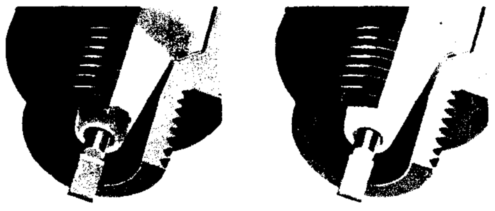

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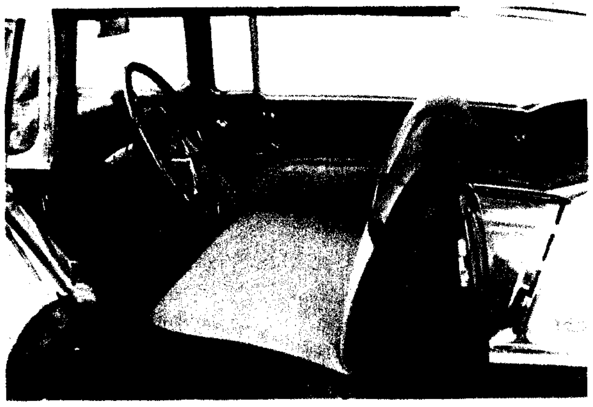

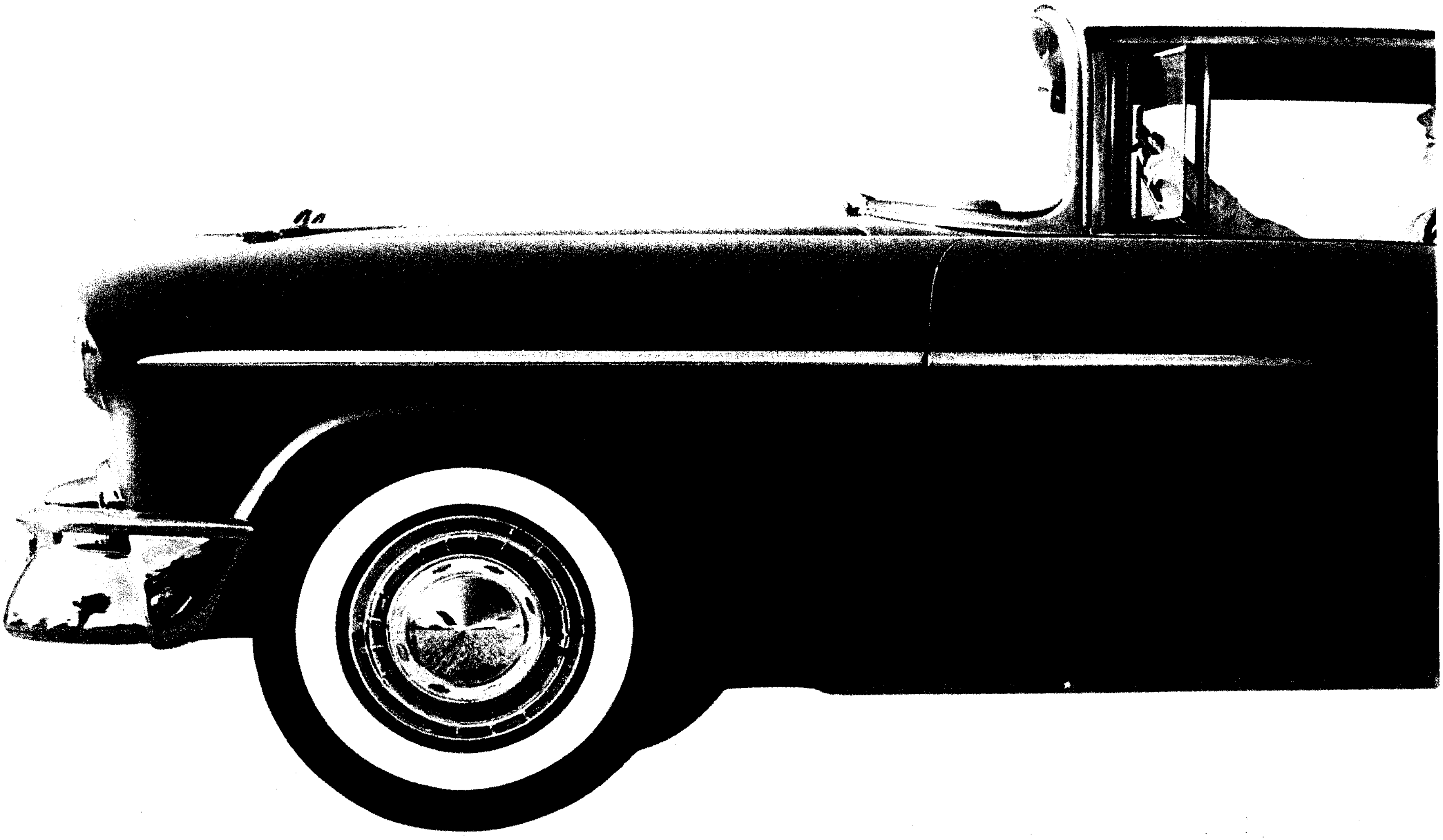

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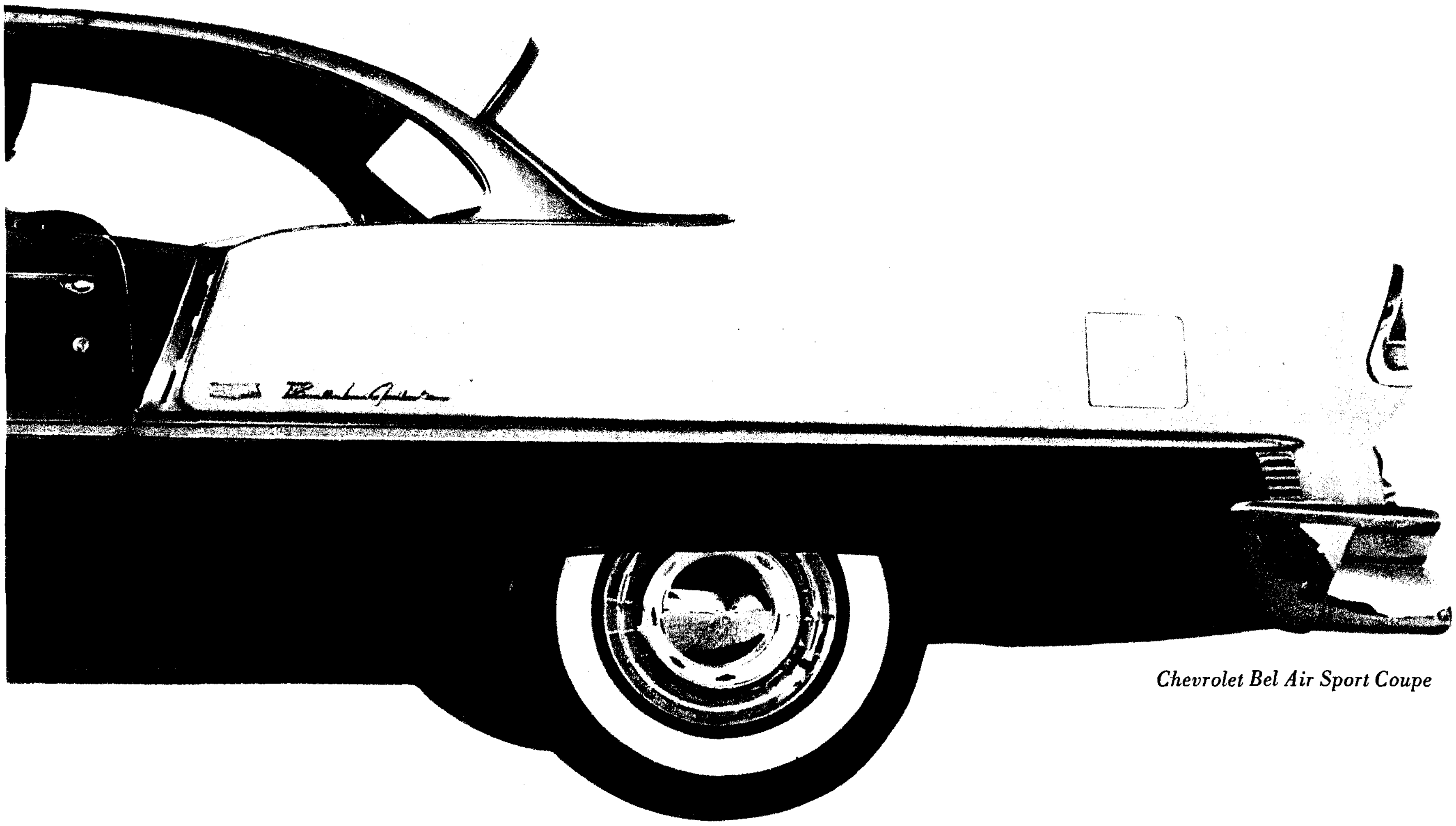

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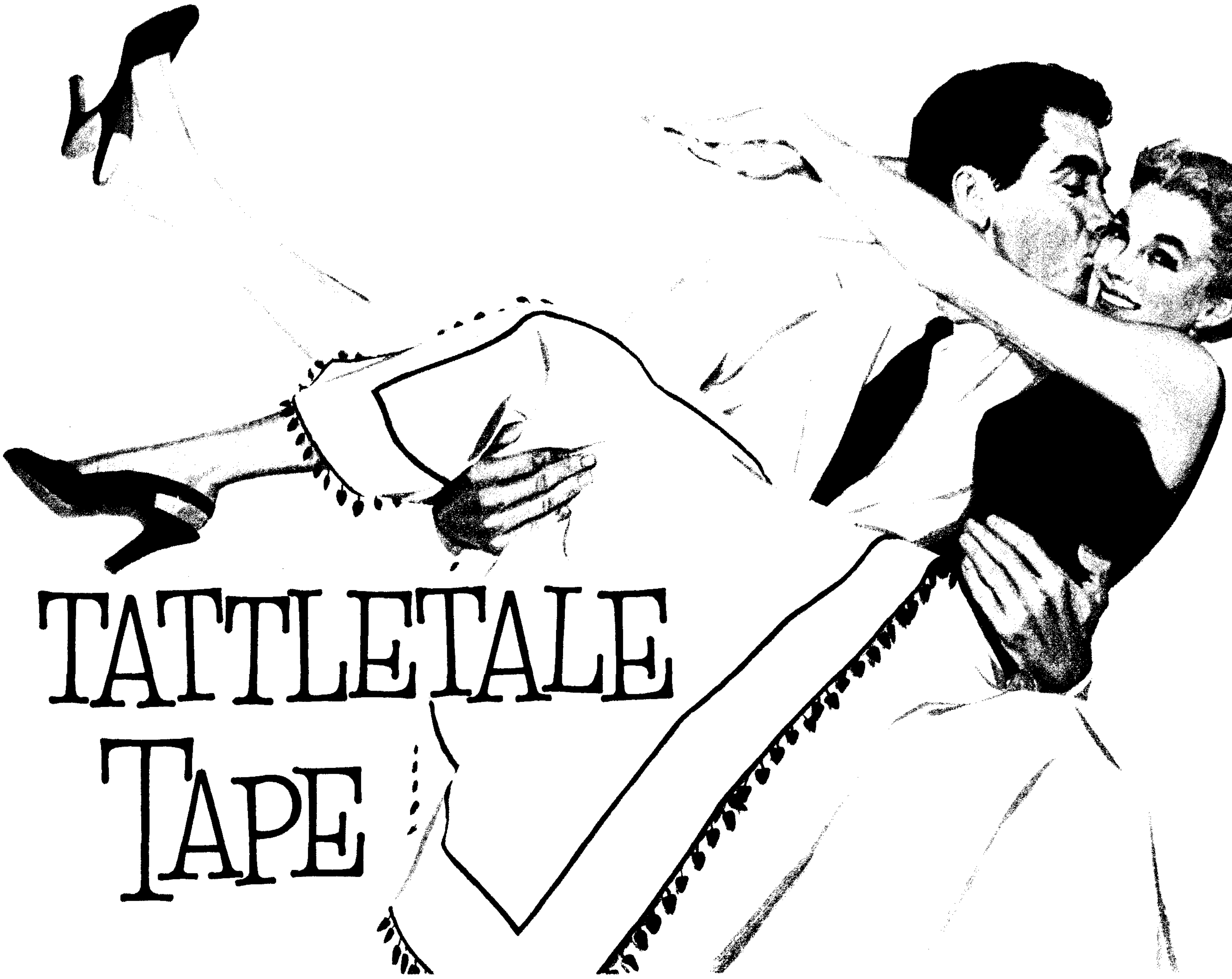

TATTLETALE TAPE

Well, look who's back! It's the madcap Ryans: Timberlake and Eve. And who but Tim could have got into—and out of—such a hilarious mishmash?

By JACK FINNEY

HER arms hugging a paper sack full of groceries, Eve Ryan walked down the apartment-house corridor searching for the Webbers' door, number 14-A. She found it as she'd left it, standing slightly ajar, bumped it open with her shoulder and walked through the hall to the dark, unfamiliar kitchen; from the lamplighted living room she heard voices.

"Hey," an eight-year-old voice was demanding belligerently, "have you got a gun?"

Through the doorway Eve could see her husband's head over the top of a large leather chair. "Yeah," said Timberlake Ryan in the flat tough voice of a radio detective, "a disintegrator pistol."

"Aw, you have not!"

"Yes, I have; all intelligence agents have them."

Eve sighed, set her groceries on the kitchen table, and then stepped through the open doorway, brushing a strand of fine blonde hair from her forehead. "Hello, Alec," she said to the boy, who was slouched on a large davenport facing her.

"H'lo." His big brown eyes glanced at her disinterestedly, then turned back to Tim. "Y'are not an intelligence agent."

"Of course not," said Eve. "Tim, stop that."

Timberlake Ryan turned in his chair to glance briefly at his wife; amusement showed in his blue eyes, but his thin tanned face remained solemn. He turned back to the boy. "Naturally," he said, "the wives of all intelligence agents are instructed to deny it; I'd deny it too, if you were to quote me. But I'm a secret agent just the same; I've got the secret tattoo mark."

"Let's see it."

"I can't—it's secret."

The boy slouched still further down on the davenport, staring suspiciously at Tim. Then he reached out to a lamp beside him, and, eyes narrowing craftily, began monotonously turning it off and on.

After a moment Tim said quietly, "The body of the last little boy who kept turning the light off and on is buried in the basement in quicklime."

"Aw, it is not!" Alec shrieked triumphantly. "This is a duplex apartment, and we haven't even *got* a base—"

"Tim!" Eve called sharply, turning and going back into the kitchen. "Come out here; I want you to help me."

"It's a secret basement—" Tim stood up. "Not even your parents know about it, only us secret operatives. I've got my disintegrator pistol down there."

"My father's got a pistol!" Alec jeered after him. "And he can chin himself with one hand!"

"Amazing," Tim said admiringly, walking on into the kitchen. "Especially," he added quietly, although the boy could no longer hear him, "when you consider that he has no chin." He stopped beside the kitchen table and looked at Eve brightly.

"Now, cut that out," she said quietly. "That's no way to talk to a chil—" Alec appeared in the doorway, and she smiled at him. "Why don't you sit in the living room and read until bedtime?"

"Don't want to." He turned from the doorway. "I'm going up to my room and play."

"All right." Eve sighed, and began emptying the large sack. "This is for breakfast," she said to Tim. "That delicatessen was open." Then, as she heard Alec's footsteps on the floor above, she said, "Honestly. Bickering with a child—a man of your age."

"I know"—Tim nodded agreeably—"he's got me in age, all right. I have a weight advantage, but he's younger and in better condition. If it comes to a knife fight before the Webbers get home, I'd give

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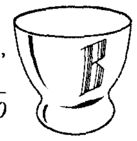

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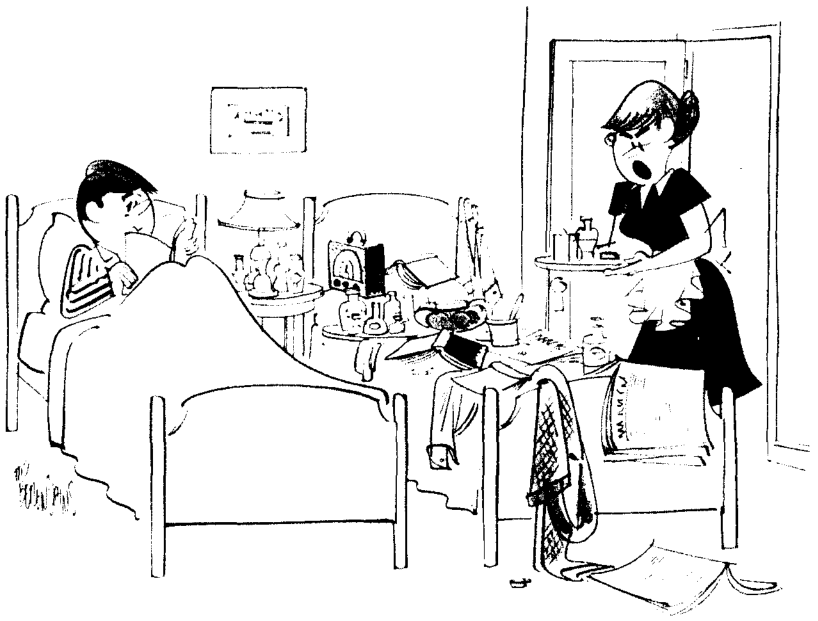


COLLIER'S "I may as well plan on sleeping on the sofa until you're over your cold" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

six to five on Alec. Now what are you doing?"

Surprised, Eve looked at him inquiringly, and Tim reached out and drew her toward him. "I've been away for two full weeks. This is literally our first moment alone, and you stand around playing with groceries."

Eve smiled and laid her cheek on his chest. "Tim, *stop* that!" She straightened suddenly. "Alec might—"

"Listen, lady, I am your lawful wedded husband; for two weeks I have led a life that would bore a monk, and—"

She twisted away. "If Alec—"

"Alec, Alec, Alec! I've been cooped up in dreary hotel rooms and Pullmans with Alec's father for days, and now—"

"It must have been pretty bad," Eve said, turning to put a carton of eggs into the refrigerator.

TIM sat down on the edge of the table. "Oh, not really. It's just that I'm not actually a businessman, no matter how long or successfully I've kept up a front. I'm more the strolling troubadour type, and two weeks of inspecting factories and visiting wholesalers and retailers with Alec, Sr., kind of numbs the brain."

"Will you get his account?"

"Oh, we've got it." Tim shrugged. "That's been in the bag for a week, and Webber will make the formal announcement Monday; this trip had nothing to do with that. It's just that I'll be doing most of the work for my company on the Webber account, so the trip was to educate me about his business, that's all. Which I guess it did."

"How come you're baby-sitting with Alec, Jr.?" Eve opened a small paper sack and peered into it. "You explained on the telephone from the station, but I wasn't quite sure—"

"Webber's wife's father got sick—suddenly. He's an old man, lives alone in Baltimore. Webber telephoned his wife when we got to the station, and she was all upset; she said they had to rush right down there." Tim grinned, shaking his head ruefully. "He explained this so plaintively, that I heard myself saying you and I would be glad to stay here with Alec for the weekend. I didn't have to do it. He didn't expect it; it would never have occurred to him, in fact. He seemed to be in such a spot, though, I figured it wouldn't hurt us to stay with the kid a few days. But I didn't know Alec."

"Well, it's only for a weekend." Eve glanced at her watch. "And he'll be in bed pretty soon."

Tim sighed. "Personally, I doubt if Alec sleeps. I suspect he turns into a werewolf at night, and will insist on lying at the foot of our bed, his red eyes gleaming till dawn."

"Listen, what's so bad about the child?" Eve said annoyedly. She started into the living room. "Basically, I'm sure he's a fine little boy. Just use a little elementary child psychology, Tim; get to know him, find out what he's like."

"Oh, I have." Following after Eve, Tim grinned maliciously. "Very rapidly, in fact. And I now have a real understanding"—he dropped onto the davenport beside Eve—"of what Dillinger was like as a growing boy. While you were out shopping, I went upstairs and unpacked my bag, including my razor and a plastic bottle of some instant-foam shaving stuff I bought on the trip. Alec was there"—he grinned at Eve—"getting to know me, finding out what I was like. Mostly he was pestering me with questions, and deliberately standing on my last clean shirt when I dropped it. I was quieting my twitching nerves with a cigarette, flicking the ashes out a window because, judging from the furnishings of the guest room, the Webbers had planned only on guests who've signed a pledge against nicotine."

Tim stretched his long legs out before him. "Presently, having finished my cigarette, and not wanting to throw it out the window, I walked into the bathroom, threw my cigarette in the toilet, and pressed the lever. You know what the darlin' boy-o had done?"

"What?" said Eve absently.

"With the utmost skill, and the steady hand of clear-eyed youth, he had floated a good half-inch of my instant-foam lather onto the surface of the water in the toilet. When I pressed the lever, the stuff lived up to its name. It gushed up like an atomic explosion, foamed like Old Faithful all over the floor. Scared the hell out of me."

Eve smiled, glancing critically at the lamp shade beside her. "And what did you do?"

"Applied child psychology." Tim leaned toward Eve and bit her shoulder gently. "I took Alec by the arm, hauled him into the bathroom, and instructed the impressionable child in how to mop up a bathroom floor."

"You didn't hurt him?" Eve asked.

"Not really." Tim put an arm around her waist. "When he finished, I booted him down the stairs, but it's only one flight, and carpeted all the way."

"No, really!" She shook her head impatiently. "What happened?"

"Nothing. Alec mopped up the floor like a little trooper—a cavalry trooper, judging from the language. He seemed quite bitter. But don't worry; we're friends now."

Eve smiled, got up suddenly to cross the room, and examined the underside of a china ash tray. "That was rather clever." She walked back toward Tim.

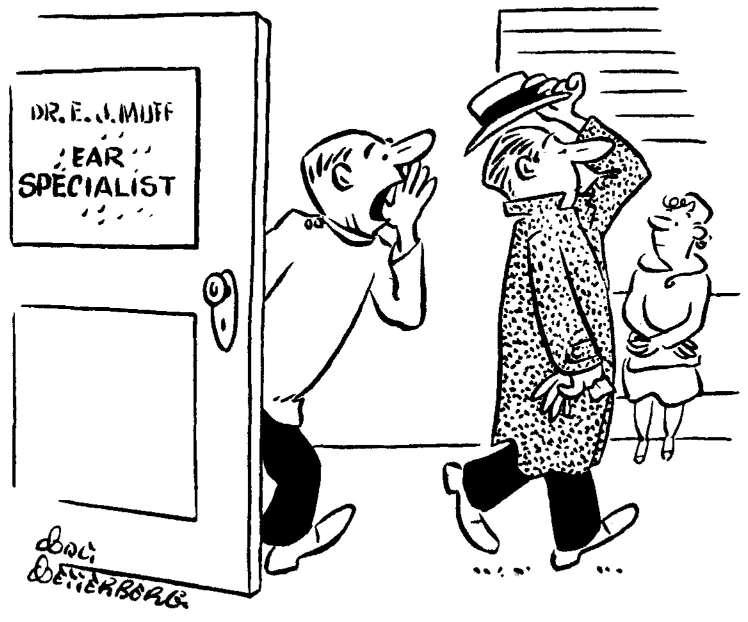
"What was?" Tim watched her approach, boldly eying her slim figure. "My handling of the situation?"

"No"—she sat down, resting her head on Tim's shoulder—"Alec's idea with the shaving stuff."

"I thought it showed talent. I doubt if Heinrich Himmler, at that age, showed even half his ability—"

"No, really, Tim," Eve said. "It's all in the way you handle children; and it's important to handle them right. If we should have children of our—"

"Listen, in order to make absolutely sure that never happens—"



COLLIER'S "I said, 'That'll be ten dollars!' . . ." WALT WETTERBERG

"Now, never mind," she said and smiled. "All a child wants is guidance; and they'll always respond to it. I think you should look on this weekend as an opportunity."

"Oh, I do." He bent to kiss her. "But so does Alec, I'm afraid."

Suddenly, Alec, leaping high, soared through the open doorway from the hall and landed on both heels beside the davenport. Every lamp and ash tray, even the pictures on the walls, shook and rattled, and Eve uttered a muffled shriek, her hand at her throat. Alec stood motionless, knees bent as he'd landed, his face wild with glee. "Yap!" he cried, eyes glittering, head swinging from Eve to Tim, and back again, watching the effect. "Yap, yap!" he shrieked, in a series of clipped barks. "Yap, yap, yap!"

"Come," said Tim sweetly, reaching for Alec's hand. "You obviously need guidance. Let me guide you upstairs. Money isn't everything, and I'm sure you can execute that leap blindfolded—through an open window."

"Go ahead, Alec," Eve said and smiled at the boy pleasantly. "Upstairs to bed now; it's late. I want you to co-operate; remember, we're your guests while your parents are gone."

The boy nodded, turning toward the doorway, then stood hesitating, glancing anxiously about the room, his manner that of a miniature host making sure everything necessary for his guests' comfort was available. Then, Tim and Eve watching curiously, he turned toward the living-room windows beside the davenport, and a long double shelf beneath the windows. The shelves were enclosed by a series of painted-wood panels and brass-knobbed doors; one of the panels contained the grille of a loud-speaker. Alec opened two of the little doors, exposing a pair of shelves stacked with phonograph records and albums, and beside them, a black-knobbed control panel for the radio, television set, phonograph and whatever else lay on the covered shelving under the windows. Fingering the knobs, he smiled shyly at Tim and Eve. "You can play the radio if you want," he said politely. "Or the television, or some records. We got lots of records."

"Why, thank you, Alec," Tim said, surprised and touched.

ALEC nodded, and walked toward the doorway. "I'll get ready for bed now." He went up the stairs.

For several moments they sat silent, and then Tim shrugged. "Well, maybe there's hope."

"Of course. Essentially children *want* to co-operate, and I think I managed to make him feel more or less the host here." Eve nodded complacently. "You've got to give them a sense of responsibility. Remember the weekend this spring when we were out with the Webbers?"

"Remember? With unparalleled delight." He smiled. "Without the business he inherited, Al Webber would be a two-toned double-dipped bore. But with it, he's utterly charming."

"Well, they seemed a little lost with Alec, I thought; remember how he acted in the cab? And I wondered at the time if they really had much feeling for the psychology of a child. Mr. Webber especially."

"Well, what the hell can you expect from a guy like Al Webber? He's nice enough, and all that, I suppose." Tim smiled again. "But to put it as tactfully as possible, he has no brains. His forehead slopes as much as his chin; he has the profile of an arrowhead.

Give him tail feathers, and he'd look like a giant woodpecker."

"Well, I know you don't really like him, but—"

"I like him! I like him fine. In fact, he fascinates me. I suspect that he's entirely controlled by motor impulses from the spine, like a dinosaur, bypassing the higher nerve centers completely." Tim gestured at the shelves under the windows. "Look at those albums; all classical and symphonic. You can't tell me that guy really appreciates them."

"No." Eve smiled a little. "It's the electrical equipment that interests him; that's his hobby. He told me about it, at enormous length, the weekend we saw them. It's high-fidelity; all he wants to do is bring out every least note of the flutes and oboes, the timbre of the violins in the background, and all that; they could be playing Turkey in the Straw, with Toscanini conducting, for all Mr. Webber knows or cares." She sighed. "But I do think I can talk to his wife. Children simply need guidance, and I think this week-end is really an opportunity. In just this short time, we can actually *show* them a definite improvement in Alec."

"Eve . . ." The whispered sound was low, quiet, but very clear; it seemed to fill the room, coming from nowhere, and Eve glanced around her, eyes startled. "You are going to die," the strange voice spoke again in a ghostly whisper, and Eve swung toward the loud-speaker under the windows. "This is the Avenger! Heh, heh, heh, heh!" The low ominous laughter suddenly broke into a high-pitched giggle.

His mouth twisting wryly, Tim gestured with his thumb at the ceiling. "My fellow tycoon—the electrical genius, the man with the teabag brain—obviously has a recorder upstairs hooked to the phonograph down here."

A faint click sounded from the loud-speaker, and again Tim and Eve turned toward it. For a moment there was a humming sound, and then from the loud-speaker a woman's voice said, "—seemed a little lost with Alec, I thought; remember how he acted in the cab? And I wondered at the time if they really had much feeling for the psychology of a child." Her eyes widening, Eve's jaw dropped as she recognized her own voice. "Mr. Webber especially," it concluded.

"Well," Tim's voice replied, "what the hell can you expect from a guy like Al Webber? He's nice enough, and all that, I suppose. But to put it as tactfully as possible, he has no brains. His forehead slopes as much as his chin; he has the profile of an arrowhead . . ."

Their conversation went on, remorselessly, every word and intonation. Tim and Eve sat frozen, jaws slack, staring at the loud-speaker. "I suspect," the loud-speaker said in Tim's amused voice, "that he's entirely controlled by motor impulses from the spine, like a dinosaur, bypassing the higher nerve centers completely . . ."

Eve moaned softly, "Oh, Tim!" Her voice rose in a frantic wail: "Tim, what'll we *do?* Tim, get *up* there! Get that record away from him! We simply *cannot* let him pla—" She stopped, her face aghast, as her recorded voice continued relentlessly, "—could be playing Turkey in the Straw, with Toscanini conducting, for all Mr. Webber knows or cares."

TIM was on his feet, striding toward the doorway, as the loud-speaker concluded, "—really an opportunity. In just this short time, we can actually *show* them a definite improvement in Alec." Then, for several minutes, Eve simply sat in stunned horror on the davenport; from upstairs she heard the faraway murmur of Tim's voice, and Alec's voice in reply.

Presently Tim came down the stairs, and walked into the room. His lips a compressed line, eyes bitter, he dropped onto the davenport, shaking his head in reluctant amazement. "Alec has just pointed out to me that even if I found and took that damned recording, he could, and most certainly would, describe to his parents exactly what it said—adding the choice news that kindly old Uncle Tim wrenched the recording, with brutal force, from his childish little hands." For a moment he stared at his wife, his eyes bewildered. "Eve, there's not a damn' thing I can do."

Her hand rose slowly to her throat. "But—Tim? What'll happen? Will you—lose the account?"

"Damn it, of *course* we will!"

"But your *job!* Tim, will . . . ?"

He looked at her, hesitating, then shrugged angrily at the uselessness of denying this. "I'll be out on my ear by ten o'clock Monday morning."

She began to cry, covering her face

COLLIER'S

JOHN F. ALBANO

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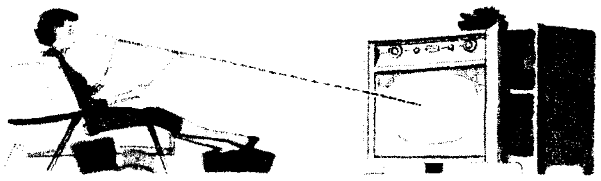

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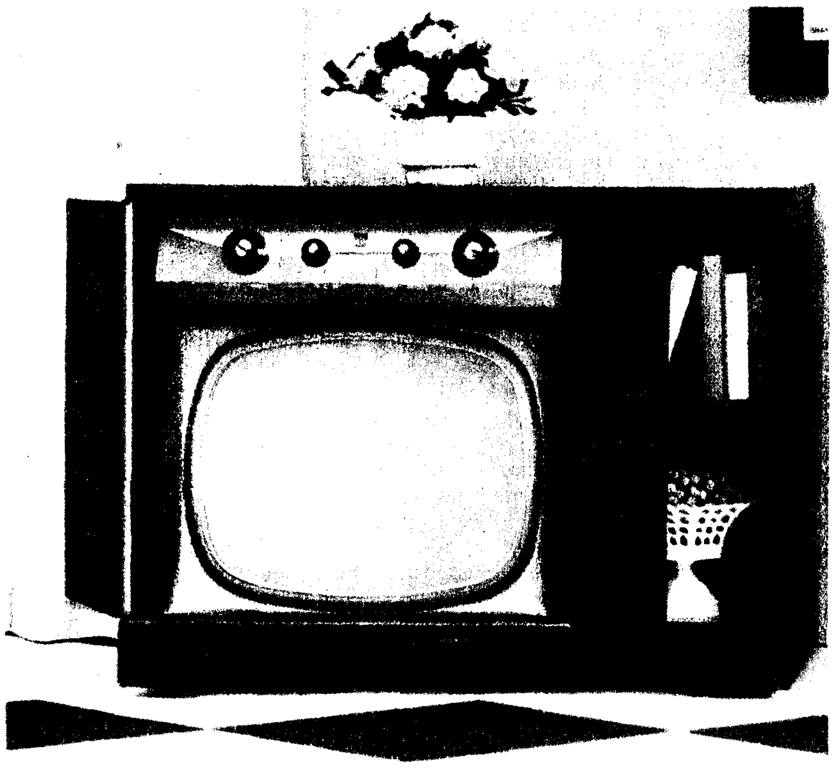

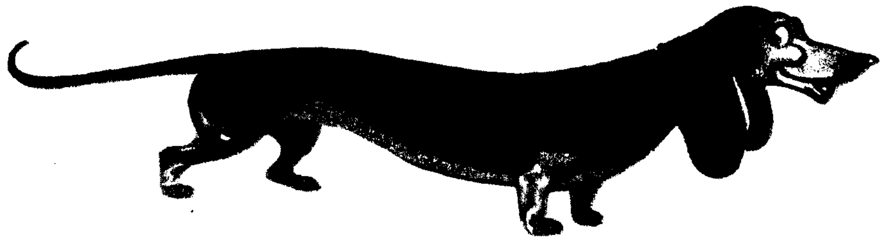

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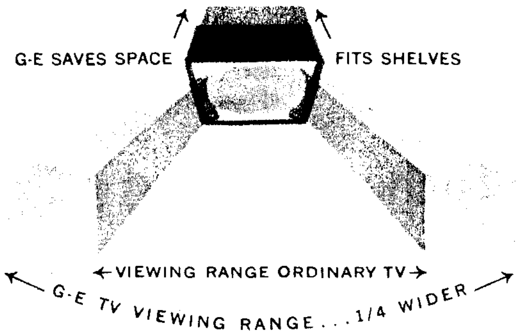
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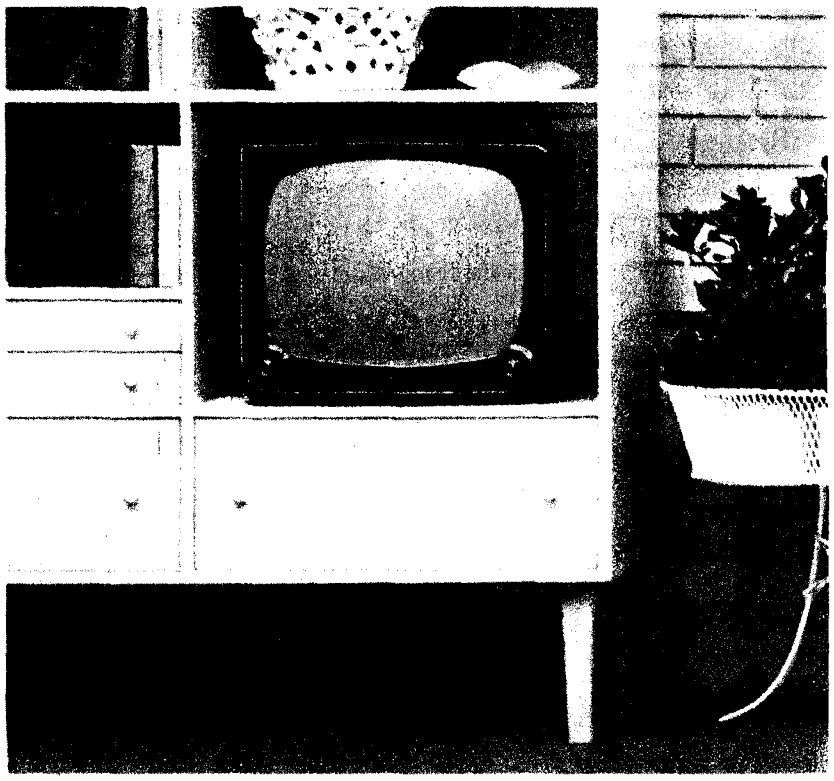

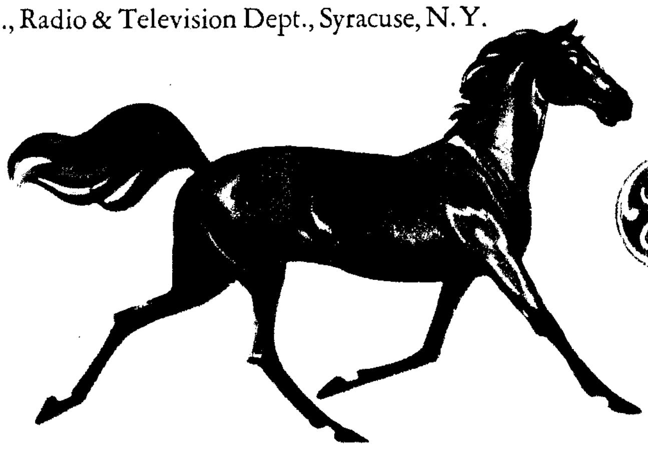

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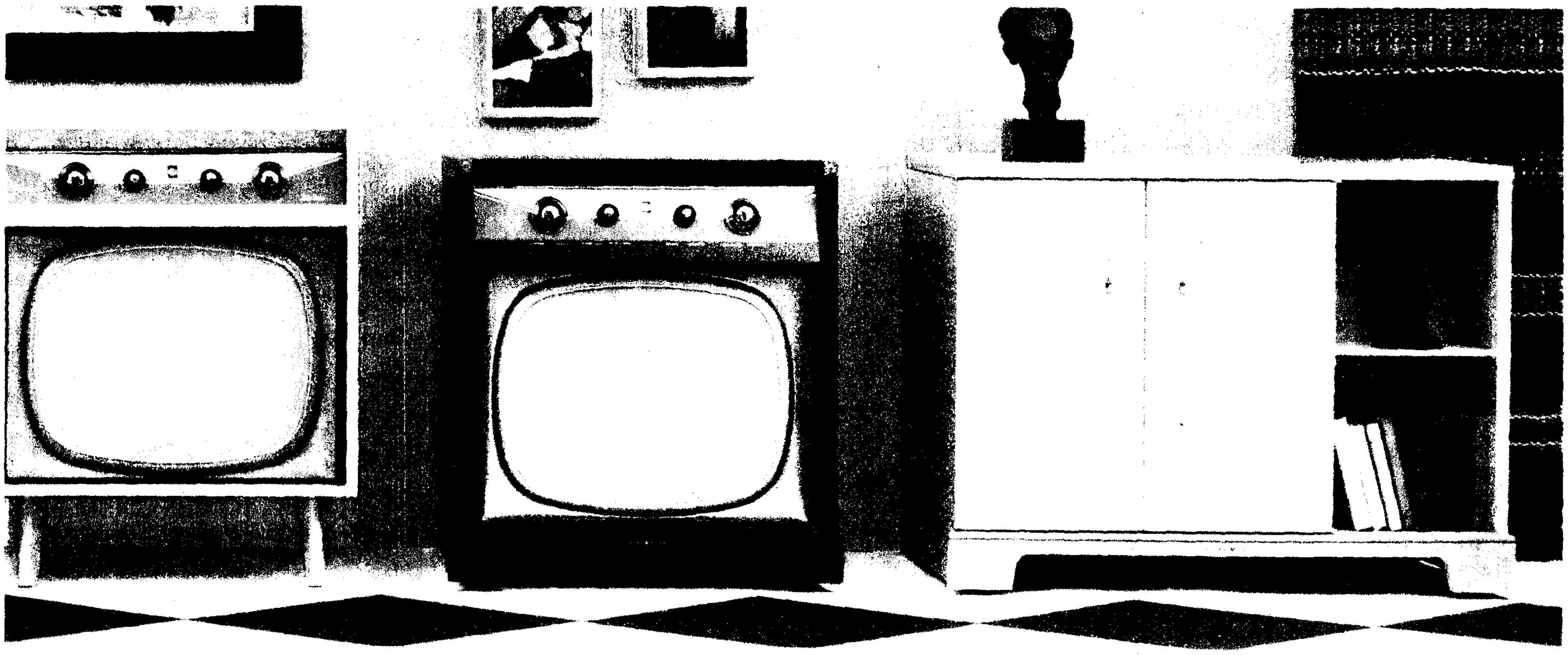

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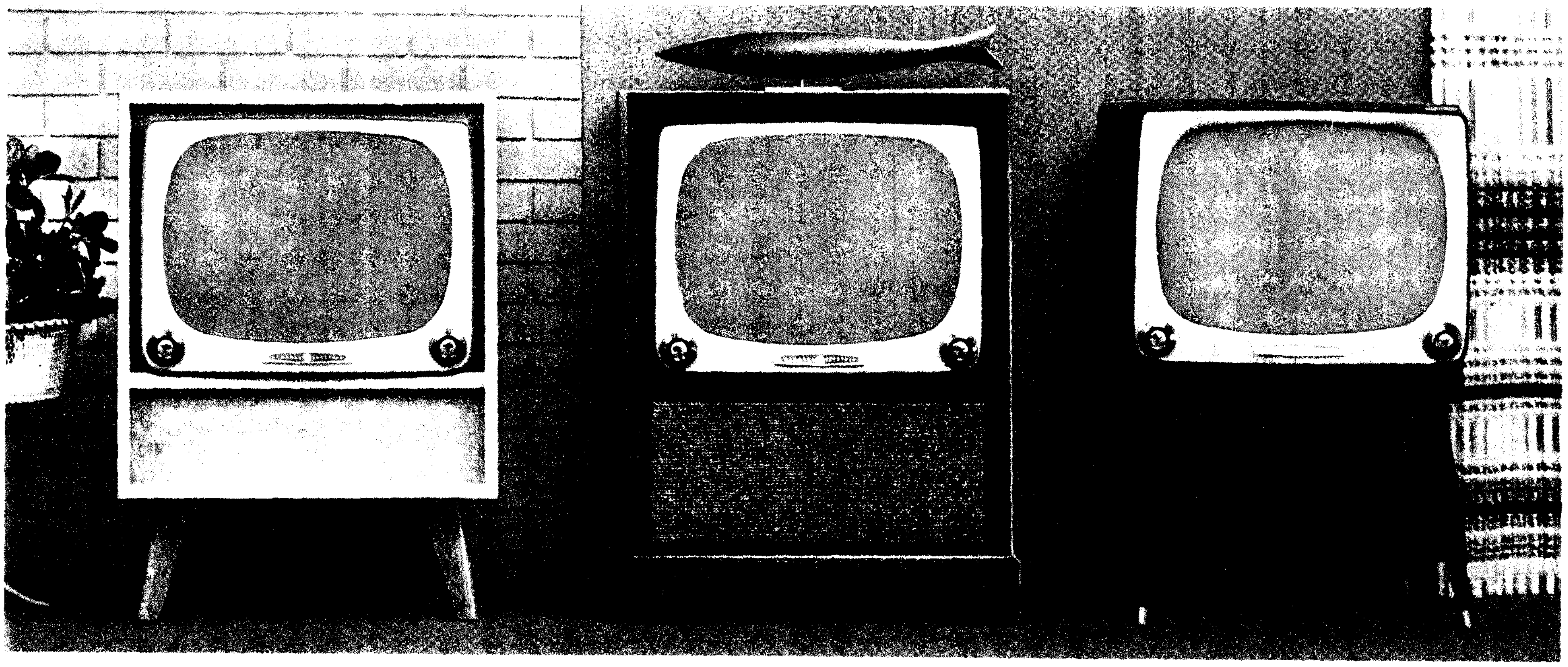

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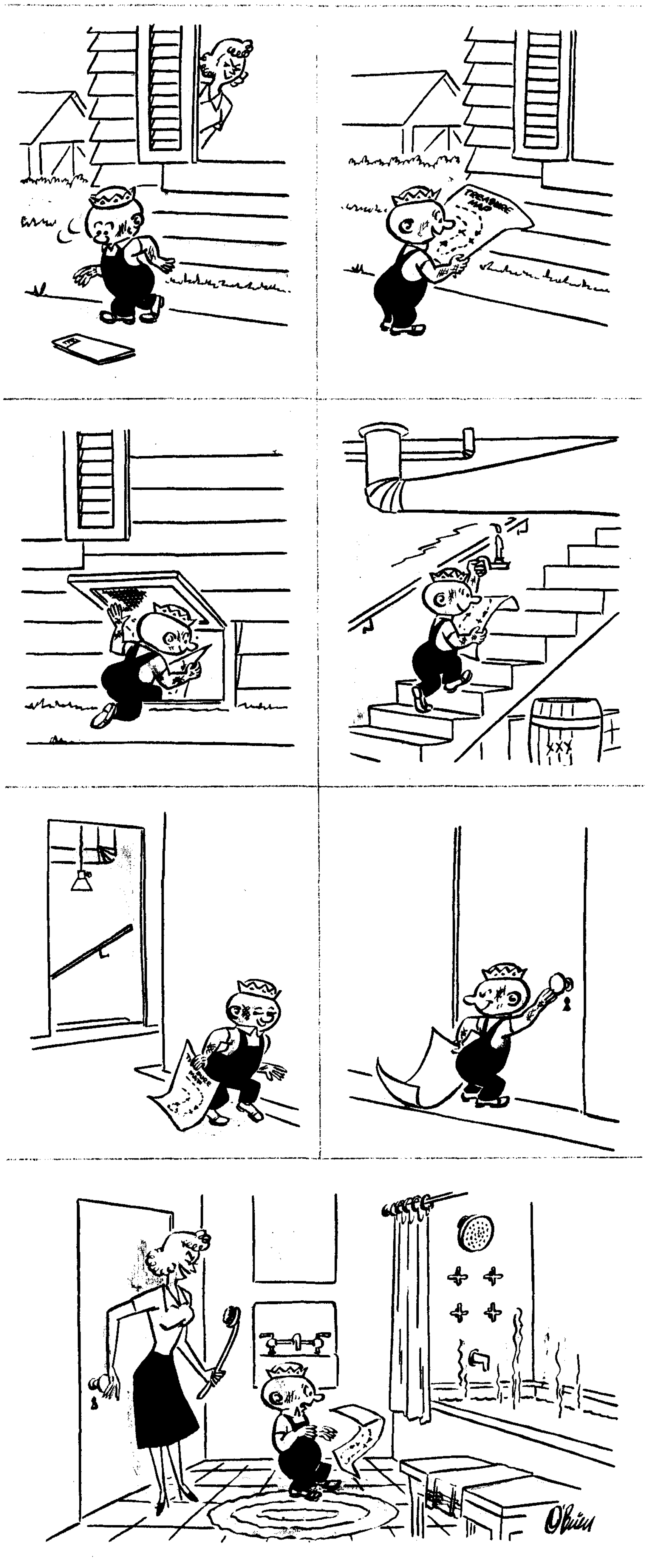
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Unburied Treasure

By JACK O'BRIEN



with her hands, and Tim stared at her for a moment, then slipped an arm around her waist. "Now, what the hell," he said quietly, "it's only a job. I can always find another. A better one, too. We don't have to worry—" He stopped, and she lowered her hands to look at him. Suddenly he grimaced. "Look, will you go upstairs and get that kid to bed? I'll lose my mind if we don't get a moment's peace, and—"

"And this is the week end," Eve said, "that I've been looking forward to."

SOME twenty minutes later, Eve called, "Tim," from the head of the stairs, and Timberlake Ryan wearily stood up. On tiptoe he climbed the stairs, carefully making no sound. As his eyes reached the level of the floor above, he saw Eve leaning in a doorway, limp and exhausted.

"Hi, Uncle Tim! Howsa boy!" On an old cedar chest in the upper hallway, Alec was propped upside down, his body extending up along the wall, legs pointing to the ceiling. "Yap!" he barked, his eyes glittering. "Yap, yap!" He stared at Tim challengingly.

In sheer helpless frustration, Eve stamped her foot. "Now, you just *stop* that! You *hear* me?" On the verge of tears, she turned to Tim. "He's had two drinks of water, been to the bathroom twice; I've read him four stories —*four!*—put an extra blanket on his bed, and took it off again. Tim, I simply can't *stand* any more—"

He had an arm around her shoulders, urging her gently toward the stairway. "Downstairs," he said firmly. "Go mix yourself a drink." He turned to the boy, smiling. "You just wanted to see your old Uncle Tim, didn't you, son?"

"Sure!" Alec shrieked. "Yap, yap!"

"Go on," Tim said, and pushed Eve gently onto the first step. "Downstairs. Golly, I'm thirsty," he said. "I need a good cold drink of water."

"Me, too!" Alec shouted instantly, rolling into a sitting position.

"Tim, for Heaven's sakes!" Eve turned and glared at him.

He glanced guiltily at Eve, and said to Alec, "No, you're *not* thirst—"

"I am, too! I need a drink of water! I want a drink!"

"All right!" Tim held up a protesting hand. "Go on to bed, and I'll get you one." He walked into the bathroom, and after a moment came out, a glass of water in one hand. Grimly, he nodded at Eve on the staircase. "I'd better take one of these," he said, tossed an aspirin tablet into his mouth, and took a sip of water. "Maybe I should eat them by the handful, like peanuts."

"Eat what?" Alec demanded. "What was that you took?"

Tim looked at the boy. "Grow-up-quick pill," he said. "I take them all the time."

"Aw, it was not! What's a grow-up-quick pill?"

"Exactly what the name implies," Tim told the boy. "You take them if you want to grow up quick; pretty soon I'll be eight feet tall."

"I want one too!"

"Tim, for Heaven's sakes! What's the matter with you!"

"I want one! Uncle Tim, I—"

"Well, you can't *have* one, and that's final. Here"—he handed the glass to the boy—"you can have a drink, and that's all." He gestured wearily at Eve. "Go on downstairs; I'll work this shift."

In the living room, Eve began leafing through a magazine, glancing unseeingly at the illustrations. Less than five minutes later Tim walked into the room, and she looked up at him incredulously. "He asleep?"

"Yeah." Tim sat down on the davenport beside her, leaned his head on the back of the davenport, and sat staring at the ceiling.

"What are you thinking?"

"Oh, just daydreaming."

"About what?"

"Various pleasures"—he lifted his head to smile at her wanly. "The joys of vivisection. The deep satisfaction that comes from a job of embalming well done."

Eve nodded. "How in the world did you quiet him down?"

"I don't know that I should say. But I assure you no jury will convict; it was him or me."

"Well," she said wearily, "you did pretty well with him. Though I do think it was foolish to mention water. You might have known Alec would want a drink too."

"Yeah, I might have known."

"And that business about the make-you-grow-up pill, or whatever it was." She shook her head in mild reproof. "Alec was absolutely certain to want one too."

"Absolutely certain." Tim suddenly grinned.

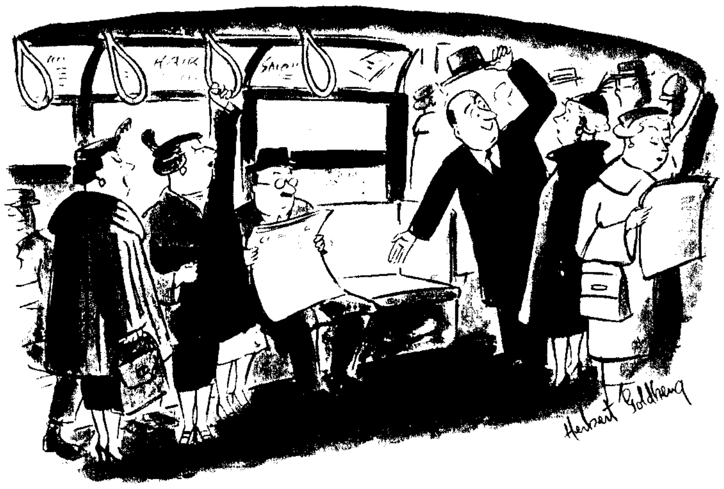
For a moment Eve stared at him, then sat bolt upright. "Tim!" she said in an astonished whisper. "Timberlake Ryan, did you—"

"Look, let's just relax," Tim said. "My nerves are—"

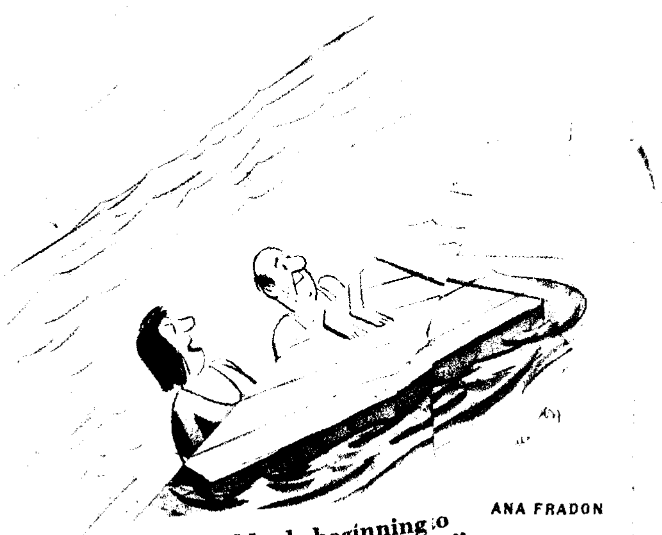
"Tim, I want the *truth!* Did you—"

"Now, look—" He sat up. "We tried your brand of child psychology, gave it a fair shake. So then I tried mine. Don't worry," he said grimly, "he's a tough little character; an atom bomb wouldn't shake him."

"You *did!*" Her voice was astonished. "You really did—"



COLLIER'S "He must be stewed!" HERBERT GOLDBERG



ANA FRADON

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Eve shrugged forlornly. "But Alec'll tell them about the recording."

"Yeah. He will."

"And then if they try to play it—"

"They will. You can count on that. Do you recall our conversation as recorded by Alec?"

"Do I," she said bitterly. "Word for word. Oh, Tim, I could cry, when I think—"

"Quiet." Tim reached over and twisted a knob. It clicked, he waited a moment, then raising his voice a little, he said, "I think Alec's a pretty sweet little kid, don't you, Eve? Al and

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"Well, I know you really like him—" Eve clapped a hand over her mouth.

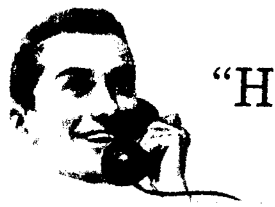
"Certainly I like him! I like him fine. In fact, he fascinates me. Such entire control of his motor impulses; amazing co-ordination of the higher nerve centers; just look at this radio-phonograph he built! And those albums—all classical and symphonic. You can't tell me that guy doesn't really appreciate them."

"Of course," Eve said delightedly. "All that electrical equipment is his hobby. He told me about it the weekend we saw them; he was fascinating. It's called high-fidelity, and he can bring out every least note of the flutes and oboes, the timbre of the violins in the background, and all that. Why, I think Mr. Webber could make Turkey in the Straw sound as though Toscanini were conducting!" She choked in sudden, violent, helpless and silent laughter, then took a deep breath and continued. "But I do think I'll talk to his wife; I think this week-end is really an opportunity. In just the short time we have, we can learn a great deal about bringing up children."

"Yeah"—Tim reached out and twisted the black knob, clicking it off—"we sure as hell can." He grinned at Eve in enormous delight. "Now, let them play it! And it will be absolutely obvious that in his youth and innocence, Alec completely misinterpreted everything we said. Hell, even Alec will never be sure!"

Timberlake Ryan sat back on the davenport. "Child psychology," he said happily, "it's wonderful. Once you get the hang of it." He turned to Eve beside him. "Lady," he said softly, "could I interest you in a life of sin?" Again he put an arm around his wife's waist; and this time she snuggled up close.

—JACK FINNEY



Autumn 1926

"Happy Birthday, Mother!"

"But, George—
it's not my birthday.
It's yours."

"Sure it's my birthday, Mother. What better day for a fellow to call. Besides, it's your day, too. Remember?"

"Yes, George, I remember . . ."

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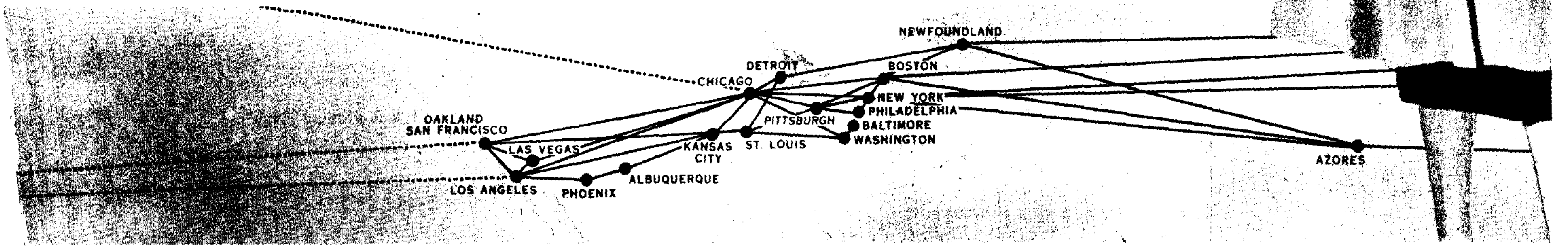
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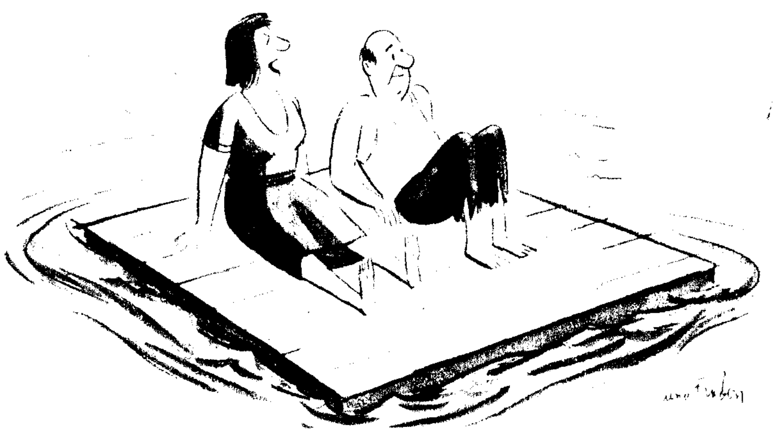


COLLIER'S "You know, it's suddenly beginning to dawn on me how dull you really are" DANA FRADON

"Well"—Tim shrugged—"it was his idea. He positively demanded a grow-up-quick pill. So for the sake of our sanity, and with his complete co-operation"—Tim grinned again—"I slipped the kid a Mickey."

Knowing the answer, her voice awed, Eve said softly, "A sleeping pill?"

"We child psychologists prefer to refer to them as grow-up-quick pills. And he had it, don't forget, in a glass of pure wholesome water. Conked off like a cherub in less than five minutes."

"But, Tim, won't it hurt him?" Eve asked anxiously.

"Of course not. It's an extremely mild kind, more of a sedative, actually. And I gave him less than half a dose. Furthermore, he hadn't the least idea what it was, and will undoubtedly never have another till he has kids of his own. Now, relax; forget it." He put an arm around her waist, smiling, drawing her toward him. "Alone at last," he said.

EVE looked up at him, trying to smile, then her face twisted, the tears brimming in her eyes. "I'm sorry, Tim. I'm terribly sorry, but—I'm just in no kind of mood. Oh, Tim, that horrible recording."

"Oh," he said, "I found that."

"Where?" she asked, her voice dull and uninterested.

"In Al's closet. He's got a tape recorder you can turn on from the cabinet down here. That's what Alec was doing, fiddling with the knobs there, while conning us with polite chatter. His father probably turns it on at parties, then plays it back later; he'd think that was wonderful fun. You can erase the recording by simply running the tape through the machine again. Which I did."

Eve shrugged forlornly. "But Alec'll tell them about the recording."

"Yeah. He will."

"And then if they try to play it—"

"They will. You can count on that. Do you recall our conversation as recorded by Alec?"

"Do I," she said bitterly. "Word for word. Oh, Tim, I could cry, when I think—"

"Quiet." Tim reached over and twisted a knob. It clicked, he waited a moment, then raising his voice a little, he said, "I think Alec's a pretty sweet little kid, don't you, Eve? Al and Ruth have done wonders with him."

For a moment, her mouth open, Eve simply stared at him in astonishment. Suddenly she smiled. "Why, yes," she said clearly, raising her voice, "I do. I remember noticing that they had a real feeling for the psychology of a child. Mr. Webber especially."

"Well," Tim replied thoughtfully, "what else would you expect from a guy like Al Webber? You can tell from his face he has brains, the profile especially; it has the strength of an arrowhead. He's sharp as a woodpecker."

"Well, I know you really like him—" Eve clapped a hand over her mouth.

"Certainly I like him! I like him fine. In fact, he fascinates me. Such entire control of his motor impulses; amazing co-ordination of the higher nerve centers; just look at this radio-phonograph he built! And those albums—all classical and symphonic. You can't tell me that guy doesn't really appreciate them."

"Of course," Eve said delightedly. "All that electrical equipment is his hobby. He told me about it the week-end we saw them; he was fascinating. It's called high-fidelity, and he can bring out every least note of the flutes and oboes, the timbre of the violins in the background, and all that. Why, I think Mr. Webber could make Turkey in the Straw sound as though Toscanini were conducting!" She choked in sudden, violent, helpless and silent laughter, then took a deep breath and continued. "But I do think I'll talk to his wife; I think this week-end is really an opportunity. In just the short time we have, we can learn a great deal about bringing up children."

"Yeah"—Tim reached out and twisted the black knob, clicking it off—"we sure as hell can." He grinned at Eve in enormous delight. "Now, let them play it! And it will be absolutely obvious that in his youth and innocence, Alec completely misinterpreted everything we said. Hell, even Alec will never be sure!"

Timberlake Ryan sat back on the davenport. "Child psychology," he said happily, "it's wonderful. Once you get the hang of it." He turned to Eve beside him. "Lady," he said softly, "could I interest you in a life of sin?" Again he put an arm around his wife's waist; and this time she snuggled up close. —JACK FINNEY

"Happy Birthday, Mother!"

Autumn 1926

"But, George—
it's not my birthday.
It's yours."

"Sure it's my birthday, Mother. What better day for a fellow to call. Besides, it's your day, too. Remember?"

"Yes, George, I remember..."

A Long Distance call is such a thoughtful, personal way to send your greetings and your love across the miles. It's a heart-warming thing to do. And the cost is low. Isn't there someone you'd like to call right now?

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

New York to Philadelphia	**40¢**
Pittsburgh to Cleveland	**45¢**
Chicago to Buffalo	**95¢**
Atlanta to Baltimore	**$1.05**
San Francisco to Boston	**$2.00**

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the federal excise tax.

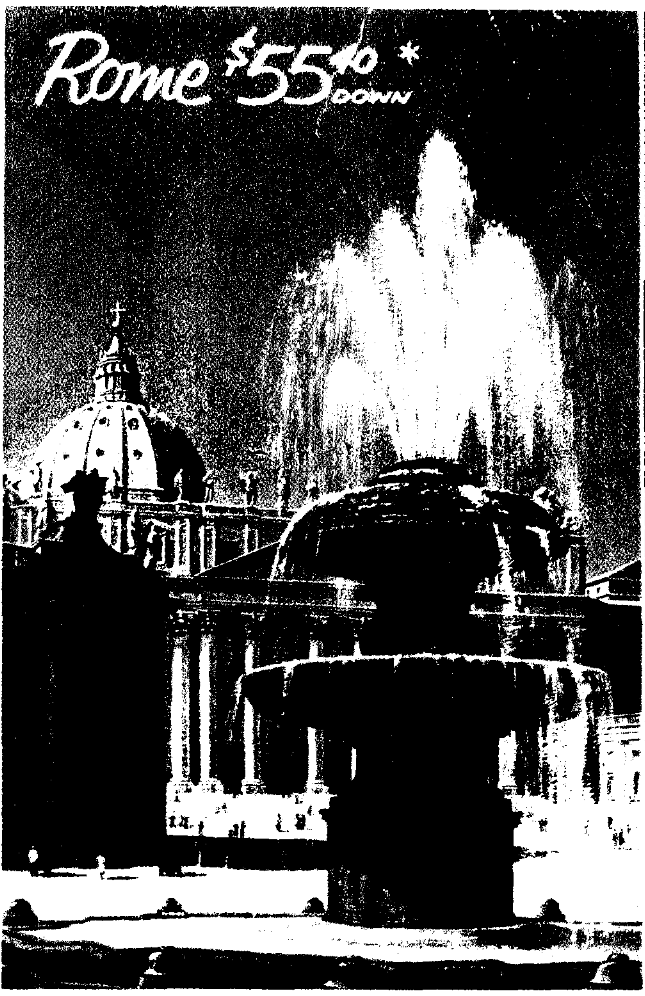
Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

JUST A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT AND *Off you go on a*

Paris $47.00 * DOWN

*Round trip from New York via TWA Sky Tourist during Thrift Season, now to March 31. Cash fare, $461.


Rome $55.40 * DOWN

*Round trip from New York via TWA Sky Tourist during Thrift Season, now to March 31. Cash fare, $551.40.

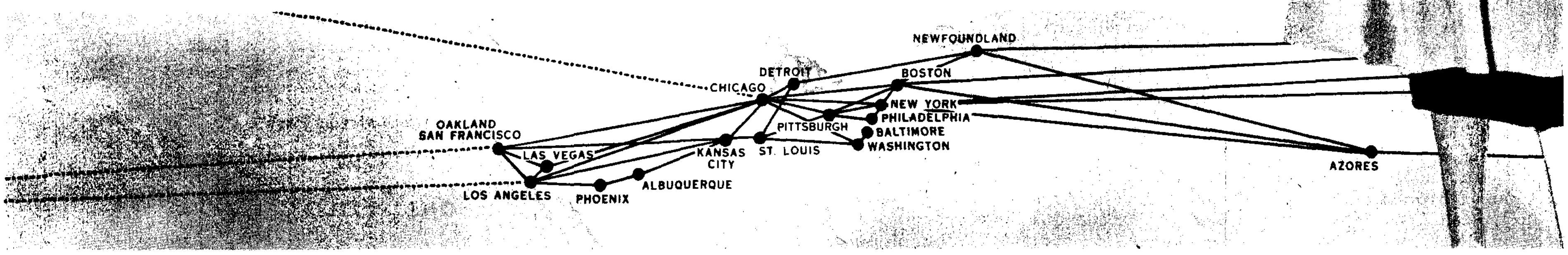
Los Angeles $8.60 * DOWN

*One way from Chicago via TWA Sky Tourist. Cash fare, $76.00, plus tax.

This year, with TWA's faster, finer Constellation fleet . . . and new "TIME PAY PLAN" . . . it's easier than ever to visit faraway places!

Too little time? Too little cash on hand? You'll leave both problems far behind when you plan a TWA vacation. Two weeks is all you need for a complete vacation anywhere with TWA's swift Constellations to speed you to your destination. And with TWA's "Time Pay Plan" you can go now for as little as 10% down. For example, TWA's Two-Week Bargain Tour of Europe is yours for just $49 down in Thrift Season—including round-trip TWA Sky Tourist fare, hotels, sightseeing trips and other expenses. Pay the balance in up to 20 easy monthly installments. And it's so simple to arrange. No co-signers, no collateral, no delays of any kind. Dust off your fondest vacation dream and then start planning your trip . . . today!

TWA's TRAVEL ADVISOR, MARY GORDON, will tell you how to plan your trip from start to finish—advise you on what to wear, how to pack; give you helpful hints on passports, currency, other details. For reservations and information, call your nearest TWA office, see your travel agent, or write TWA, 380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.


NEWFOUNDLAND
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WASHINGTON
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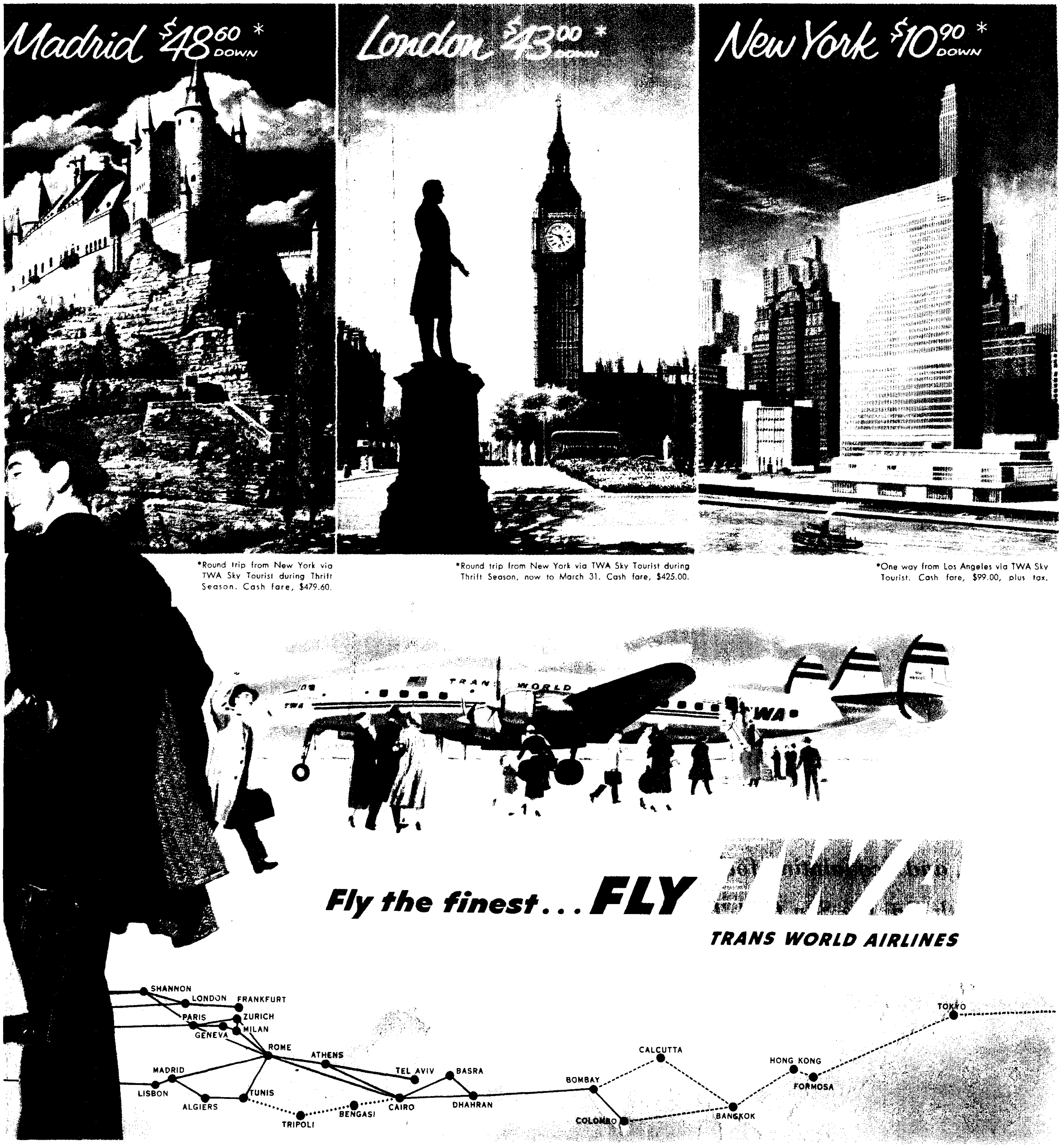
wonderful [illegible] vacation!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TOKYO

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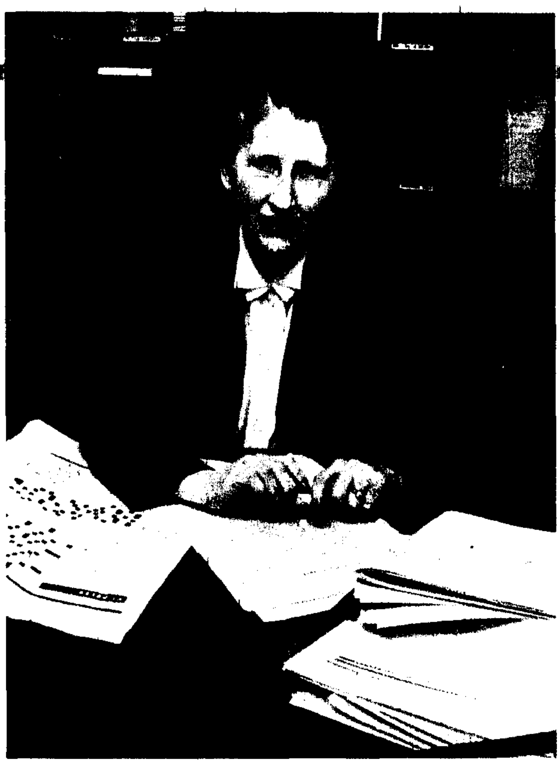
*One way from Los Angeles via TWA Sky Tourist. Cash fare, $99.00, plus tax.

Fly the finest... FLY TWA

TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

What's a Nine-Letter Word Meaning

By EUGENE RACHLIS


MARTIN HARRIS

Margaret Farrar did the first popular puzzles, wrote most of the rules, and is now puzzle maker for The N.Y. Times

It's "crossword," of course. For 30 years, the puzzle game has been amusing people, selling newspapers and books, and acquainting folks with Ra, the Sun God. It all started with the insistent aunt of a young publisher. . . .

NO POPULAR game of skill or chance is played by Americans with such single-minded devotion to so innocent a purpose as the crossword puzzle. This purpose, which its devotees achieve by artfully blending knowledge, luck and, occasionally, a bit of cheating, is simply to kill time. Since we are a nation which spends a good part of a day waiting for someone or something—doctors, dentists, husbands, wives, washing machines to wash or trips to end—the need to kill a few odd minutes in a mild and nonneurotic way frequently becomes a neurotic obsession. Because it satisfies this need the crossword puzzle is a great boon.

It is a simple game to play, which is in its favor, and it has just enough of an intellectual quality about it to give players a warm glow of accomplishment when they succeed and a reasonably good alibi when they fail. Furthermore, the crossword puzzle takes only one person to play and thus obviates the need for competition or partners, who are rarely available when there is time to kill.

Essentially, the crossword puzzle is a word-guessing game in which lists of definitions or questions are the clues. When a word is guessed, it is fitted, letter by letter, into specified blank squares in a diagram. Words may go across or down, so that when a crossword puzzle is complete each letter will appear in two words. In a sense, this is nothing more than a series of riddles strung together to make a pattern, and it may be because crossword puzzles have retained all the tantalizing charm and wit of the old-fashioned riddle that they are so popular here and abroad.

Crossword puzzles have been used as propaganda in Russia and in iron-curtain countries; in East Germany, thousands of puzzle booklets have been sold for the equivalent of a penny, containing such items as, in three letters, "Who rescued the Chinese workers from slave labor?", to which the answer is "Mao." Sunday-school teachers have employed crosswords to teach their weekly lessons, and Latin teachers have constructed them to make conjugations and declensions palatable to young minds.

Crosswords have appeared in advertising campaigns, notably one on fire prevention recently; have been cited as grounds for a nonsupport suit in Chicago; and have been responsible for the establishment of a publishing house in New York. They are run in bilingual form in Canada (the horizontal words are in English with French definitions and the vertical words are in French with English definitions) and they once showed up in Yiddish in Yiddish-language newspapers in this country. And there can be no question that the crossword puzzle is the father, or at least the stepfather, of the recent spate of competitive word games, like Scrabble.

Out of respect for this popularity, and as a reflection of it, just about every one of the 1,785 daily newspapers in the United States carries a crossword puzzle on weekdays; and a larger, tougher one appears in most of our 544 Sunday papers. Hard-cover crossword puzzle books at $1.95 sell upwards of 10,000 copies each and are issued two to three times a year. Paperback books at 25 cents have sales of up to 750,000 copies and one company alone has published four of them, selling more than 3,000,000 in all.

More than two dozen magazines devoted exclusively to crossword puzzles and word-game variations are issued at regular intervals, usually bimonthly, some selling more than 100,000 copies per issue. There have been available in the past, although there is less demand for them now, crossword puzzle books for children, religious crossword puzzle books and, once, a crossword puzzle book in which all the puzzles were constructed by well-known people, including Irving Berlin, Eddie Cantor, Emily Post and Eddie Rickenbacker.

Some of the Distinguished Enthusiasts

Crossword puzzling relaxes royalty (Princess Margaret is a fan), TV, stage and film stars like Henry Fonda, Greer Garson, Nancy Olson and Julie Harris, as well as business executives and government officials (Lindsay Warren, the former U.S. Comptroller General, used to do his with a fountain pen, a practice commonly considered evidence of superb self-confidence). They seem to be especially admired by writers, like Rex Stout and Mary Roberts Rinehart, who are identified with the classical, as opposed to the violent, or Mickey Spillane, school of detective story. Their appeal for these detective novelists is readily understandable. The crossword puzzle and the old-fashioned detective story have much in common: clues, red herrings, suspects and, finally, a neatly wrapped solution.

Celebrities aside, it is the commuter, the housewife, the invalid, the secretary, the baby sitter, the night nurse and the student working up to his homework who are the real crossword puzzle fans. For them, as for many others, it is the basic, day-to-day, dependable time killer, as hard to quit as eating peanuts. Some people can't let the puzzles go even when on vacation, which is a real test for time killing. At a Massachusetts beach hotel a number of

FUN?

puzzlers formed a Solve-It-By-Ten Club. Members grabbed their paper right after breakfast each day and attacked the puzzle; promptly at ten they regrouped and exchanged solutions and opinions until time for lunch.

Other people have stuck, or have been stuck, by their puzzles beyond a normal time-killing period. Vic Seixas, the United States tennis champion, who finds puzzles so relaxing that he hates to put them down until they are solved, is one of these. Last summer, just before he was due to meet Hamilton Richardson in the title tournament at the Forest Hills Stadium in New York, he was still in street clothes puzzling out "79 across, star track performer, 1953-54" in 23 letters. Twice, his wife, Dolly Ann, had to send word that he ought to get into his tennis clothes. He eventually did, won the match, and later figured out the stumper, the answer being "Vanderbilt's Native Dancer."

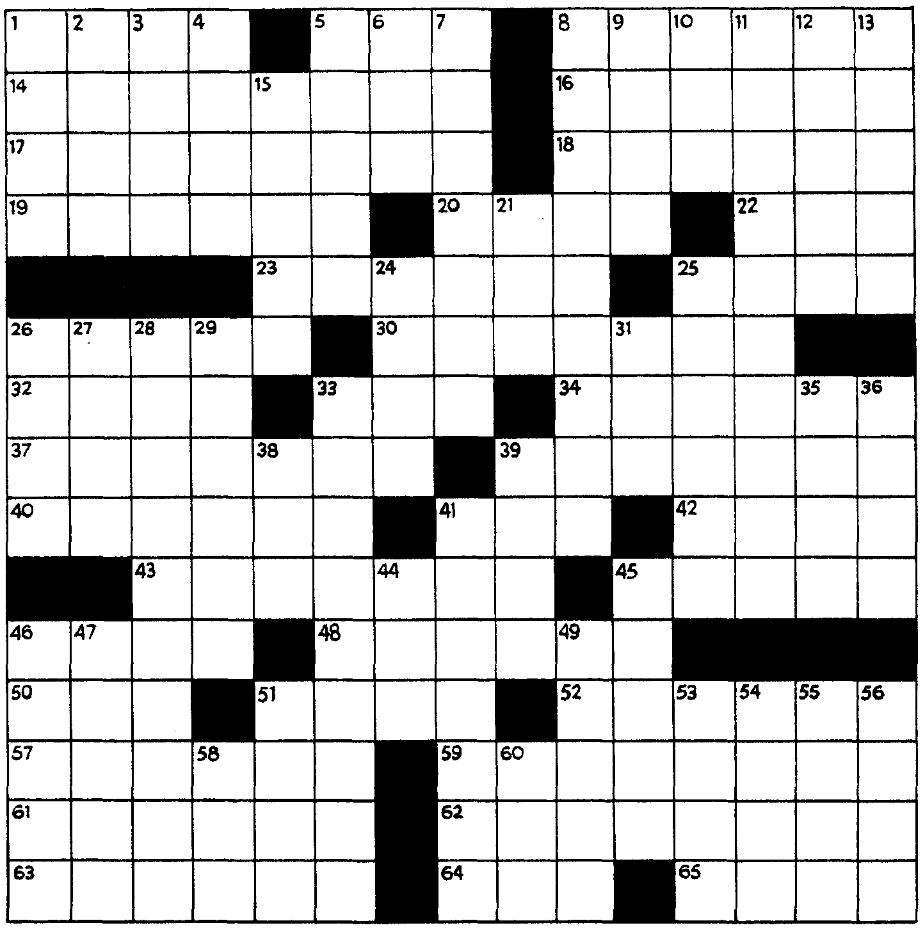
Seixas' word problem is a good example of the kind of riddle found in the better puzzles these days. It represents a marked departure from the early days of crosswords when the definitions tended to be dull and the answers were always one word, generally humorless, were rarely proper nouns and almost never referred to current events. In those days two-, three- and four-letter words like re (musical note), sol (heavenly body), ides (Roman date) and inia (dolphin) were crossword puzzle clichés. So prevalent, in fact, were the short words that The New York Times, in an editorial on the subject, wondered whether after a while the only animals to survive in the world might not be the emu (flightless bird), the gnu (wildebeest) and the eel (slippery fish).

The switch in crossword puzzle emphasis from the emu to The Dancer, or, at another level, from Isis (Egyptian goddess) to Naguib (former Egyptian president), is largely the work of one woman, Mrs. Margaret Petherbridge Farrar, editor of more than a hundred crossword puzzle books and of The New York Times puzzles. No one has a better right to change the rules than Mrs. Farrar; she made most of them in the first place. Now, after some 30 years, it is no exaggeration to say that she has contributed more to the crossword puzzle's development and has had a greater influence in the field than any other person. Whether you do your puzzles while waiting for a local at Back Bay Station, Boston, or for a dentist in Phoenix, nearly everything about them—the kinds of definitions, even the way of numbering definitions—started with Mrs. Farrar.

Except on special occasions, such as for this

A Crossword for Collier's

Here's a special puzzle prepared by expert Margaret Farrar. All the clues —except those marked by asterisks—can be found in this issue's articles, fiction, letters, picture captions and so on. The solution is on page 76



ACROSS

1 Principle of sonar, an aid in Cmdr. Beach's adventures.
5 An animal sound made by Rudyard Kipling's parodists.
8 Half of the "Let's Keep It 48" problem.
14 Characteristic of new paint.
16 What there is at present for 28 Down.
17 Dr. Birdwhistell's subject.
18 Timberlake's description of the brain of Alec Webber, Sr.
19 Very unlikely response from Alec Webber, Jr.
20 He wants to be a dog-lender.
22 Multiply Matambo's page by 100, and add two.
23 Chief city of a place Stapleton visited.
25 Meany says six for this nine.
26 This Uncle once employed O'Hara (Fr.).
30 Mrs. Hoard's parents decided to —— for a famous island.
32 Mr. Webber wants to hear its notes.
33 The St. Louis left fielder and Redleg first baseman have this in common.
34 Thanks to Matambo, Lennox is still ——.
37 Tonal qualities brought out by Mr. Webber's hi-fi.
39 The new paint will keep your face ——.
40 Sandy time north of Matambo's country.
41 P. DiSanto's profession (Fr.).
42 Don Francisco —— Pena is road-building to the mine.
43 Pertaining to part of body where Lennox was injured.
*45 A part of Paris.
46 He plays Starbuck.
48 When your baby no longer needs a service mentioned by Murray Robinson, it ushers in a ——.
50 A soldier with 28 Down is helped by this group (Abbr.).
51 A Latin hymn, possibly sung for Willard Morley: Dies—.
52 He attended a lecture in Baton Rouge.
57 Relative of 45 Down.
59 Premier of a country Stapleton visited, now known as U Nu.
*61 Thomas Moore's Princess Rookh and namesakes.
62 New, vital product of Mexico.
63 These ducks will line the bus riders' handbags.
64 A Mine for the J—— ——ge.
65 What Mr. Bush Eberle laughs at.

DOWN

1 Julia's mood during Zorn's visit.
2 An Indian north of International Falls.
3 Noise associated with 12 Down.
4 Submariners say Japs of this profession were superior (Pl. Abbr.).
5 Meany puts him on an All-Star team.
*6 Scandinavian name.
7 Weapon that could be used by Matambo.
8 Meany says he'll repeat in '55.
9 Tom thinks this Dodger should settle down.
10 Hither, as it's said in Pluma Hidalgo.
11 Eel and Trigger.
12 Relative of the snake in "The Oldest Law."
13 The Mexican mine is being developed under the —— of Republic Steel.
15 In 1936-'37, she won the Oscar Gregory hopes to win this year.
21 Interested party in "Stalking the Stork."
24 Lindsay Warren uses these for crosswords.
25 State where dog-lender may operate.
26 What the crew of the Pequod will be after taking too much of what Pip's holding.
*27 German tribe of Caesar's day.
28 Why 150,000,000 working days a year are lost.
29 Bungo Pete thought the Walrus was ——.
*31 Speed.
*33 Not quite formal.
*35 Scandinavian name.
36 Shelly ——, author of "Black Velvet."
38 Twenty-game winner: ——-in ——erts.
39 Survivor of a wreck on Sable Island, 1893.
41 Item in a half-billion-dollar industry.
*44 Syllable in a gay rhythm.
45 It's indispensable in International Falls.
46 He won the Oscar in 1934 that Peck would like now.
*47 Chou ——.
*49 Cowboy gear.
*51 Munich's river.
53 How the men in the cartoon on p. 52 would pronounce "thing."
54 A cliché listed in "What's a Nine-Letter Word Meaning Fun?"
55 How old 48's bus riders will keep their hands.
56 Traffic makes this sound ("The Boy and the Girl" heard it).
*58 Diminutive suffix.
60 What Mays often makes.

Some of the best puzzle makers are prisoners. They have time

issue of Collier's, Mrs. Farrar, a brown-haired, pleasant woman, rarely constructs puzzles these days. Her function is that of editor. As editor, she takes the view, first of all, that a puzzle must interest her. When a contributor submits one, she doesn't look at the answers, but works it out herself. If the puzzle is too easy, or if it bores her or lacks color, she lays it aside. If she likes it, she retains it for final editing, which consists mainly of going through it to watch for errors and to prevent repetition of words or definitions from one puzzle to another. She invariably rewrites many definitions to add flavor or current interest.

Taboo on Bad Taste, Clichés

Most crossword puzzle editors and constructors have profited from Mrs. Farrar's personal guidance, and all of them have been exposed to samples of her work. The syndicates which provide most American newspapers with crosswords have their offices in New York, where their editors see the puzzles she edits. Puzzle constructors who supply books, magazines and some newspapers study her puzzle books and her Sunday puzzles, where she is given to experiment with new methods and techniques. The tone she has established for her puzzles is pretty generally accepted by constructors. She has few specific taboos; good taste is her major criterion for words and definitions. Trade names are not used, nor are the names of diseases when they can be avoided. Recently, she decided to discard an old crossword puzzle favorite, "rale," meaning death rattle. Her biggest problem is to cut down on short words and clichés.

Of course, because of the very nature of puzzles, short words keep showing up despite her efforts. When they do, though, they are likely to be hidden under a fresh definition. For example, there was a time when "Governor, abbrev." would have been enough of a clue for the three-lettered Gov. Today, the definition shows up as "new title of A. A. Ribicoff," the answer still being Gov. (of Conn., that is). The trend toward the use of current events, initiated by Mrs. Farrar and The New York Times, is one of the major recent developments in crosswords. Along with it has come a wider use of proper names, book, play and movie titles. One crossword puzzle the other day called for an 18-letter answer to "book title from a Kipling poem." The title proved to be From Here to Eternity, somewhat to the surprise of readers who thought that phrase came from the famous Yale Whiffenpoof song. They were right, but Mrs. Farrar also knew that the Whiffenpoof song, in turn, is a parody of Gentlemen-Rankers, one of Rudyard Kipling's Barrack Room Ballads. The phrase first appeared in the Kipling poem.

Topical puzzles, another innovation fostered by Mrs. Farrar, in which most of the answers are tied to a single theme, appear regularly and may be about almost anything: Christmas foods during the season, American history on July 4th, superstitions and witchcraft on April 1st or a Friday the 13th, animals, occupations, cities, authors or sports. Numbers have also been used, "2-step" crossing "2-faced" and "seven-11" crossing "November 11." One crossword magazine had a puzzle employing only numbers, which it called a Mathogram, where 13 (baker's dozen) crossed 3.1416 (pi). Symbols have cropped up, too, as in a recent puzzle on card games which called for the heart, club, diamond and spade signs to form ♡ ache and ♡ beat, ◇ Lil and ◇ mines, ♠ work and ♠ bid, ♣ man and ♣ car.

By and large, crossword puzzle constructors have adjusted to these new developments and as a result lean heavily on national magazines and the newspapers for raw material. The newspaper syndicates usually employ staff constructors, but most book and magazine puzzles are turned out by free-lances. Since the pay is relatively small—$10 to $25 per puzzle, depending on size and originality—making puzzles is a hobby rather than an occupation for all but a few constructors. Most of them are puzzle fans who got bored solving other people's puzzles and, after saying "I could make a better one myself," ruled out some squares on a piece of paper, and did. All in all, about 250 people devise the puzzles which are regularly printed in the United States.

Puzzle construction takes time, so it is not surprising that inmates at state and federal prisons provide a good many puzzles. Favorite Crossword Puzzles and Quality Crossword Puzzles, bimonthly magazines published in Kingston, New York, print puzzles from more than 100 constructors, of whom a fourth are prisoners. Among nonprisoner constructors are high-school students, retired Army officers, advertising men, schoolteachers, postmen, housewives and newspapermen. Several of The New York Times puzzles have been constructed jointly by Arthur Hays Sulzberger, president and publisher, and Charles Merz, editor. They were paid regular rates.

Puzzles are built backward. Constructors start by typing out a word list. They group eight-letter words in one column, seven-letter words in another, six-letter ones in another, and so on. The words are then placed, more or less haphazardly, into the squares, usually in the corners first so that black squares may be fitted around them to form a pattern. (In good puzzles, the black squares are kept to a sixth or less of the total number of squares.) Once the longer words or phrases are placed, constructors work in the smaller ones, sometimes adding a black square or erasing one to make the words interlock. No serious constructor will leave an uncrossed letter in his puzzle; all words should cross. He will also try to cross hard words with simple ones. Not until his diagram is completely filled (from 169 squares in small puzzles to 529 in large ones) does the constructor turn to the definitions. These he makes as hard or as easy to solve as his fancy or his potential market dictates. Generally, daily-paper puzzles are designed for easy solution, while those appearing in books, magazines and Sunday papers are more difficult.

Gahan Wilson

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

Constructors who tire of the normal routine sometimes turn to such variations as the diagramless puzzle, in which the solver is given only a list of definitions and must figure out not only the right words, but also where they start and end, where the black squares are placed, and the form of the diagram itself, which is not always a square.

But the steady demand is for the regular puzzle, which can be complicated enough both to constructors and to solvers, especially since the use of current events has become accepted practice. During the war, one crossword puzzle had the Russians taking an objective two weeks before troops actually made it. Some of Mrs. Farrar's boners have been typographical, such as the five-letter word for a modern Anglo-American poet, which should have been Eliot but came out Eloit. Typographical errors, Mrs. Farrar finds, usually occur on vertical words, which the human eye seems to be less qualified to contend with.

Mistakes by constructors invariably bring sharp letters of protest and correction to puzzle editors. To reduce the margin of error, certain kinds of current events which show a tendency toward sudden change are now avoided in crossword puzzle construction—including Hollywood marriages, baseball managers and the heads of state in some countries.

The Wrong "Globe Theatre"

Many crossword puzzle fans are perhaps *too* conditioned to the use of current items. Recently, Mrs. Farrar received an indignant letter from a New York Times reader who had trouble with the definition, "Manager of the Globe Theatre" in 11 letters. He said he had called Manhattan's Globe Theatre, learned it had two managers, and that neither of their names would fit. Mrs. Farrar was exceedingly gentle when she wrote back that the Globe manager the puzzle constructor had in mind was Shakespeare.

Constructors sometimes make errors which no amount of explaining will excuse. In Richmond, Virginia, the answer to "a Confederate general" in five letters turned out to be Grant. In East Germany, a newspaper carried a crossword puzzle in which one of the definitions was "a European statesman" and the four-letter answer was, inescapably, Tito. A few days later, the paper carried a full column of self-criticism and apology, its main excuse being that the puzzle had been supplied by a non-Communist syndicate. "You can see," the newspaper concluded, "how cleverly the imperialist propagandists squeeze anti-Communist propaganda even into such nonpolitical things as crossword puzzles."

The East German editor might have glanced toward Russia, where this

COLLIER'S "Now I suppose you're all wondering who won the role of the *gangster* . . ." JOHN GALLAGHER

More vintage tobacco makes PHILIP MORRIS *naturally* richer and milder

VINTAGE
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BASED ON
U.S.
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Yes! There's more rare vintage tobacco in PHILIP MORRIS... KING SIZE and REGULAR...than in other leading cigarettes!

More vintage tobacco makes PHILIP MORRIS *naturally more flavorful . . . naturally milder . . . naturally smoother smoking.* Vintage tobacco is the result of nature at her *finest* — just the right amount of sunshine and rain. Vintage tobacco achieves the highest grades according to U. S. Government standards. And it is more costly, too. The result is America's *Vintage* cigarette — America's *Finest* cigarette — unsurpassed for richness of flavor, mildness and full aroma. Enjoy PHILIP MORRIS today!

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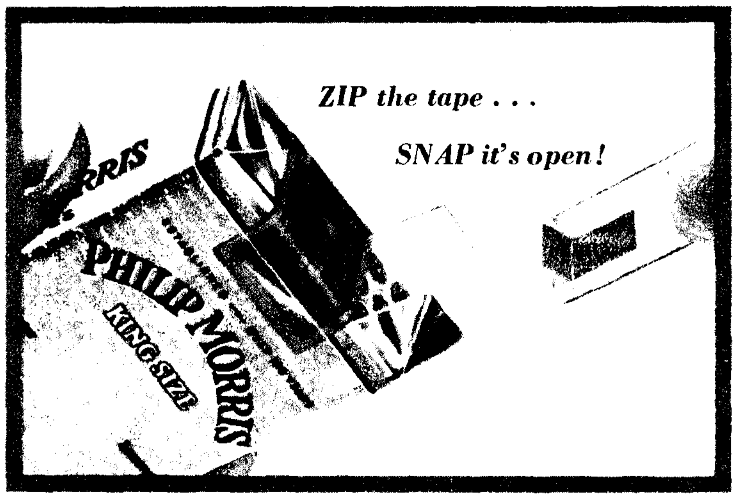
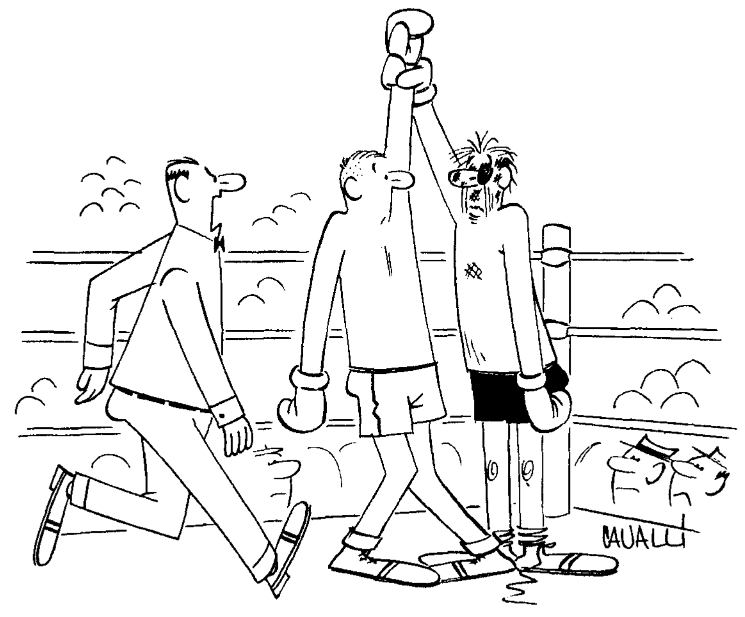
KING SIZE or REGULAR


ZIP the tape . . .
SNAP it's open!
PHILIP MORRIS
KING SIZE

The Russians print crossword puzzles which are loaded with propaganda.



COLLIER'S

"Wait a minute, Tiger. . . . I stop the fights around here!"

DICK CAVALLI

"nonpolitical thing" has been put to undeniably political use. The Soviet magazine Ogonyok published a crossword puzzle not long ago which should have been a snap for any Russian toeing the party line. Among Ogonyok's definitions and answers were these: "What warmongers fear more than anything else," in three letters (*mir*, which means peace); "The American puppet in the Bonn circus," eight letters (Adenauer); "A bird persecuted for anti-American activity," four letters (dove); "The street in which warmongers dwell," four letters (Wall).

Reviving a Word-Square Game

Ogonyok's use of the puzzle is a long way from the simple game which came into being rather quietly just before World War I. Arthur Winn, an editor of the New York World Sunday Magazine, needed a space filler one week and recalled the word-square game he played as a child, the one that goes something like this:

B O Y
O R E
Y E T

He ruled out some squares and fashioned the first crude crossword puzzle with sticklers like: "What bargain hunters enjoy," five letters; "A pigeon," four letters; "A boy," three letters; and "An animal of prey," four letters. The answers—sales, dove, lad and lion—were far from complicated, but Mr. Winn must have had his troubles nevertheless, because "dove" appears twice, the second time as the correct answer to "a bird."

The puzzle remained as a more or less regular feature of the Sunday World in this more or less uninspired fashion until early in 1924, when a pair of enterprising young men named Richard Simon and M. Lincoln Schuster decided to establish themselves in the book business. While they were casting about for a starter, Mr. Simon's aunt, who followed the Sunday World puzzles, asked him why there were no books available which contained crossword puzzles. Mr. Simon's research indicated that there was indeed such a gap in the field of letters, whereupon he and Mr. Schuster decided to fill it.

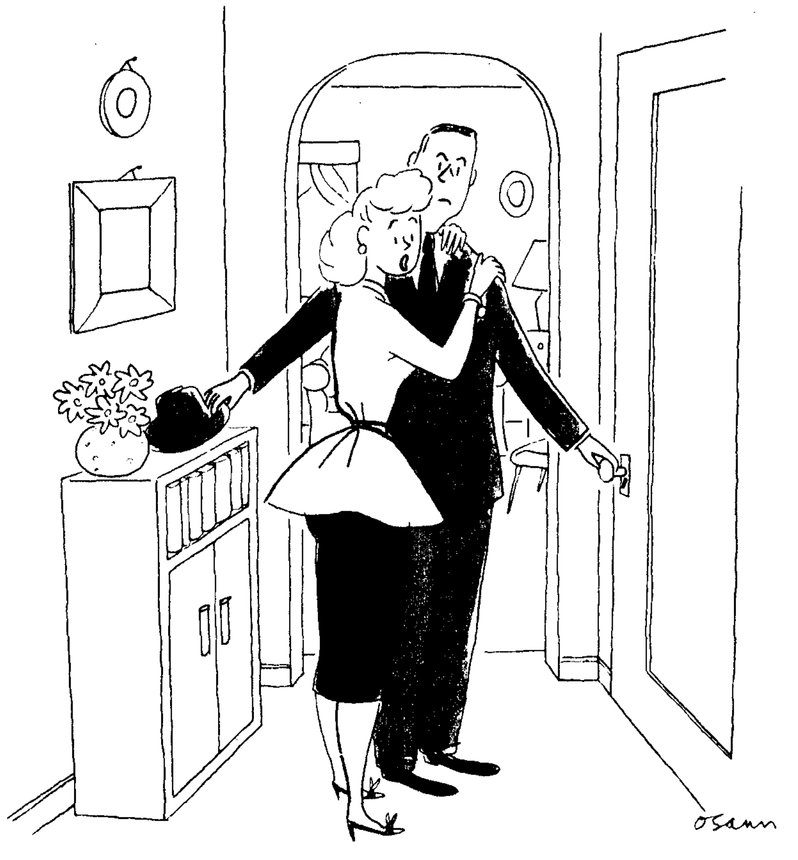
At the World, to which they were directed, they found that puzzles were being handled by a young Smith graduate named Margaret Petherbridge. (She married John Farrar, author and publisher, in 1926.) With the assistance of two other World staffers, Prosper Buranelli and F. Gregory Hartswick, she put together 50 puzzles. Each was paid $25. Despite the low cost of the operation, the best professional advice to Simon and Schuster was to avoid the whole project. Franklin P. Adams, a columnist on the World, although a crossword puzzle fan himself, tried to discourage the young publishers. A book distributor said it would never go.

In this uneasy situation, with pessimists on one side and an insistent aunt on the other, Simon and Schuster decided to go ahead but to keep their as-yet-untried corporate name off the book. In honor of their office's telephone exchange, they published it under the imprint of The Plaza Publishing Company and, as a final sales gimmick, attached a nickel pencil to each volume. The price, including pencil, was $1.35, pretty high for a book in those days. F.P.A., who refused to write a preface for the presumed failure, did greet its publication in his newspaper column with:

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

"The Cross Word Puzzle Book is out today."

Within three months, 40,000 copies were sold, fabulous figures for any kind of book, and Simon and Schuster had changed their minds about putting their names on it. By the end of the year, two more puzzle books were published, also edited by Mrs. Farrar and her two collaborators, and total sales reached 375,000 copies. The World immediately inaugurated a daily crossword puzzle, and papers throughout the country, including the foreign-language press, soon took them up. The winter of 1924-'25 in the United States belonged to the crossword puzzle, even though it had to compete with such manifestations of mild national hysteria as the song Yes, We Have No Bananas, Emile Coué (author of the hopeful line, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better") and mahjongg (a complicated Chinese game).



COLLIER'S

"But you can't break our engagement, Alfred—I've already quit my job . . ."

KATE OSANN

There was an unprecedented rise in dictionary sales, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad alone accounting for a good number by putting one in each car of its commuter trains. In Chicago, a woman took her husband to court on the grounds that he spent all his time on crosswords and none on supporting his family. (The judge put the man on a ration of three puzzles a day.) Crossword puzzle jewelry, advertised as "the talk of Fifth Avenue," sold as sterling-silver collar pins for 50 cents and as 14-carat solid-gold bracelets for $35.

These more extreme aspects of crossword puzzling have, fortunately, faded. What remains is an accepted part of American life. Last fall, Simon and Schuster published their 73d Crossword Puzzle Book in the regular series, which does not include children's, omnibus or special editions, such as the one in which all the puzzles were constructed by celebrities. All of the books have been edited by Mrs. Farrar (Hartswick died in 1948 and Buranelli dropped out 15 years ago to work with Lowell Thomas). The Crossword Puzzle Book is one of two on the Simon and Schuster list for which bookstores have standing orders before publication; the other is a book of Double-Crostics, an erudite variation of the crossword puzzle which, when completed, spells out the name of an author and a quotation from his book.

In 1934, Webster's New International Dictionary officially recognized "crossword" and "crossword puzzle" as part of the language by giving them a permanent place between crosswise and crosswort, a European plant. And, in February, 1942, The New York Times made it journalistically official by printing its first Sunday puzzle, followed in September, 1950, by a daily puzzle. The Times was probably the last major newspaper in the country to make crosswords a regular feature.

The Inscrutable London Times

In England, The Times of London, which has yet to recognize the revolutionary newspaper practice of putting news on its front page, had succumbed a number of years earlier. But the British version of the crossword puzzle, identical in physical form to the standard American puzzle, has been mastered by few foreigners. In Britain, puns, anagrams, rare literary allusions, out-of-the-way place names, all-but-forgotten cricket and soccer terminology, and downright unsporting tricks are employed by constructors. In one London Times puzzle, considered mild by Englishmen, all you would have to know to get the right answer to "wife of a celebrated pawnbroker" in nine letters is that a pawnbroker is sometimes known as uncle. With that, the correct answer, "great aunt," is almost logical. Not long ago, a reader wrote in to say that he had just completed a Times puzzle he had started 16 years earlier.

But the sadistic genius of the British crossword world appears in The Observer, a Sunday newspaper, and calls himself Ximenes, after one of the Cardinal Inquisitors of Spain. This title is both apt and poetic. The British Ximenes, who is a schoolmaster named Derrick Somerset Macnutt, succeeded an Observer constructor who called

Example: "The street in which warmongers dwell" (four letters) is "Wall"

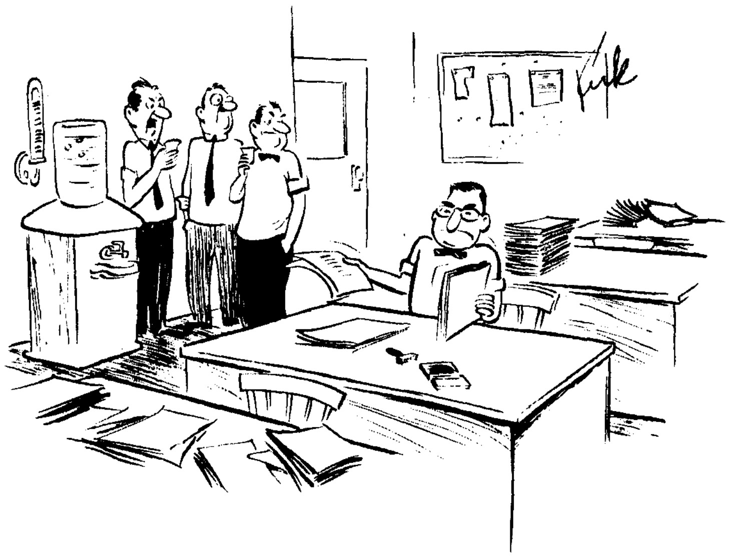
himself Torquemada, after the Spanish Inquisitor general. An estimated 5,000 masochistic and faithful fans will testify that Observer puzzles are mental torture brought to an exceedingly fine point. And they love it; a few years ago some of them got together to sponsor a testimonial dinner for Ximenes on the occasion of his 200th puzzle. One of Ximenes' kindlier constructions is "I must get out of dreaming—pay proper attention" in six letters. The ridiculous, but nevertheless correct, answer is "revere."

This solution is arrived at by knowing that "reverie" is the word for dreaming. When the "I" is removed (the definition says "I must get out") the word becomes "revere." And revere, in turn, is "to pay proper attention," just as the definition said. Simple?

Much Work for Trivial Prizes

Observer puzzlers compete for prizes. First, they must solve the puzzle; second, they must make up a definition in the Ximenes manner for one of the words used in the puzzle. The first prize is $3.50 worth of book certificates. It hardly seems worth while.

In America, solvers have rarely had much chance to win prizes—at least since the thirties, when newspapers ran crossword contests with prizes of up to $10,000. At Columbia University recently, however, a prerequisite for admission to a campus fraternity was the correct solution to The New York Times Sunday puzzle. One muddled but otherwise brilliant young man had the good sense to call Mrs. Farrar and explain his problem. A fine question of ethics was raised, but Mrs. Farrar resolved it by giving the student some hints. She has not heard from him since and assumes he made both the puzzle and the fraternity.



"What hurts most is that we *all* know he'll soon be head of this department"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Generally, Mrs. Farrar doesn't worry about cheating on the part of solvers, if by cheating one means checking dictionaries, almanacs, thesauri, atlases, encyclopedias or the memory of friends. She firmly believes one may go as far as one's conscience permits in solving crosswords. But your real crossword puzzle fan wants none of it. Phyllis McGinley, the writer of humorous verse, and an ardent crossword fan, once offered these rules for puzzle enjoyment: no reference books, they spoil the fun; no help from family or loved ones, this primarily for self-defense, because the next thing you know, you've lost a puzzle to someone else; no competitive effort, such as a time limit set between friends—too nerve-racking, you might just as well be playing bridge for higher stakes than you can afford.

Aware that she might have overlooked some possibilities, Miss McGinley made another notable suggestion.

Cabinet Status for Puzzles?

"If I were President," she said, "I would create a new Cabinet post, Secretary in Charge of Puzzles. And I would insist on a Standard for Crosswords just as there are standards for food and drink and weights and measures. . . . Sunday puzzles would cover an entire page and take a whole afternoon to work out. There should be a Guild where composers of the puzzles could learn their craft. . . . Perhaps we could dicker with the Guggenheims to place promising designers on fellowships."

This testimonial, while plainly a popular view, does not suit the age we live in nearly so well as the recent expression of a young engineer. It must be considered among the greatest accolades ever received by what is, after all, just a game. Bob Schwartz, who is credited with designing the atomic artillery shell, was asked how he felt when the first shell exploded.

"It's the feeling you get when you've completed one of the more difficult crossword puzzles in The New York Times on Sunday," he said.

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Do Gestures Speak Louder

Better look before you move. A young professor feels there often are hidden meanings i

NOT long ago, a young man was discussing books with Professor Ray L. Birdwhistell of the University of Louisville's Department of Psychology and Social Anthropology. Asked his opinion of one modern classic, the visitor absently rubbed his nose and said he had enjoyed it very much.

"The truth is," said the professor, "you didn't like the book." Trapped, and not at all sure how come, the visitor confessed he had read only a few pages and found them all dull.

He had rubbed his nose in front of the wrong man. Dr. Birdwhistell is probably the world's leading authority on a science he calls kinesics. From the Greek meaning "to move," kinesics (pronounced kye knee′ zix) is the study and interpretation of gestures and body actions. From his analyses, the professor has decided that the nose rub among Americans is as much a sign of rejection as the word "No!"

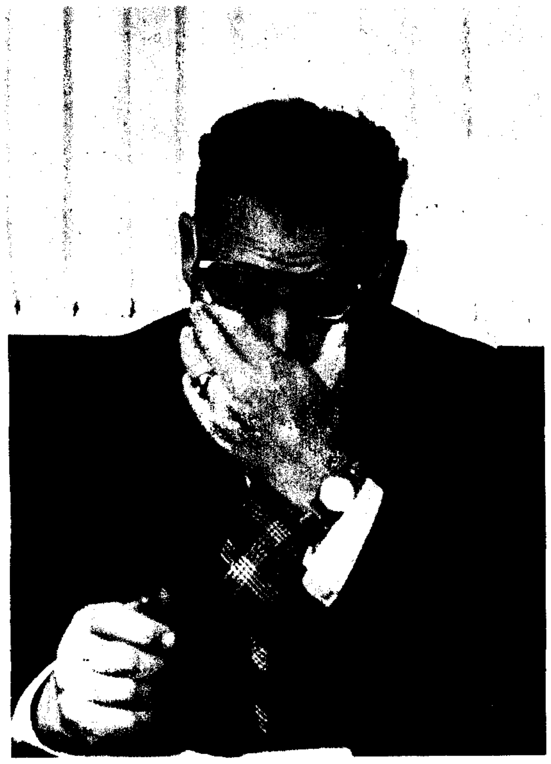
He also has concluded, among other things, that: Steepled fingers indicate a feeling of superiority. Heavy back pounding after an athletic event often is an attempt to emphasize virility and sometimes reflects inner hostility. Giving the trousers a hitch shows that a man wants to feel equal to an approaching task. Patting the hair means approval; a dead-pan look, disapproval. When a woman sits with legs crossed, one foot curled, it often indicates she's interested in a nearby man.

Dr. Birdwhistell, who is thirty-six, began trying to discover and decode the relationship between body motion and communication in 1943. "Words are only one way to 'speak,' " he says. "I believe that gestures and touch can be just as important, if interpreted correctly.

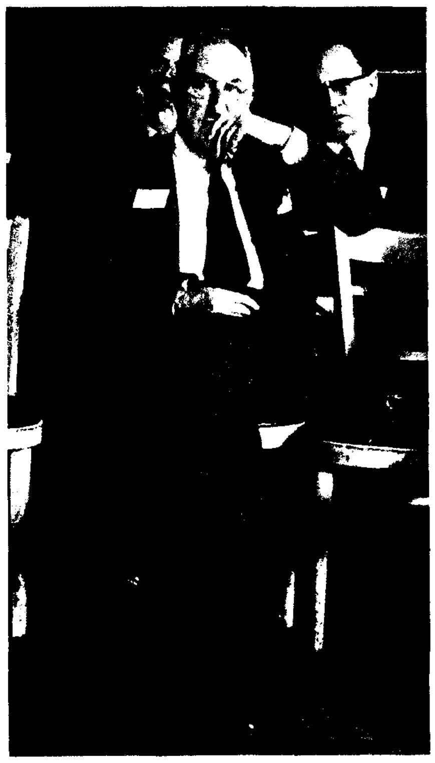
"Take courtroom procedure, for example. The present system of restricting admissible evidence to exhibits and words still leaves the way open for the introduction of nonadmissible ideas and attitudes. The trial lawyer often is a master of the raised eyebrow, the disapproving headshake and the knowing nod. In many cases, these gestures, if translated into words, would be inadmissible as evidence. Yet, as presented, they have a definite effect on the judge and jury."

An investigation of all aspects of personal communication now is a major project at the University of Louisville under Dr.

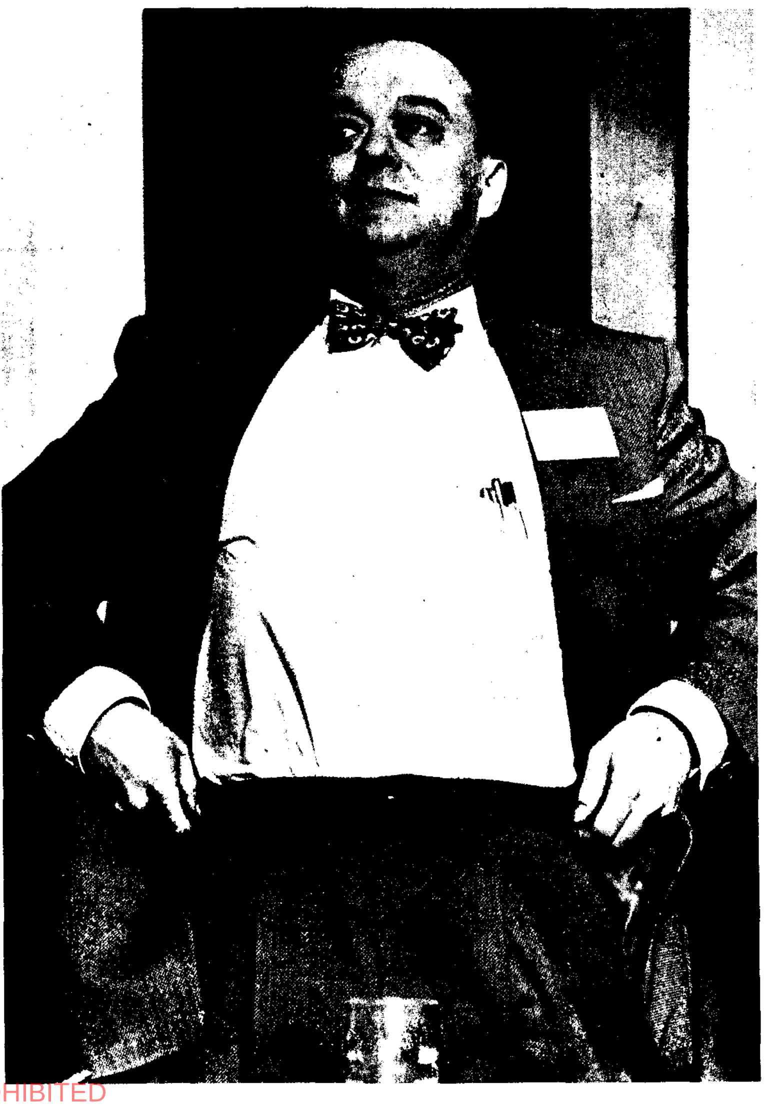
Can't see it? Eye-smarting may reflect Dr. David Maurer's inner desire not to see something that might sway him. He's in English department at Louisville



Skeptical? J. J. Oppenheimer, dean of the Louisville College of Arts and Sciences, shows doubt by position of eyes; hand to his mouth



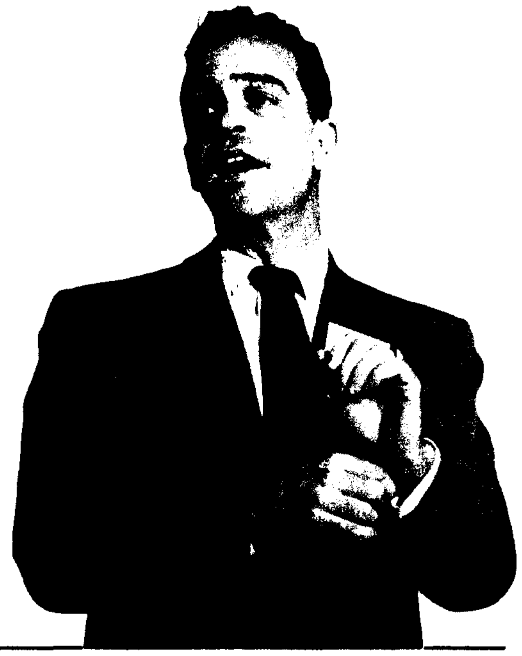
That's that? Dr. Henry Lee Smith, Jr., chief of the Language Training Branch of State Department's Foreign Service Institute, literally "gestures a set of sounds." If he'd let words come out, they might show that he's happy a task is done



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SIMPSON KALISHER

than Words?

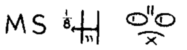
ody actions. Now he's cataloguing them



Self-congratulatory: **Dr. Ray Birdwhistell, who has led way in gesture study, says hand-to-sleeve movement shows he is pleased with himself. He supplied caption data for other candid pictures on these pages**

Birdwhistell's direction. In addition to his regular teaching duties, he has the mouth-filling title of Co-ordinator of the Interdisciplinary Committee on Culture and Communication. He and the other three members of his committee (linguist John Broderius, historian Sidney Terr and psychologist C. H. Amster) carefully observe and listen to people at such varied locations as bus stops, race tracks and theaters. Then they meet to compare notes and analyze their findings.

Birdwhistell's written observations, which he calls recordings, look to the unversed like a cross between hieroglyphics and algebra. Actually, they form a shorthand kinesics picture of a subject that may take in everything from the tilt of his head to the position of his legs.

Here is a typical recording: 

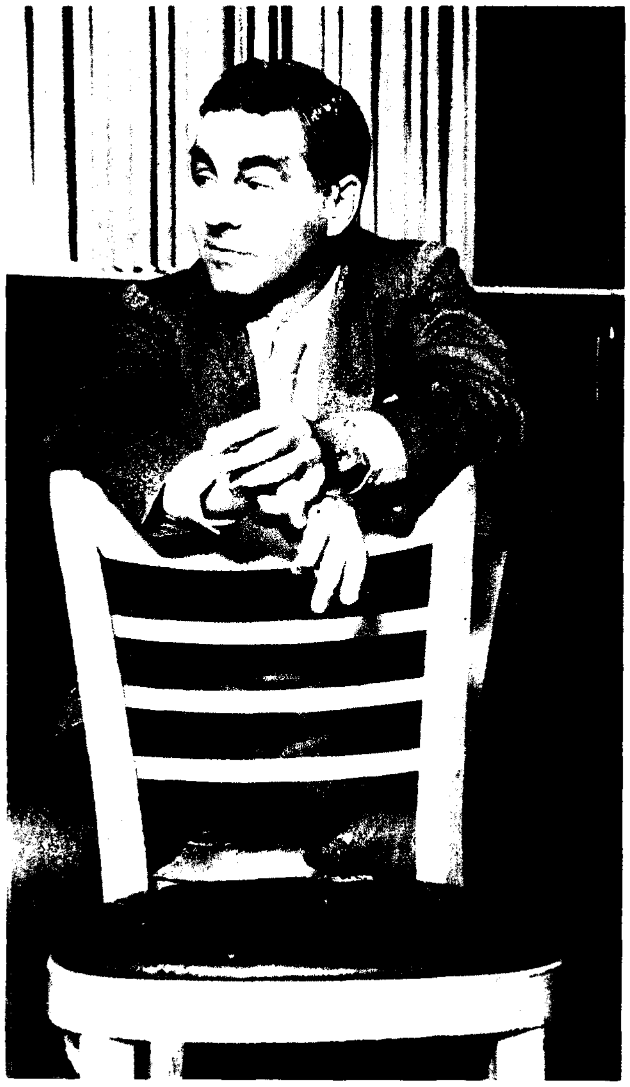
Translated, it shows that a male subject's (MS) head (ǂ) and neck (") were cocked one eighth to the right (the observer's left). His eyes also were to the right (⦶ ⦶); the brow was furrowed ("), the mouth somewhat turned down (⌒), and the chin tense (×). To Dr. Birdwhistell, the recording indicates strong attention to what is going on, but some difficulty in comprehension.

Birdwhistell is the first to admit that kinesics is a raw, young field. "We've reached the stage in gesture study which would be about the equivalent of developing a grammar in language," he says, "but we actually are only beginning to catalogue body movements and understand what they mean."

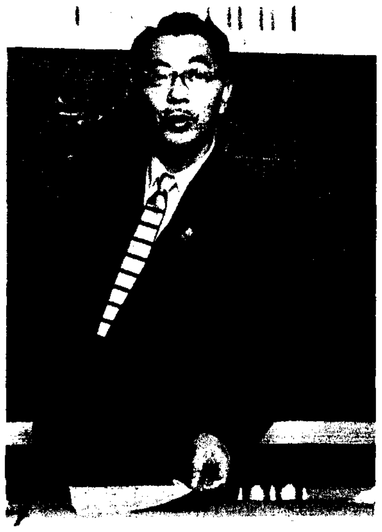
A gathering of his colleagues some weeks ago provided Dr. Birdwhistell with one of the best observation laboratories for kinesics study he's ever had. Outstanding scientists interested in language came to Louisville from various parts of the United States and Canada to attend a symposium held by the university's Division of Adult Education. Photographer Simpson Kalisher covered the experts as they attended the sessions and then gave the pictures to Dr. Birdwhistell for captioning. As you can see from the analyses on these pages, the professor often found meaning in what appears to be routine body movement. So beware of your next gesture. It may tell someone what you're really thinking.

—ROBERT L. ROSEKRANS

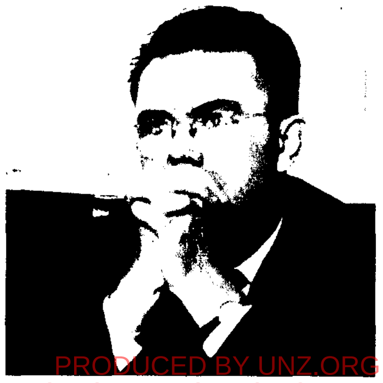
Willing to be convinced? **Attitude of attention indicates poet Reuel Denney, University of Chicago faculty, is ready to listen. But his "two-handedness" shows he's mulling idea inwardly**



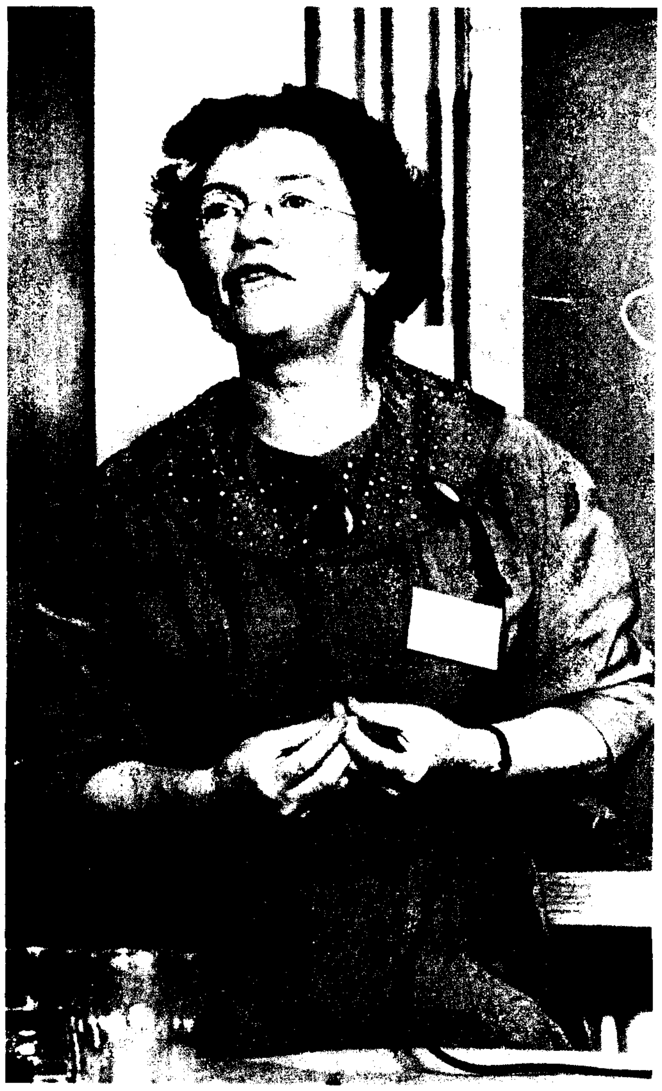
Experienced talker? **Dr. S. I. Hayakawa indicates by eyes, hand, inner confidence his words are of value to listeners**



Disagreement? **Fixed eyes reflect Dr. R. Ammons' doubt. Position of hands shows inward struggle to keep silent**



Join me? **Noted anthropologist Margaret Mead of American Museum of Natural History is all-inclusive in her gestures. She tries to draw the audience, ideas and herself into one unit**



Run Silent, Run Deep

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

returned for the third time from the dead to make depredations in the home waters of Japan, after he had had plenty of evidence and would be searching for the answer to the riddle, then we would put demolition charges in the garbage sacks, charges that would not explode until the sacks were taken from the water and opened.

The explosives might not get him, probably would not, for he would have subordinates dig through the sodden sacks of putrefying garbage. But they would amount to a message he could not ignore.

Eel, being a new submarine with a new crew that was not used to working together, would ordinarily have been at a disadvantage for the fight she was about to engage in, but not in this instance. For every man in that crew was already a veteran of submarine warfare, and Eel had come all the way to Japan for the sole purpose of getting Bungo Pete.

We worked her guts out all the way over. When she passed through the Bonins, some three hundred miles southeast of Japan, Eel was superbly trained, better than she had been when she had been considered ready to leave Pearl Harbor, better, I felt, than Walrus had ever been. And her torpedoes, of course, had the latest modifications, the latest type of exploder—something Walrus had never had when I had served on her.

THEN we arrived in Area Seven. It was relatively small as distances go in the Pacific, but it was vital. It covered the eastern coasts of the islands of Shikoku and Kyushu, the two southernmost of the three main islands of Japan. North of Shikoku was Kii Suido, and south of it was Bungo Suido, the straits leading into the Inland Sea of Japan. These straits were more than mere harbor entrances—they were two of the Japanese main life lines.

It was with a sort of defiance on our first night in Area Seven that I directed the cook to bring garbage topside and dump it. Twice before Keith and I had been here, but this time it was something special. We were beginning our mission of vengeance. Walrus had come back to haunt Bungo Pete, and kill him if she could.

First it would be necessary to alert him, to cause him to come out after us. We wasted no time getting down to the southern and eastern portion of our area, near Toi Misaki, where ships rounding the bottom tip of Kyushu would have to make their course change to the north. Two nights and a day with nothing in sight, only the ubiquitous fishing boats, and then a small tanker came by. It was the blackest part of the night. We were surfaced, and our powerful radar picked him up two hours before we saw him.

Forward and aft on Eel's bridge were two new model TBTs—Target Bearing Transmitters. A waterproof instrument equipped with built-in pressureproof binoculars and "on bearing" button, the TBT transmitted target bearings to the Torpedo Data Computer—the TDC—in the conning tower. When I caught sight of the tanker, I held the TBT on his middle, thumbed the button in the handle of the binoculars, and saw two torpedoes head his way. He was not a large ship, not worth more than two torpedoes. Both of them hit and both exploded, and when the spray-and-water column came back down, he was no longer there. Our first calling card.

But he had had no time to radio a warning to Bungo Pete, could not have accomplished what we wanted. We waited a few days longer, found another ship—a little larger. Freighter, also new. Submerged periscope approach this time, two more torpedoes. It took him about fifteen minutes to go down.

That night, having first dropped our garbage near where the freighter had been sunk—and near where analysis of nonarrival of the tanker might show that it too had gone down—we put everything on the line and headed for the other end of Area Seven, off the coast of Shikoku, between the Bungo and Kii Suidos.

Two days passed, again with only fishing boats in sight, and during this time we were careful that Eel's trash and garbage were dumped in specially weighted sacks which sank immediately. We were submerged, close in to the coast, when we sighted masts—two ships hugging the coast. Then there was a third mast, a tin can patrolling to seaward. Not Bungo, however. Smaller destroyer-type, probably sent out as a protective gesture now that Walrus' replacement was known to have entered the area. Eel maneuvered between the escort and his convoy. Four stern tubes at the tin can—close quarters, but there was time to get them off. He joined his ancestors in a cloud of flame, smoke and spray. Then for the two ships. Three at the leader, just as he was turning. One hit, enough. He sagged down by the bow, water coming over his forward cargo well.

In the meantime the second ship in the convoy, an old rusty freighter, had put his rudder hard over. There was only one way for him to go—back where he came from. He had to go toward the shore line and back out again around a point of land, if he wanted to stay in shallow water. That was his mistake. He was not very fast. Eel was waiting for him quietly when he came out.

That night we made sure our garbage would not sink and threw over a couple of extra bags of it for good measure. Then we raced for the Bungo Suido.

We had left our calling cards liberally sprinkled on both sides of the Bungo Suido entrance to the Inland Sea. Now it was time to play it slow and easy and to watch developments. The closer to the mouth of the strait we could get, the better it would be. Bungo Pete would no doubt expect us to stay well away.

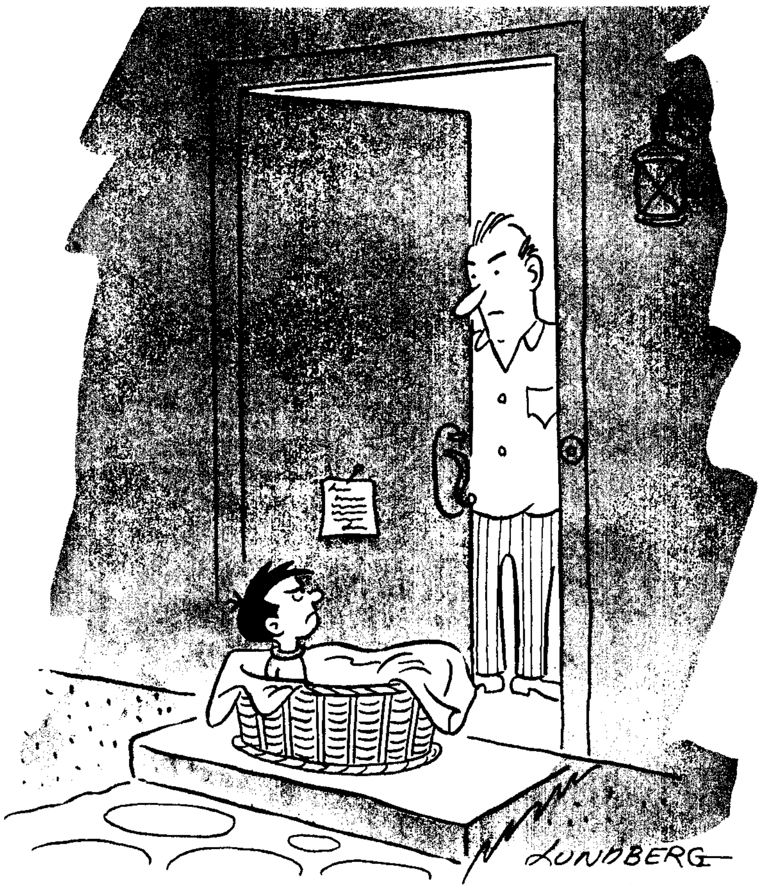
FOR three days and nights nothing happened. Again we were making sure our garbage would sink without trace. And we allowed two old ships, proceeding alone, to enter the Bungo Suido unmolested.

"We'll let it jell for a while, Keith," I said. "We've raised enough Cain around here. He'll come."

But he didn't. Keith put his finger on it the third day. We had the chart of the area out on the wardroom table; we were studying it, as had become our habit, in hope of ferreting out some clue to Bungo's operations.

"You know, Skipper," he said, "this guy Nakame is no slouch. He's a very particular operator. Have you noticed that he hardly ever shows his hand until whatever boat is in this area has been here for a while? Maybe he even waits until the boat is low on torpedoes."

Looking back over the boats that had been lost—and the experiences of those, like Walrus on her fourth patrol, who had come through it—a certain pattern began to take shape. Nerka had been operating in Area Seven for three weeks before Bungo Pete had got her. So had Walrus, on her fourth patrol, before he came out. On her last fatal patrol, Walrus had operated for nearly four weeks before she was sunk. In command of Walrus and my old crew was Jim Bledsoe, who had been their Executive Officer and who had put our old ship on the map in a big way. And now they too were gone, wiped out at the pinnacle of success.


COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

Evidently Bungo studied the tactics of his intended victim, gathered data methodically, then sallied forth to lay his trap. Afterward he no doubt searched the general area of a contact or action—especially after he had depth-charged a submarine—for the telltale sacks of garbage, which might float around for several days. But if there were no submarine activity in the area, he probably never bothered.

Bungo would be puzzled now at the apparent reappearance of Walrus, a sub he had announced as destroyed. Furthermore, Jim's reputation had been made as a night fighter, on the surface, while every ship we had sunk while masquerading as Walrus, with the exception of the first one, had been as a result of a submerged day attack. It was logical that Bungo would want to wait and evaluate for a while.

But how would he be getting information on us? We had seen no one enter or leave the Bungo Suido except the two freighters. We had seen no one pick up the decoy garbage sacks marked Walrus. It was possible, though hardly likely, that he had slipped by us to search for evidence.

"Of course!" I said. "We missed one of the most obvious things!"

"What do you mean, Skipper?" Keith looked puzzled.

"The fishing boats! They're his lookouts—those are the people who find the sacks of garbage for him! No wonder we've not seen anything. They're probably just plain simple old Japanese fishermen, but he tells them where and when to look, and he sits back and analyzes the results!"

"Then you think he may be waiting for more garbage?"

"Nope! He's got that by now. But right now he doesn't know where we are. No point in just rushing out to where a ship was sunk—we'd be gone. He wants a contact of some other kind, one where there might be a chance of our sticking around for a while to give him time to come after us." An idea was growing. The fishing boats—there were quite a few around, and more up and down the coast in both directions from the Bungo Suido. "Keith," I said, "let's go find us a fisherman."

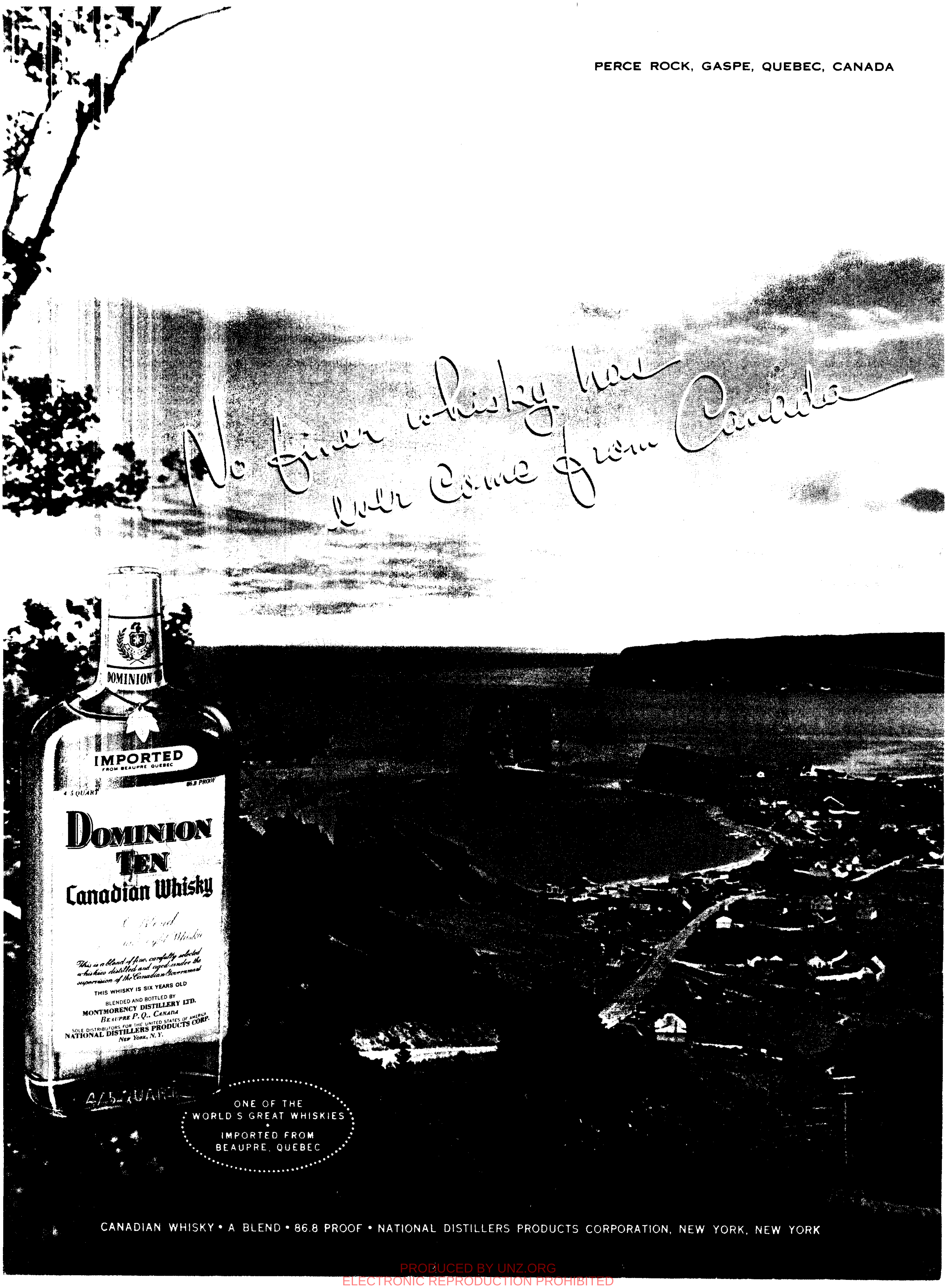
"Going to put a bomb in the garbage sacks and teach him a lesson?" I could see Keith was a little dubious.

"Not quite. We're just going to let him find us!"

Keith grinned as he got the point.

IT WAS the next day, a bright midmorning, before we found a fishing boat. We had purposely moved a good distance away from the Bungo Suido. It was a regular wooden boat with a sort of platform on it, on which a half dozen straw-hatted figures sat cross-legged, tending fishlines and poles. The day was balmy, bright and sunny, though in the eastern sky storm clouds were gathering.

"These fellows will want to be back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CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND • 86.8 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK home by nightfall, before the wind blows the sea up," I told Keith.

Eel swam sibilantly toward the fishing boat, passed close alongside. Nothing disturbed the monumental calm of the wizened graybeards under the straw hats. I was looking right at them with the periscope, only a hundred yards away as we went by. We turned around, came back. Closer this time—about fifty yards abeam. Still no sign of their having seen us.

"Keith," I said, as he took a look at them, "if this is the best kind of help Bungo Pete has got, the old rascal is slipping badly."

Keith chuckled. "Don't waste too much pity on him, Skipper. Nobody ever tried to get discovered before. These guys have probably never seen a submarine in their lives, and never expect to."

"We'll fix that!" I crossed to the hatch and called down: "Control, watch your depth. We're going to go right underneath this little guy!"

Eel turned around again. Instead of going right under, Keith suggested we pass within a very few yards. This would permit continual observation of the fishing boat, whereas passing right under would require dunking the scope. We must have been less than five yards away from the boat as we passed this time, and I was looking through the periscope in low power—one and one-half magnification—practically under one of the straw hats. Keith was on the other scope.

HE WAS an old man in the classical Japanese mold. A gray beard about twelve inches long, wispy and doubtless silky to the touch, ended in a point on his chest. His face was leathery, seamed from years under the sun's unshaded rays. No telling his age. It could have been anywhere from fifty to eighty. His eyes were closed, or half closed, and he was the picture of peace and contentment as he sat there, balanced bolt upright with his bare toes sticking up from behind bony knees.

The picture changed radically and suddenly when the old man opened his eyes. It must have been the noise of the water rippling past our extended periscopes, or perhaps the shadow of the most tremendous fish he had ever seen passing beneath him. Whatever the immediate cause, his peaceful contemplation was shattered beyond reclaim. His eyes grew large, and his mouth, startlingly red, popped wide open. I could have sworn I heard him scream with terror. He jumped to his feet, forgetting the fishing pole that he had been so blissfully tending, and pointed frantically right at me.

The other five old men hopped up as if stung, crowded to his side, all six mouths wide open, a dozen eyes staring with stupefied fright. They looked into the water—no doubt our gray hull and black topsides could plainly be seen down beneath them—gesticulated violently, pointed down, raised their hands to their heads, waved arms around helplessly.

"No more fishing for those fellows for a while," Keith said. "Guess we taught them a lesson at that!"

"I hope they have a guilty conscience for helping old Bungo." I laughed. "Serves them right!"

Through our sonar equipment we could hear the high-pitched putter of a light gasoline engine. Our fishermen friends had started for home as fast as their little craft could carry them. We watched them fading out of sight toward the shore, and set our own course at best sustained speed back toward the Bungo Suido. . . .

"Let's see," Keith said, musing over the charts a few hours later. "Let's see—give the six old men three hours to get home and another hour to get the news through—they'll have a telephone somewhere in their village, don't you think?—Old Bungo ought to be stirring his stumps this afternoon. Maybe he'll come on out tonight."

"That's the way I've got it figured too," I answered. "He'll have us pegged for a day-submerged operator, so he'll plan on flushing us at night."

Buckley Williams, Gunnery and Torpedo Officer, had been an interested listener. "Do you think maybe we might have overdone it?" he asked.

"Could be," I said. "But we've already used up fourteen torpedoes leaving our calling cards on Bungo Pete's doorstep, and we have only one full load left for our torpedo tubes. Maybe we ought to try to sink another ship, but then we'd have some dry tubes when we finally did meet up with the old devil."

HOTEL
BAR
Herb Green

"I'm *not* eavesdropping on your stupid conversation!"

COLLIER'S HERB GREEN

Williams nodded, convinced. "I guess he'll be sufficiently sure of himself to come after us anyhow," he said.

"Well," Keith said as he folded up the charts, "he surely knows we're around anyway, and has enough reason to wonder what is happening out here in his back yard. If he can, he'll be out tonight. Otherwise, tomorrow for sure. That's my guess."

"Mine too!" I said. "Bungo will have a pretty good idea of where to look for us tonight—at least he will think he has—and that's why we should get back as near to the Bungo Suido as we can tonight. Maybe we'll be on him before he suspects we're laying for him."

All the rest of the day, Eel raced for the entrance of the Bungo Suido, where we had been only the day before. It wasn't much of a race, as races go, for we had to run submerged, balancing our consumption of battery power against our speed, and calculating carefully the degree to which it would be wise to allow the battery to be run down in prospect of the battle with Bungo Pete. There would be no chance to surface, switch to diesel and recharge the battery.

We got in as close as we dared, right into the shallow water where the channel leading out of the Bungo Suido joined the open sea. It was dangerous because there was not enough water to go really deep, but it was the place to be if we hoped to nail Bungo Pete before he realized what was going on. It presented our best chance.

As the last rays of the setting sun were cut off by the hills of Kyushu, the clouds to the east had grown until they covered nearly the entire sky. Through the periscope we could see that a freshening wind had already built up. Choppy waves four to five feet in height were running in from the east, and it was apparent that the wind was coming from that direction. Shortly before it was dark enough to surface, Keith sought me out in the conning tower where I had gone to get ready.

"It looks like a storm to me," he said. "We've had no warning of it on the radio, but all the signs are exactly like the description in Knight's *Seamanship*." He handed me the ship's copy of the classic, open to the chapter on hurricanes. There were diagrams depicting the behavior of storms in northern and southern latitudes.

I had already put on red goggles to get adjusted to night vision, so I didn't try to read the text. I had studied it all at the Naval Academy anyway. "I've been thinking the same," I told him. "With the weather coming in from the east, it looks as though the storm is to the south, and if it behaves the way storms are supposed to, it will curve toward the east as it moves north. The storm center will probably pass to the east of us, but this area will get a good lashing."

"When will it hit us?"

"Think it will foul us up tonight?"

"Maybe that will foul up things for tonight."

"It can't be helped, if it does. But old Bungo might think it will give him an advantage." I had raised the periscope and was slowly swinging it around in a circle. It was growing dark.

"Five eight feet!" I ordered. "Stand by to surface!" At fifty-eight feet I would have two extra feet of periscope out of the water.

"Five eight feet, aye, aye. Standing by!"

The whole ship was in a special state of superwatchfulness. Keith and I had both napped, or tried to, during the afternoon, and we had put out instructions to the crew to do likewise. Our electric torpedoes—all we had left—had been given a specially loving last-minute check, including a freshening battery charge. Tonight there would be special extra lookouts on, and one torpedo at each end of the ship was in readiness for instant firing, needing only a second to open the hydraulically operated outer doors. Eel was as ready as we could make her.

I walked the periscope around again, slowly. Something caught my eye to the northwest, in the direction of the Bungo Suido. Steady now. I fixed on it. "Keith. Mark this bearing."

"Three two eight. What is it?"

"Dunno—ship, I think." I shifted the periscope from side to side ever so slightly. It was getting so dark it was hard to see. My eyes were not completely accommodated, for the red goggles are not one hundred per cent effective protection. It was growing darker faster than my eyes were accommodating themselves. But the object—ship, it must be—was getting nearer too.

"Bearing, mark."

"Three two eight and a quarter—just a hair more than before!"

I spoke without taking my eyes away from the periscope eyepiece: "Keith, are all lights out in the conning tower and control room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well," I said, still looking. "Sound the general alarm!"

I COULD feel the bustle through the ship. Keyed up as we were, the tension mounted like steam in a boiler.

"What is it, Captain?" Keith asked. "Think it's Bungo himself already?"

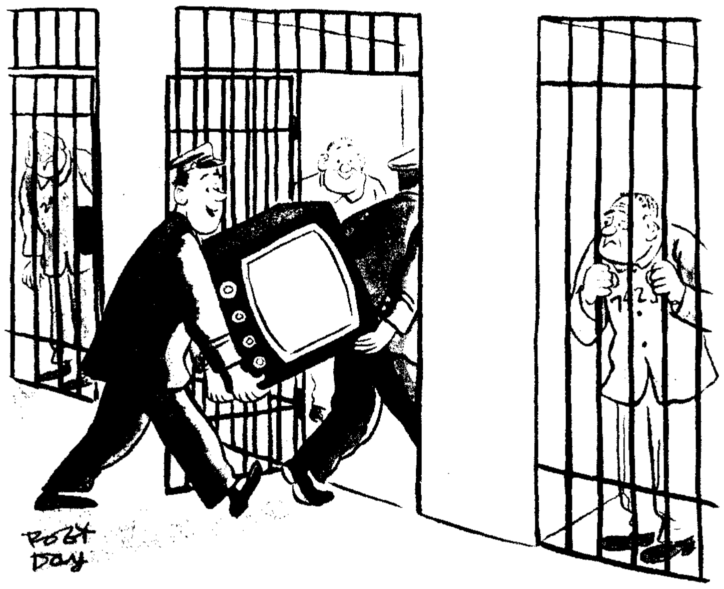
"Don't know," I said. "It doesn't look like a destroyer." We waited. This might be it, our big fight. No time to take a chance. Still getting darker, and the waves bigger. The ship drew closer.

"I can see him now. Big freighter High, anyway. Dark hull, no visible water line—angle on the bow about starboard ten." I looked searchingly astern of him. Something was ringing a bell in my brain, something wrong with the setup, somehow—

"Control! Five five feet!" Three more feet of periscope out.

I thought: Have to watch it—that's eleven feet of it exposed, although the size of the waves makes for some reduction. We're in good position to shoot him on this course, just as we are, if he doesn't suddenly zig. He hasn't zigged yet—wish I could get rid of the feeling there's something wrong with all this. It's too easy. I have a feeling we're looking right into a trap, just like that time off Palau—

Palau! On patrol there, when I was commanding Walrus, we'd fallen neatly into a trap. We'd attacked what seemed to be a slow, defenseless freighter in ballast and without escort. But as it turned out, the innocent-looking tramp was an expert submarine



"Special permission. His crime is being dramatized tonight"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

hunter. It had sonar, depth charges, and a high-speed destroyerlike beat—and it had darn' near got us. This looked like another. Not a big ship, but high out of water. Short and stubby. A regular Q-ship—no doubt loaded with cellulose, or balsa wood, or table-tennis balls, so she could not sink even with half her side blown open!

"Keith. Range—mark!"

"Three five double oh!"

"Angle on the bow starboard thirty! Mark the bearing!"

"Three four five!"

I could hear Buck whirling the TDC cranks. "Set!" he said.

"Ready to shoot, Captain!" Keith said. He had anticipated everything. All I had to do was give the word.

"We'll wait while the situation improves," I said. This smacked of something Bungo might pull. I kept looking for the destroyer, couldn't find him. But something astern caught my eye. Low and bulky. My heart leaped into my throat—a submarine! Coming along astern of the Q-ship!

"Rig for Silent Running! Six oh feet!" This depth would barely let me see over the tops of the waves, if I could see at all for long. I could feel sweat on my face inside the rubber eyeguards, but I didn't dare take them away. "Boys, this is it! I think Bungo is on his way out to look for us!"

How fortunate it had been that we had come back so quickly and had taken station so close to the harbor exit, despite the shallow water! We were in the perfect spot to catch Bungo sneaking out.

WE WATCHED while the high stubby Q-ship, for there could be no doubt of it now, went by. The submarine swept forward. Then I saw the tin can, a dull dark shape on the far side of the sub, running about abeam of it.

This was a quandary. We might get the sub, but then Bungo would have us exactly where he would like to get us: submerged, in shallow water. And the Q-ship was no slouch at depth-charging, either. No doubt they'd work a co-ordinated attack on us.

"Range to sub—mark!" Instinctively I spoke in a low key.

Oregon, our "periscope jockey" for battle stations read it right away. "Three oh double oh!"

"We have the sub on sonar," Keith murmured. "The bearing checks."

The sonar man's name was Stafford, an old-timer. He'd been around submarines for years. Suddenly I heard his voice, raised for me to hear him directly. "The submarine is diving!"

So this was the play! This was how they had got the other subs! Convoy of a single ship, escorted by a single destroyer, zigzagging radically and making slow speed so that the submerged submarine could keep up! Walrus and Nerka had probably come in on the surface, fired their torpedoes, and been fired on in their turn by the submarine! A very, very slick stunt indeed! If the Jap sub didn't get a shot off at first, he must have had plenty more chances when our subs came back in for another try at the cellulose-loaded Q-ship! And I could imagine old Bungo watching it all in his tin can, playing the part of an unwary and incompetent escort but ready to mix in if he had to.

I could still see the diminishing silhouette of the submarine, and seconds later couldn't see him at all. "Do you still have him on sonar?"

"Yes, sir. Coming in like a threshing machine!" Stafford turned the sonar to loud-speaker so that I could hear it, a pounding, thrashing, gurgling noise. "He's pumping and blowing at the same time, I think!"

"Keith," I said. "We've got to get the sub first! They won't expect us this close, probably won't settle down to a good sonar watch for a few minutes anyway. What range will he pass abeam?"

Buck Williams answered: "Twelve hundred yards!"

"Good! We'll shoot him when he gets there! Figure him to be at periscope depth!"

On and on came the Jap sub, slowly creeping up to where we had decided to shoot him. It was a perfect sonar approach, exactly like those we had practiced at Pearl Harbor.

"He's approaching the firing bearing, Captain!" Keith said. I was still on the periscope, now staring at the Akikaze-class destroyer, now at the Q-ship, now making a sweep all around just in case Bungo might have other ships in his convoy.

"Shoot when he's on, Keith!" One advantage of firing at a target at a ninety-degree angle as we would be doing was that the range at that precise situation drops out of the problem. No matter how far the target is, or how close, your torpedo will hit, if aimed properly and if it runs long enough.

"Fire one!" said Keith. Eel jerked under me.

"Torpedo is running!" said Stafford. I could hear it, a high whine, not as loud as the old-style steam fish.

"How much longer, Keith!"

"Thirty-three seconds!"

I spun the scope around. "How long now?"

"Fifteen seconds—ten—five—now!"

Nothing. I could hear the ticking of the stop watch in Keith's hand. Then—BOOM! A loud roar filled the conning tower. I looked on the bearing. A froth of white water, an angry spume flung into the air, followed by a mushroom of white. Nothing else.

STAFFORD was yelping. "He's sinking!" His voice raced excitedly on, much like a football announcer's. "Listen to the water pour in! Somewhere they've got a watertight door shut—there's another one slamming—his screws are slowing down—listen to the water pour in! I can hear stuff falling inside him! He must be standing right on end, straight up and down!"

We could all hear the grim cascade, the torrent of suddenly released black water smashing through thin bulkheads, filling compartments with shocking speed, compressing the air with the frenzied pressure of the sea. Then another noise—crunching, rending. "He's hit bottom," announced Stafford.

"Any chance for them, Keith?" Williams looked solemnly at the Exec.

"To escape from the sunken sub?" Keith snorted. "Not at the depth he's at, even though it does feel pretty shallow when they're after you with depth charges. Besides, I don't think Jap subs carry escape gear."

"Right full rudder!" I called out. "All ahead standard! Keith, what was the enemy sub's course?"

"One five oh, Captain."

"Steady on one five oh."

I waited for Scott, the helmsman, to echo my commands before explaining. "Keith, what would you do if you were Bungo and you heard an explosion in the general vicinity of a submarine you were responsible for?"

"I'd go over and take a look!"

"And what would you expect to see?"

"Well, if I got too close to the submerged sub, he'd probably broach to show me where he is so that I wouldn't run over him—only this time torpedoes will come instead!" Keith's grim smile of anticipation reminded me of Jim Bledsoe.

"Very good. Only, it's not Bungo who's coming!"

"What do you mean?"

"The tin can just signaled with a small searchlight to the Q-ship, and now he's started to turn around. So, as soon as we get turned around and squared away on the Jap course, we'll broach for the Q-ship. It's so dark that I can barely see him, and if we give him our bow while he's still fairly distant he'll not be able to tell it from the Jap sub's."

"Bungo will be watching, too. He'll see us broadside. Besides, what about the explosion and waterspout we just made?"

"That's the whole point. That's why we've got to convince them that their sub is okay. We're about the same color as the Jap submarine was, and if we stick our snout out while both of the other ships are still pretty far away, there's a good chance they'll be satisfied without actually identifying us. Anyhow, we want the Akikaze to come our way, though we'd rather it be unsuspectingly—damn this periscope! It's

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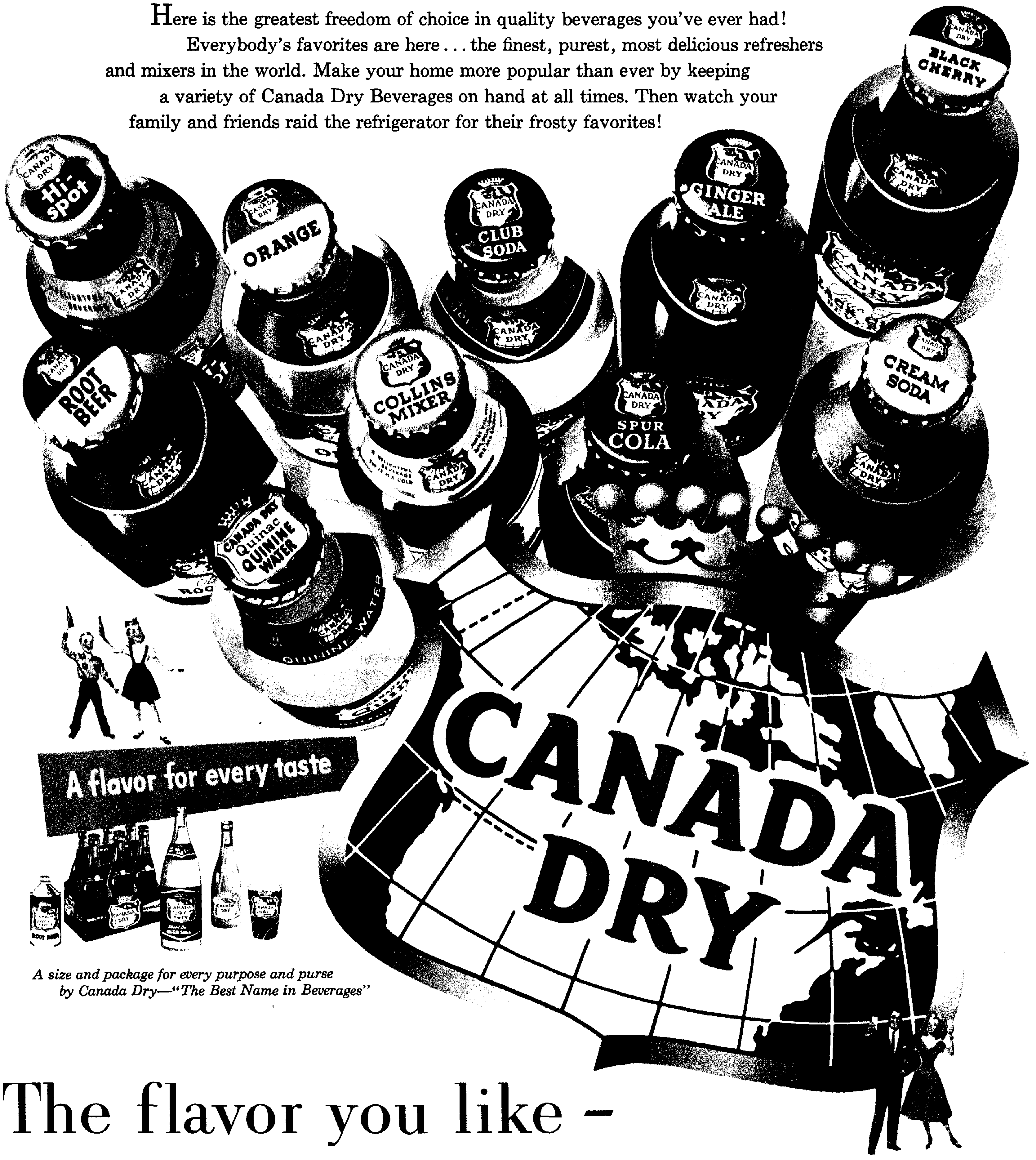
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COLLIER'S **"But suppose your employer *doesn't* make a pass at you, what do you do then?"** GARDNER REA

fogging up. Give me some lens paper!"

A wad of paper was stuffed into my hand. Shutting my eyes, I swabbed at the glass, felt somebody wiping off my streaming face with a towel at the same time. "Thanks," I said, and put my eyes back into the eyeguard.

"Skipper, how could the Japs figure on seeing okay at night when you can hardly make them out?"

"Their optical industry is excellent, Keith. I understand all their submarines have a very large and fine night scope—much better than this thing we call a 'night periscope.' "

"Steady on one five oh!" Scott brought us back to the problem at hand.

"Blow bow buoyancy and stick our bow out," I told Keith. "Then flood negative and get us back down quick! We don't want to get the whole boat on the surface!"

EEL'S hull shivered as the lifting strain of the bow tank came on. Full rise on the stern planes held the stern down, and we took a large angle up by the bow. I saw our bullnose come out, stay for an instant, go back down in a smother of externally vented air. There was venting and blowing inside, too, as negative was first vented to flood it, then blown dry, then vented again to take the pressure off.

This evidently satisfied the Q-ship, for he turned away again, and in a few minutes went off at an angle from his original course.

"They're beginning the zigzag plan," I told Keith. "We'll watch our chance and nail Bungo as soon as we can!"

For two hours Eel plodded along in the steadily worsening weather with the two Japanese vessels weaving back and forth in front of us. Several chances presented themselves to shoot at the Q-ship, but that would have given the whole show away, and with the already seriously depleted condition of our battery we couldn't stand the all-out search and attack that would have then ensued. Bungo's role was to be a lackadaisical escort vessel, to stay too far from the ship he was supposed to be protecting, thus to invite attack from the U.S. submarine for whom the trap had been laid—us. As a consequence he never came close enough for a shot.

We could hear his sonar echo-ranging in the distance, patrolling station back and forth first on one flank, then on the other. If we left our sanctuary astern of the bait and were picked up on his sonar, he'd attack us anyway, and we'd be right where we didn't want to be.

"Keith," I said, wiping my face and cleaning off the periscope eyepiece for the umpteenth time, "this isn't any good. Bungo is never coming close enough for us to shoot him, and we sure can't keep this up all night!"

"Maybe we'd better just steal away, Skipper. At least we know there's no Jap submarine around to worry about. The only one Bungo would allow would be the one whose place we're taking."

So it was decided, and shortly before midnight, several miles astern of Bungo and his baited trap—now short one important character—Eel crept to the surface.

The instant we got on the surface it was evident that the storm was rapidly becoming worse. The barometer had fallen markedly, the wind was still from the east, and it was blowing hard. The sea was estimated at force five on the Beaufort scale, which is a sailor's way of saying that it was a baby gale already. Not yet fully surfaced, the sub wallowed in the waves, every one of which rolled up on our water-level deck and splashed in great showers of spume and spray on the bridge. Several huge combers rolled black water right over the bulwarks. Keith and I, wearing hooded oilskins, were nevertheless instantly drenched, and we had to hang on firmly to the railing to keep our footing on the rolling sub.

The wind shrieked around our ears, tore at our clothing, blew words right out of our mouths. We crouched under the forward overhang of the bridge to converse or give orders; I did not dare permit the lookouts to come up yet, nor open the main induction, which would bring in air and be the signal for the engines to begin pumping the vital electricity back into our battery. Opening the main induction at this point—the cigarette deck above it was in a sea of white froth and black water—would have flooded our main induction line all the way back to the engine-room valves. First we had to wait for the turboblowers to lift the ship into a condition of buoyancy sufficient to ride the waves. I couldn't hear them, but I could see the results of their work; and when I finally gave the order, four main engines burst out almost simultaneously.

We were frantic for battery power, so three of them went immediately to recharging the battery, leaving the fourth for propulsion. Rapidly the life-giving amperes flowed back into the "can," and with every ten minutes of recharge—especially at this early stage when the battery, being nearly flat, was most receptive—we could count on an hour's submerged running.

THE surfaced routine safely under way, Keith and I were able to hold a council of war and take stock of the situation. The radar, a newer and more efficient model than the one we had been accustomed to in Walrus, still held contact with the two Japanese ships. If we could keep contact until our battery was at least partially recharged, we might be able to return to the offensive.

I seized the chance to go through the ship, talk to the men at their stations, and tell them how matters stood. We had found out Bungo's secret, I told them, and now we were out to get him.

After three hours we were about as ready as we would ever be, Keith and I figured. It was a lot rougher too. A full-fledged storm was upon us, with seas fifteen to twenty feet in height, perhaps fifty feet across. We had gone back to battle stations, were heading toward the enemy, when Keith called up from the conning tower.

"Bridge!" he said, "Bungo's gone over and joined the Q-ship! I think they've both reversed course!"

This could only mean that Captain Nakame had decided it was too rough to keep up the game and was going to return to port. No doubt he was signaling for the submarine to surface. Getting no answer, he would realize that something was amiss.

"Keep watching them, Keith," I yelled in reply. "Try to keep oriented as to which one is Bungo!"

WE BUILT up to standard speed, 14 knots. Eel smashed and bucked into the seas, quivering in every solid frame as the big ones came over the bow and crashed on the bridge. It was absolutely black. Blacker than I had ever seen it, a musty, smelly black, dirty and dank and malevolent. I could see perhaps five hundred yards, hardly more. The wind tore at my binoculars, ballooned out the back of my rain hood, beat at my face with the salt particles it whipped out of the ocean. I couldn't use both hands to hold the binoculars, had to keep one free to hang on with. The deck heaved and pounded under me.

"Bridge! Range to Bungo, four thousand! To the other one, five thousand. They're milling around—Bungo is dead ahead, the other on our starboard bow!"

"Bridge, aye, aye!" I answered him. "Let me know the range every five hundred yards!" We couldn't attack quite yet, not before the enemy settled down to a definite course. "All ahead one third," I ordered. This was easier. Eel's motion was still violent, but fewer seas came on the bridge.

"Bridge! We've got the sonar gear down, and he's calling on sonar!"

No need to wonder what this was for, or to whom addressed. "Let him call!" I answered.

"He's hove to, Bridge! Range, three five double oh!"

This might be our chance. With Bungo concentrating on trying to raise his several-hours dead consort, his lookouts might just happen to be less alert than they should, especially in the storm. "All ahead standard! What's the course to head for him!"

"Zero zero eight!"

"Steer zero zero eight!" I yelled to Scott through the hatch.

Again the pounding and battering. Our bow would rise to one sea, smash down on the next and go completely under water, allowing the wave to roll aft, unimpeded, till it broke in fury over the bridge. Cascades of cold ocean rolled around me. The lookouts were likewise drenched and miserable. I sent my binoculars below—they were soaked and useless anyway—and used the forward set of built-in pressure-proof TBT binoculars. Mounted on gimbals and fitted with handles, they also gave me some measure of support, though it was a bit awkward to use them for ordinary purposes because of the stiffness of the mounts.

"Range, three thousand!"

THE starboard lookout lurched against me. His binoculars were in worse shape than mine had been, I saw, and he had to give full time merely to hanging on anyway. In the shape he was in, he was more hazard than benefit.

"Lookouts below!" I said. That left Al Dugan, Engineering and Diving Officer, and me the only ones on the bridge, and I called him up forward from the station he had been occupying on the after part.

"Range, two five double oh! Still hove to, and we can still hear him pinging!"

There was a new note to the wind—a higher shriek, louder, too. Three seas in succession came over the bridge front, left us gasping. "Range, two thousand! No change. We're opening torpedo doors!"

"What speed we making?" I yelled into the bridge mike.

"Ten knots!"

"How does he bear now?"

"Dead ahead—still dead in the water!"

About a mile away. I couldn't see a thing. Nervously, I rubbed the front lens of the binoculars with lens paper. Al silently handed me a fresh sheet when I threw my sodden one away.

"Fifteen hundred yards! Shall I shoot on radar bearings?"

"No!" A subconscious need to see him. "Wait!" *Work like hell to get into position, then take your time! Don't waste time, but don't throw your one chance away, either!* I could hear Captain Blunt's voice from my training days. And I could remember saying the same words to Jim Bledsoe.

Fiercely I searched the horizon. "Range, one three five oh!" came on the speaker, and that was just the instant I saw him at last. It was an Akikaze-class destroyer all right, broadside on. Two fairly short stacks, medium close together, small bridge but rather high for its length, turtle-back forecastle with a gun on it, and a deep well between forecastle and bridge. He was making heavy weather of it, I instantly saw. The canvas over the well deck had been blown away, and part of the bridge canopy also. Water was streaming in sheets off his decks, pouring in great torrents off the forecastle down into the well deck.

I was taking all this in as I shouted into the bridge mike: "Target! Starboard ninety! TBT bearing!" I pressed the marker plunger down.

"Set!"

"Shoot!" The way the command "Fire!" came out almost before I finished saying “Shoot!” was the measure of the crew I had with me. Keith was holding the bridge speaker button down on purpose too.

Four times more the command “Fire!” came on the speaker, and all five torpedoes we had remaining forward went on their way. I couldn't see their wakes, for they were electric, nor could I feel the familiar jerk to the hull of the ship because of the motion and noise already going on. But I did see one torpedo broach the surface momentarily, then dive back under and continue on its way with a flick of instantly extinguished spray. It had come up exactly on a line between me and the destroyer's bridge.

But this was not the time to play the spectator. “Left full rudder!” I yelled down the hatch. The destroyer's lookouts would see us in a moment, if they had not already, and Bungo would certainly get some kind of a salvo off at us. That we could depend on. Heedless, too, I gave the order I had held back all this time because of the weather. “All ahead flank!”

BEFORE Eel could feel the effect of the increased power, and before she had turned more than a few degrees, there was a flash from Bungo, and the brief scream of a shell overhead, immediately swallowed up in the storm. You certainly had to hand it to him, under the circumstances, for even getting the guns going at all.

But two shots were all he got a chance to pump out at us, for about this time the torpedoes got there. Two certainly hit, and two were enough. I saw a spout of water forward and the destroyer's bow disappeared, broken short right at the well. The other torpedo hit under the stacks, lifting the center of the ship for a moment and then dropping it, like a broken toy.

We really began to take it over the bridge, then, but neither Al nor I would have cared if the waves had been periscope-high. We slowed, after a few minutes of it, upon Keith's report that the Q-ship, the only one now left on the radar, was not chasing us, but had instead gone over to the spot where the destroyer had last registered an echo on our radarscope.

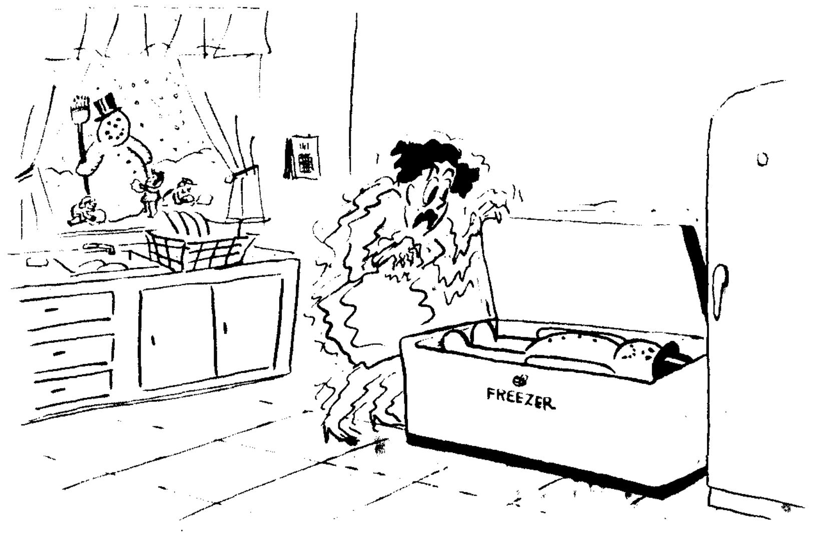
The radar then showed some other pips, three tiny ones, which came in and out on the scope and which clustered around the Q-ship when it got there. Lifeboats, without question.

It would take a feat of seamanship for Bungo Pete's consort to pick them up, though probably no more than Bungo himself had showed in getting them launched in the first place. I didn't doubt that he could do it all right. A sense of hopelessness rose in me when I realized that barring his own demise, hardly to be planned on, Bungo would return to port, get another Akikaze and go back to the same old business as though nothing had happened.

If we could sink the Q-ship—but how? We had four torpedoes, all aft. None at all left forward. And he was loaded with cellulose, or something else equally buoyant.

I don't remember making any conscious decision about it. There didn't seem to be any decision to make. A red haze flooded my mind, and I ordered the rudder put over once more.

“Keith!” I said. “Come on up here!” For several minutes we talked out our tactics of how to get the stern tubes to bear. The wind was howling and the seas were pounding and the water poured in buckets off us, streamed off Keith's face, into his mouth every time he opened it. The same with me, but neither of us took any heed. We ducked those we could, turned our backs to those we saw coming, ignored the rest.



COLLIER'S JERRY MARCUS

We decided the Q-ship would not expect us to come back. Doubtless he would realize that making a torpedo reload was virtually an impossibility unless we dived for it, which would take extra time, and he would hardly expect us to come back otherwise. He would think, at least, that he had time; and his attention would be entirely taken up with the problem of getting Bungo aboard. If we could hit him with all four fish fairly high up on his side, the weather might well finish for us what we had started.

“Three thousand yards!” Buck Williams called on the conning-tower speaker. Keith swung toward the ladder, slipped on the slick handrail, caught himself, and disappeared.

“He's not under way, Bridge! Target speed is zero!” Keith was back in charge below, on the speaker again.

I pressed the button on my mike, let the insane howl of the elements make the acknowledgment for me. We were coming in at standard speed again. As the stern heaved up to a wave I could see the tip ends of four big pipes pouring out their hydrantlike exhaust. Then a smother of angry water would cover everything, and the four mufflers would be drowned, sputtering feebly, sending up little splashes that the wind instantly whipped away.

ON THIS course, chosen to bring us in to windward—presumably the Q-ship's skipper would elect to pick up the boats to leeward—we were coasting downwind. The bow lifted as a huge sea ran under us, dropping our stern precipitantly and then racing on out beyond our bullnose; all around us was black water, streaked with white, capped with a boiling, dirty-white crest. Our speed, which increased with a downhill sledding effect when the stern lifted, decreased abruptly when the wave overtook and raised the bow. Al Dugan and I were alternately thrown backward against the periscope supports and forward against the bridge cowling. It was almost like riding a balky horse in slow motion.

The bow disappeared in a welter of white foam as the succeeding wave came under—and over—our afterparts. There was nothing at all forward of the bridge, now—nothing aft, either—just buffeting, angry, noisy ocean. Our bridge was like the disembodied upper part of a submarine riding on an angry sea cloud.

“Two thousand yards, Bridge!” I would be able to see him soon. Al helped me wipe off the lens of the TBT binoculars.

“Fifteen hundred!” Through the flying spume and blackness I could make out the form of a ship, a tall, stubby ship. He was nearly broadside to and rolling violently in the furious sweep of the wind and sea; occasionally, as we neared, he steadied up for a moment under some vagary of the elements, perhaps a nullifying combination of them. During such a moment the Q-ship would attempt to pick up Bungo and his men—probably throw them ropes, haul them aboard one at a time. A fantastic attempt, but seamen had done more fantastic things—history is full of the tales.

Normally our role would have been that of the helpful bystander, regardless of the nationality of the shipwrecked mariners. Shipwreck at sea has its own code, its own morality; a constant fight for life and survival against the implacable ocean with its pitiless nether world. But we were out of our normal role. There was a war, the basic immorality of which transcended temporarily the more lasting and better motives of peace. It was our job to try to prevent that rescue by sinking the rescuer.

“Twelve hundred yards!”

Of course, one did not have to think of this as preventing rescue. We had the duty of sinking any Japanese ship we ran across, and this one was surely as much a ship of war as the biggest battleship or the fastest aircraft carrier. Furthermore it was a menace to our side, particularly to my own special segment of our side. There never could be any argument, except on purely philosophical grounds, and war is the rejection of philosophy.

“One thousand yards!” This was the distance at which we had decided to turn around. They would find it hard to look into the scud upwind; we could move in to one thousand yards from that direction with a fair degree of impunity. Even if they did see us, accurate gunfire from that pitching, rolling platform would be impossible. Only a real director system, with a gyroscopically controlled stabilized firing circuit, could handle these conditions. Of course, there was always the chance of a lucky shot—

“Right full rudder! Starboard stop! Starboard back full!” It would be a job even swinging into the wind. Eel started to swing, got halfway around before the wind really hit her. I could feel the combined force of the wind and sea as our bow rose and exposed itself freely to the effects of both.

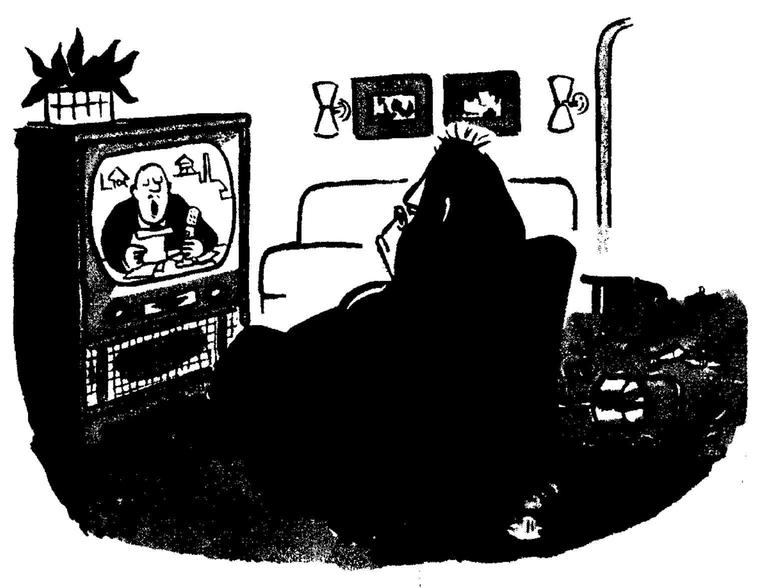
WE STOPPED dead, as though we had hit a wall of mush. The gyrocompass repeater indicated that we had actually swung back a few degrees.

“Port ahead emergency!” With both screws racing, she would have greater force to push her around. Now I regretted having reversed the starboard propeller, for doing so had killed our forward progress and removed much of the effect of the rudder. And besides this, our straining engines were having all their exhaust fumes blown right down on the enemy ship. A keen nose would detect the characteristic odor of diesels, and the man might just have the presence to do something about it.

Still no good. We gained a little, then lost it as the bow came up again.

“Control!” I thumbed the button for the speaker, spoke into it. “Open bow buoyancy vent.” This would lessen the buoyancy of the bow, reduce the area the wind would have to work on. If we could only keep the bow from coming up at all!

“Al! Go on down to the control room.” I had to cup my mouth and hold it close to his ear to make him get it all. “Secure the engines and shut the main induction. Put the battery on propulsion. When I give you the word, open the forward-group vents, hold them open for three seconds, and then shut them again!” I gave him a shove toward the hatch. . . .



COLLIER'S **“A late bulletin just handed me: ‘Be on the lookout for escaped gorilla’ . . .”** STAN FINE

On diving, bow buoyancy vent and all the main ballast-tank vents are opened and left open until the ship goes under. The main ballast tanks are handled as two groups, a forward group and an after group, with a set of controls for each. Opening the forward group of vents for about three seconds would not permit all the air entrapped there to escape, but would vent off a large percentage of it. We would not dive, because the after group would be still holding all its air in addition to what had not had a chance to whistle out of the forward-group vents. But much of our buoyancy forward would be destroyed, and our bow would sink deeper in the water. This would reduce the sail effect of the forward section of the ship—probably eliminate it altogether because we would inevitably ride under all the seas instead of only some of them.

Shutting off the main engines and going to the battery was merely precautionary, so that we could close the main induction valve under the cigarette deck. Otherwise we'd pull tons of water down the huge airpipe when the bridge went under.

I grabbed the mike. "Keith, raise number one periscope and see if you can make out the target!" Number one scope had a slightly bigger light path than the other and hence it's sometimes called "night periscope." If Keith could see the enemy vessel through it, perhaps it would do to take bearing to shoot the torpedoes with, and I could repair below and aim the fish from the relative safety of the conning tower. I waited a few seconds.

"No luck, Skipper. Can't see a thing!" This might be because watching the dials and instruments—especially the radarscope—had cost him his night vision. We couldn't wait, however.

"All right, Keith. Station somebody in the bridge hatch ready to shut it if necessary."

"Roger."

"Bridge!" Al Dugan called from the control room. "Ready below!" There was no more exhaust aft. I had not heard the main induction clank shut, but it no doubt had been closed.

MY LITTLE mike went only to the conning tower. I had to press the bridge speaker button firmly and yell into it to reach Al. "Control! Open and shut the forward-group vents!"

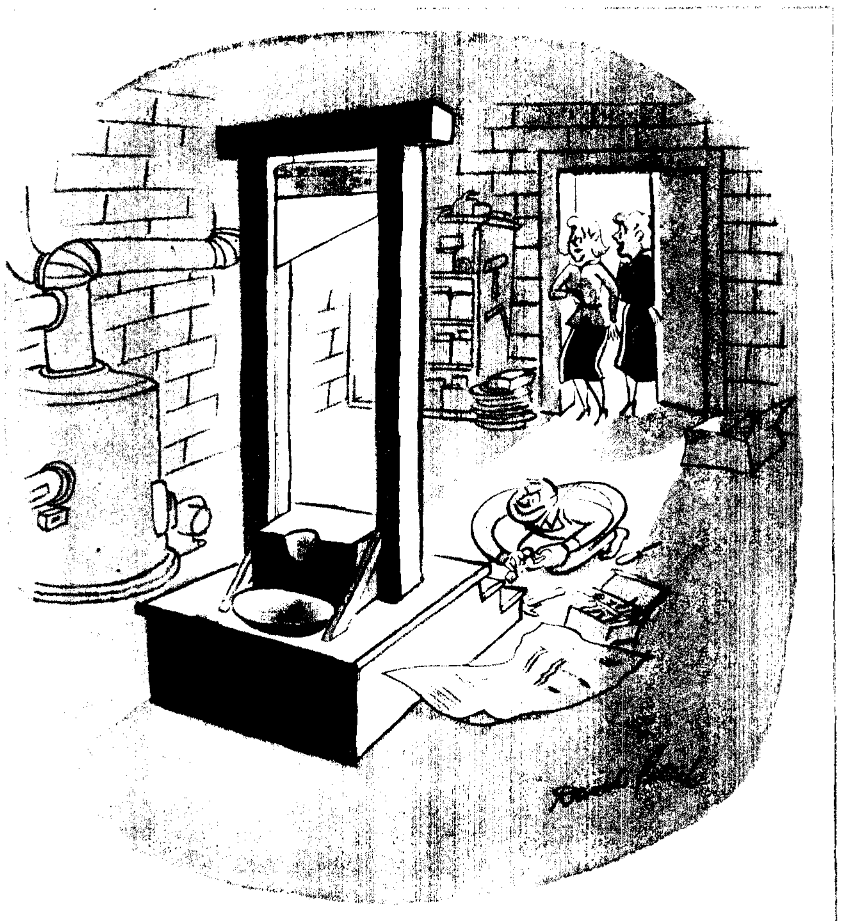
Instantly white spray whirred out from between our slotted forward deck, and was blown, just as instantly, to nothingness. I started counting to myself. The spray stopped when I reached four. Nothing happened at first. We heaved up as before to a passing sea, rolling far over to port, losing the few degrees of turn we had managed to accumulate during the past several seconds. Then we dropped, far down, and the next sea really came over. It simply swept across our deck as though there were no deck there, poured over the bridge side bulwarks, inundated the whole place.

Instinctively I had sought the leeward side, the port side. And just as the roar of the approaching wave heralded its closest proximity—boiling up from beneath as well as overwhelming us from on top—I saw the hatch slam shut. Tons of water roared around me. Frantically I gripped the lookout guardrail, felt my feet swept from under me. Sick despair engulfed me. The bitter certainty filled my brain that, with the lack of buoyancy forward and the heavy seas rushing at us, we had driven completely under. If we did not come up soon I was done for, and Bungo Pete would have won again.

Somehow, buoyed by the water, I managed to pull myself up a little higher on the lookout rail—my lungs felt as though they would burst if I couldn't get a breath of air—and then I was out of it. The water had rolled past, and the afterpart of our bridge reappeared. My mike was gone, lost, but there was a bridge speaker mounted under the after TBT. Floundering in the water, I struggled aft to it; standing hip-deep I put my eyes to the binocular. It was blurred—I wiped it off with my fingers, sucking the salt from them first. Still blurred. There was a piece of lens paper in my pocket, somehow only damp, not dripping. I wiped it off with that.

"Captain! Are you all right!"

The speaker startled me, booming right into my chest. I pushed the button as a signal.



COLLIER'S "It's one of those do-it-yourself kits" DAVID PASCAL

"We're coming around!" Keith said. "I'll steady up on course zero eight zero and slow down—all we need is the bearings, Skipper!"

The last words came as I was engulfed in another deluge of water. This time I relaxed, twining my arms and legs into the TBT stanchions, and waited for it to pass. Twice more the ocean buried me, welling up from beneath the deck and hurling over the side at the same time, before the welcome voice of my Exec announced that the ship had reached the desired heading. There was now some protection from the bridge bulwarks and periscope supports behind me, as well as from the fact that the seas in sweeping in from dead ahead could not pick up quite so much of solid substance through the submerged forepart of the ship.

I wiped off the TBT lenses again, squeezing water from the precious piece of lens paper to do it, and sighted through. "Ready, Keith! Single shots! Don't shoot unless I'm holding down the button!" This was to take care of the possibility that I might be temporarily unable to aim. I turned the TBT slowly from side to side, centered the crosshair in the middle of the Q-ship's wildly tossing stack.

"Range, nine hundred! Can you see our stern, Captain? Give us a bearing of the stern light!"

I sighted onto the stern light, which Keith and I had long ago designated as the bore-sight target for the after TBT, just as the center of the bullnose was for the forward one. It was a good precaution in case the seas had done some unsuspected violence to the precious instrument; it took only a second. *When you get there, take your time!* I pushed the button on top of the right handle twice.

"Okay! Give us the target for the first fish!" Another deluge of water, not so long, this time. I hardly felt it, got the TBT on as soon as my head came out—blurred or not, and held the button down.

"One's away!"

I let go the button. We'd watch to see where the fish would go, we had decided. Wipe off the lenses again.

BLAM! A stunning flash of light, followed by a solid explosion! Amazingly, I heard it, and almost immediately!

"Hit, Skipper!" came over the speaker. How could Keith have heard with the ship battened down as it was? Then the obvious explanation (the phenomenon had been noticed before): the sound had traveled four times as fast through the water as through air. Occasionally one torpedo would thus produce the sound of two explosions, if fired under conditions permitting the noise to be heard through both air and water.

The hit had been forward of the stack. I put the TBT crosshair midway between the stack and the stern, thumbed the button again.

"Two's away!" This time I was under when the explosion came in. It shocked my eardrums. They were ringing when I came out again, just in time to see the column of water subsiding, falling on the foreshortened stern.

One forward and one aft. I aimed the third one at the stack once more.

"Three's away!" The wait again. This was the pay-off. To be reasonably sure of the destruction of the Q-ship, we had to hit her with a lot of torpedoes—three anyway, preferably all four. Then I saw a quick flash of orange—gunfire! He had unlimbered one of his broadside guns, was shooting in our general direction! I didn't even hear the passage of the shell, wouldn't have cared if I had. This was the moment of revenge. This was getting even for Walrus, and for Jim Bledsoe, and for all the other subs and skippers we had lost to Bungo Pete, who were rusting their bones somewhere not far from where we were at this very moment.

WHRRUMP! Number three went home, right under the stack. The explosion flash of the shallow-running torpedo momentarily obliterated him from sight. The waterspout came up. I thought the motion of the stack looked a little strange, different from the crazily tossing masts of the rest of the ship. When the white water deluged down, the smokestack was leaning drunkenly, and then slowly toppled forward. There was something a bit different in the way he rolled, too—slower, farther over each time a sea tossed him.

THE fourth fish. Same place—where the stack had been. Hold the button down. "Four's away, Skipper!"

Maybe we could have saved that one. The masts had not come back from the last roll, were still leaning toward me. I thought I could see part of the deck, grayer than the black hull. There they go—back up again, slowly, however—no, just a wave rolling past. Down came the two masts, lower than ever toward the black eager water, the deck now clearly visible as a gray slash at the top of the black outline.

Our fourth torpedo smashed squarely into it, right into the black spot in the center of the gray where the stack and central deckhouse had been.

Supplicatingly, as if tired of conflict and travail, the masts lay on the water. The hull separated into two parts, and I saw the outline of the bottoms of both sections, intermittently, as the seas raced upon them.

"Radar shows he's sinking, Skipper! We're blowing up now!"

Eel's forward half rose quickly as, disdaining the blowers, Keith ordered high-pressure air into our bow tanks. In a moment, it seemed, we were fully surfaced, and Keith and Al joined me. I pointed astern, not saying anything. There was the thump of the main induction beneath my feet.

"I ordered it opened, Skipper," said Keith. "We'll be putting the engines on in a minute." We were all three looking aft when four exhaust plumes shot out, and the roar of our engines came faintly upwind to us. Al handed me a clean piece of lens paper, helped me do a thorough job on the TBT binoculars.

For the first time I realized that dawn was upon us. In the morning twilight we could make out the dark red color of the two upturned halves of our antagonist. Every succeeding wave that tore down upon them buried them from our sight, and finally there came a time when we could see only one half. Then that too disappeared. Only the insane ocean and the wild winds remained.

—EDWARD L. BEACH

THE BOY AND THE GIRL

By HELEN BULLARD RYDELL

THE boy knew they must do it tonight. He called for her in the battered convertible that still had an air of rakishness, even among the other, newer cars that lined the driveway in front of the dormitory.

Other boys were going in through the wide doorway of the building, and boys and girls together were coming out. He knew some of them, and they spoke in greeting. Their laughter rang out in the cool air of early evening.

He went inside and was about to give her name to the woman at the desk when he saw her. They hadn't mentioned a particular time, but she was ready. It was always like that with them.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello—darling." The boy whispered the "darling"; he wanted their love to be private and lovely, belonging only to them. And it couldn't possibly be, after tonight.

As they went out the door her head was close to his. Her pale-yellow hair was like a baby's, he thought, and a lump rose in his throat—like a baby's with the back of her neck soft and white below the curls.

"I love you," he said. He was helping her into the car with an almost fierce protectiveness, with a wish that his strength might sustain her, shield her, keep her from ever having to do anything hard.

"And I love you," she said.

He went around the car and got in. She moved closer to him, and they were sitting in the special way they had—close and touching without seeming so from outside the car. He started the engine and sat there with his hands on the wheel, searching his mind for words to tell her what he must.

"Not here," she said. "Let's drive out a way first."

He drove down the hill, past other dormitories where boys were calling for girls, and past the classroom buildings, which tonight seemed to be only a backdrop for the boys and girls.

A mile or so down the highway he turned into a small woods road where he could drive slowly. "Now that we know the test is positive," he said, "now that there isn't any more doubt, and—"

"Don't say it yet. Please."

Silently he drove on, and the trees arching over

They were young and in love, and now they faced the heartbreak of having to grow up—too soon

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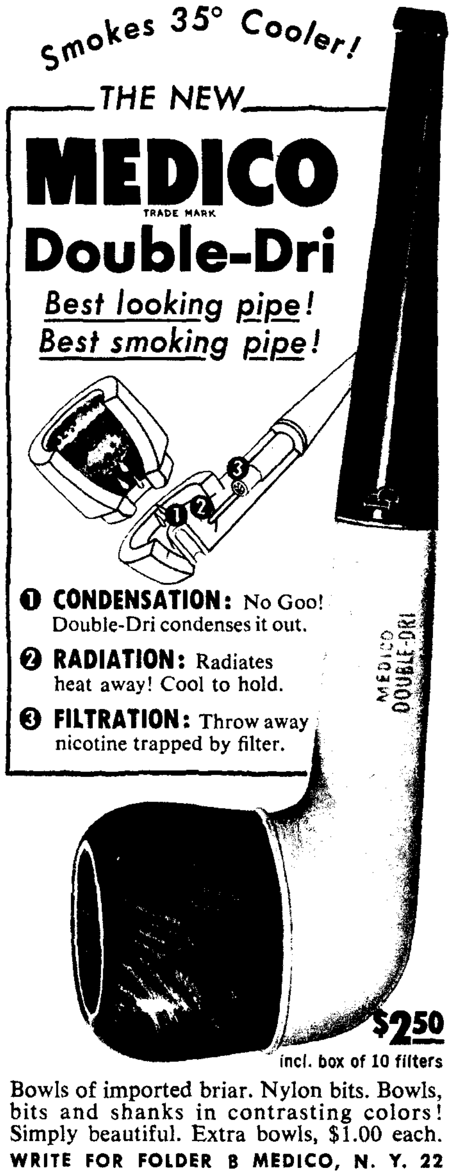
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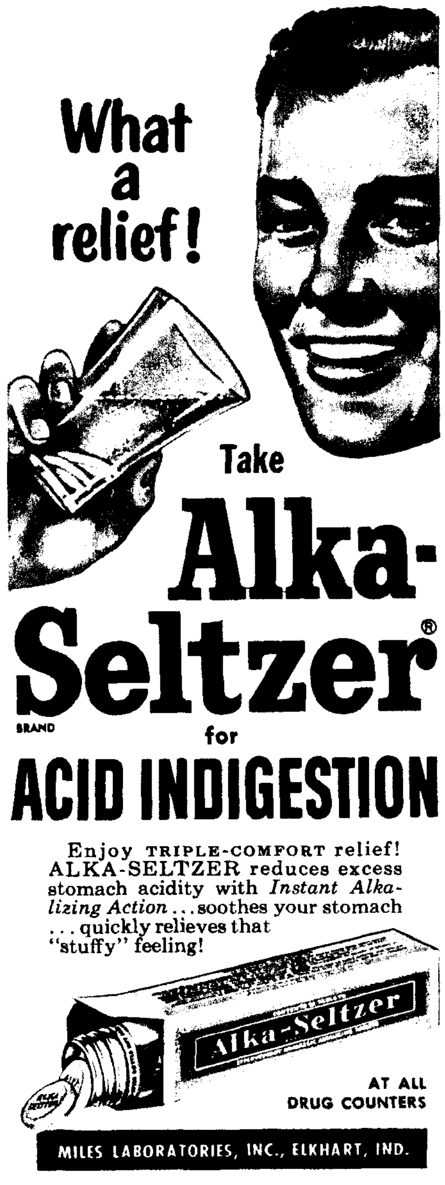
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the road almost blotted out the pink-sunset sky. The song of birds was shrill and joyous in the woods—robins and red-winged blackbirds.

"A bluebird!" she cried excitedly. "It flew right in front of the car, did you see? And bluebirds mean happiness. Did you know that bluebirds mean happiness?"

"We're going to be happy," he said.

But they'd never be as happy as they were right now. It would never be quite this way again. They both knew, and they both wanted the road to lead endlessly on.

But already they could hear the hum of traffic on the turnpike ahead. "We've got to follow through," the boy said. "We've got to tell your mother and my father and mother. Tonight."

"There's the other way . . ."

"Not for us there isn't," he said. "I've told you that."

"But if I do it anyway?" She looked up at him, her eyes round and as blue as the bird's wing had been.

He pulled over to the side of the road and stopped the car. "You've got to promise me never to say that again," he said. He was stern, and he could see in the rearview mirror the uncompromising frown that creased his forehead. With his hand he smoothed it away and ran his fingers through his thick dark hair. He waited for what seemed an endless time.

"All right," she said at last. "I promise."

Only then did the boy take her in his arms, hold her close. He kissed her cheek, gently, softly. She moved and their lips met, still softly and gently, in a precious, mutual acknowledgment that this was the way it really was—no matter what her mother might say, or his mother and father.

"What do you suppose they'll say?" the girl said, drawing back from him.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't know." He put his head on his arms, crossed over the steering wheel, and tried to imagine how it would be. And he couldn't, at all.

The girl touched his shoulder and he turned his face to hers. "Let's not tell them tonight," she said. "Let's wait until tomorrow, anyway."

"No," he said. "We'll go now."

It was almost dark and he had to use his lights. The beams of yellow light swept before him in the evening woods. They did not talk as he drove along the stretch of highway to the town and then down the side street on which her mother lived.

HER mother was glad to see them. She said, "How unexpected. And how nice."

They sat on the sofa opposite her chair, their fingers interlaced. Her mother was smiling at them in a clear untroubled way, her face bright, like her daughter's.

The girl was grateful for this moment of ease, and she filled each pause in their conversation with odds and ends of talk about their studies, their activities. She made no move to say what they had come to say.

Finally, understanding now that he had wanted to spare the girl too much, the boy said, "I'll do it, if you can't." And he told the girl's mother.

Quickly she turned her face from them, but not quickly enough to hide the dreadful, stricken look that erased the brightness from her eyes. When she was able to turn back to them, her expression was almost more than they could bear.

"I can't believe it," she said. "Not you."

In his mind he urged the girl, he willed that she should speak. But her fingers were cold against his own, stilled like her voice.

He said, "It's true."

"Well—I'm sorry. I'm dreadfully sorry it has to be like this for you."

"So are we," he said, feeling the sorrow more deeply than if she had reproached them.

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"I'll do all I can to see you through. Do you plan to graduate, you two?"

The girl said only, "Mother—yes."

"And after that?"

"We haven't seen my father yet. We're going to, now," he said.

Somehow they managed to leave calmly, saying that they would be back in a day or so, to talk everything over.

Outside, the sky was dark, midnight blue with piercings of starlight, a tiny curved sickle of moon. The boy said, "She's wonderful, the way you will be."

"And am not now?"

"You should have spoken for yourself, I think."

"I will. I will, tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," he said.

There were no lights in his father's house. His parents were sitting in darkness on the screened porch, and when they recognized the sound of his car they called, "Come on out here. It's a lovely evening, isn't it?"

"Yes, lovely," the girl said.

"Do you mind staying in the dark? As we are?" his mother asked.

The boy didn't know whether he was seeing from memory or whether, as his eyes grew accustomed to the dark, he was seeing by the light of the street lamp on the corner—but the rose-patterned slip covers and the blue of the dress his mother wore were very clear.

HE HAD to interrupt the girl's clear sweet voice, stun it into silence. She hadn't expected him to be so abrupt in telling them; he saw that she was trying to make herself suddenly small, almost unseeable in the big wicker chair where she sat.

"But we'd hoped for everything to be so different. We'd hoped—" His mother and his father were speaking together, feeling together, as they always had. Then they were suddenly silent, dreadfully silent.

The girl spoke out in the darkness: "He'll do everything you've hoped for, and I'll help him all I can. We love each other very much."

The boy went to the arm of her chair; his hand was steady, proud on her shoulder.

"I know you do," his mother said. "I know you will build a good life together."

"And I'll stand by," his father said. "We wish you happiness."

It was there for a time, the happiness, as they walked to the car and got in and drove back to the dormitory.

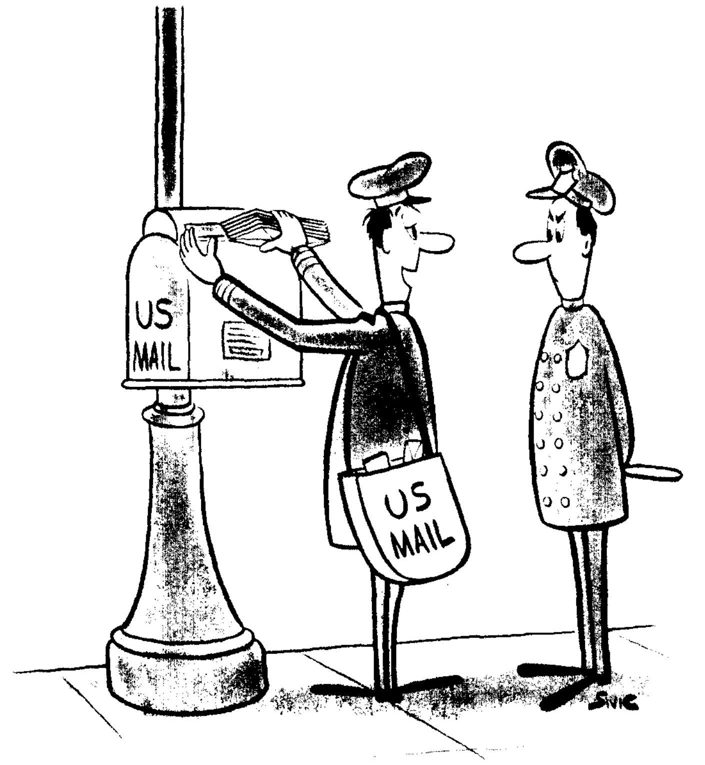
As they sat in the car outside the building, she said, "We have good parents."

"Yes," he said. And then, "We're going to be good parents too."

"Of course we are."

They smiled at each other in solemn promise. But when they heard other boys and girls calling happy, carefree good nights, they had a strange, alien feeling. And it hurt, hurt terribly.

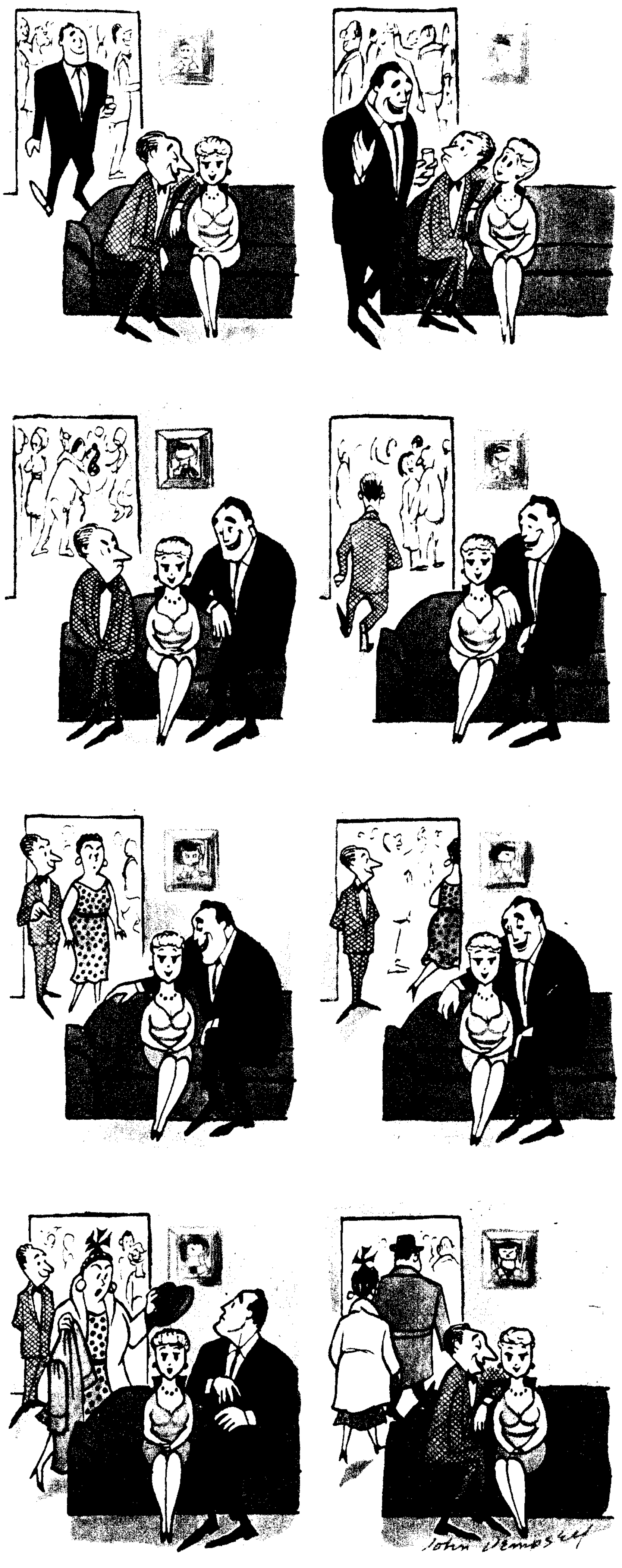
—HELEN BULLARD RYDELL



COLLIER'S "Just thought I'd knock off early today" SID GORDIN

PARTY POLITICS

By JOHN DEMPSEY



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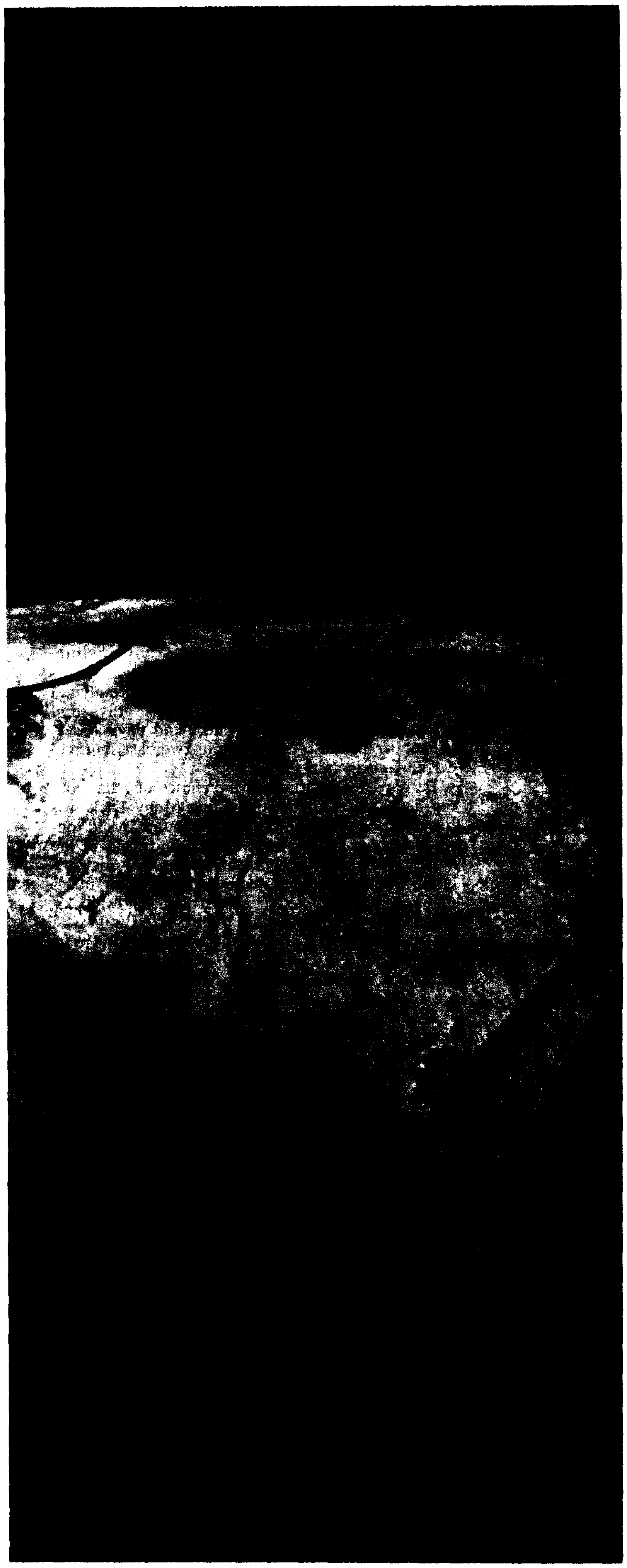
As a grizzled seafarer with an ivory leg, Gregory Peck loses the figh

Climax of Huston film, like original story, comes when Captain Ahab (Peck), trapped in tangle of harpoon lines, goes down with the whale. Oarsmen and boat are washed over the sea beast's back

vith the great white whale in a new film about Melville's . . .



Moby Dick

By EVELYN HARVEY

A HUNDRED years ago, Herman Melville wrote the story of Ahab, a peg-legged sea captain bent on pursuit of a white whale called Moby Dick. To modern readers, the novel remains a first-rate adventure yarn, and a monument of factual detail. Philosophers continue to ponder the allegory of a tormented man in search of his soul. And classics-cowed school children still think it's a pretty long book.

Like Ahab, producer-director John Huston has tried to capture the giant albino—on film. His Moby Dick, with Gregory Peck as the obsessed skipper, is now being scored and edited for Warner Brothers' release sometime this year. It's the first movie version of the story since John Barrymore clumped across the decks of the Pequod in Moby Dick, a 1930 revision-with-sound of his own The Sea Beast (1926).

As in other Huston films, the current production involves an experiment in color technique (Moulin Rouge), complicated props, unusual casting and offbeat locations (The African Queen, The Treasure of the Sierra Madre, Beat the Devil). To make Moby Dick, stars and crew have traveled to Madeira; Youghal, Ireland (revamped to resemble New Bedford, Massachusets, in 1840); Fishguard, Wales; London's Elstree Studios; and the Canary Islands.

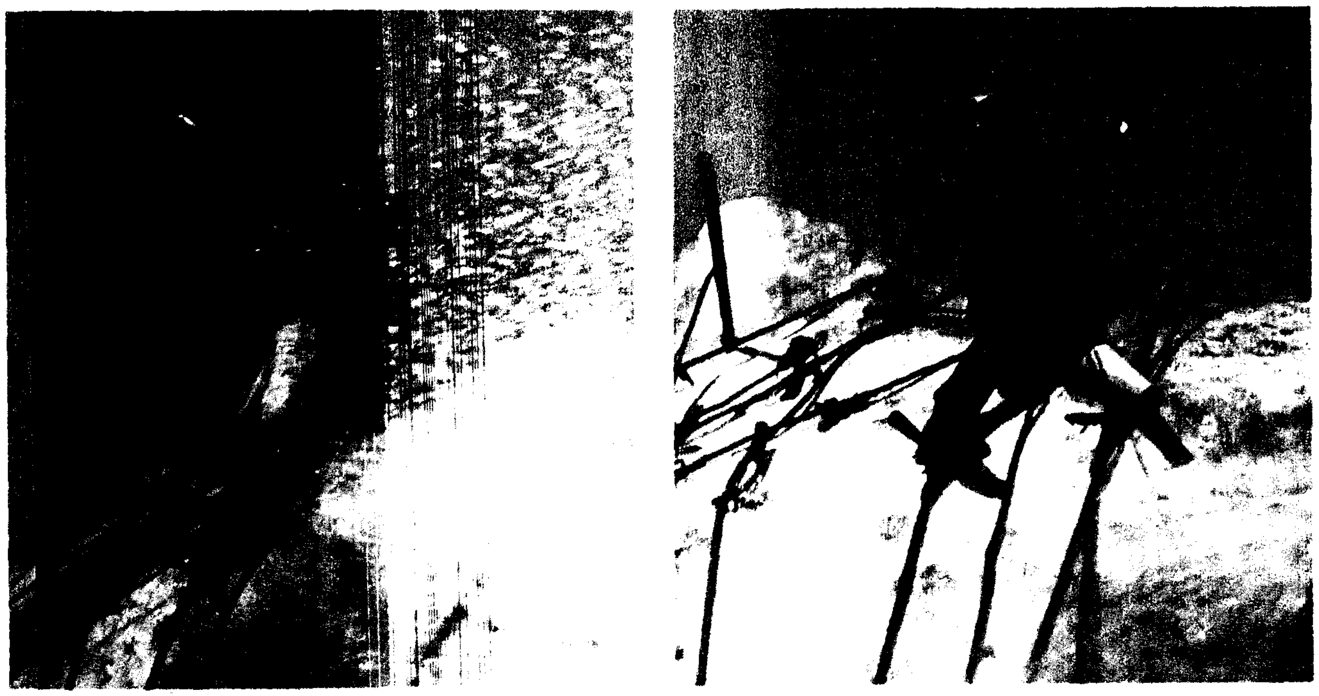
It has cost a lot of money. And no small part of the more than $4,000,000 total went into an all-out attempt for a believable bogus Moby Dick. A half-dozen different replicas resulted. Of the studio models, some were small ones for long shots, some were whole, some in sections, including a gigantic, three-part monster which spouts, rolls, chews up boats and men. It gave Huston and company almost as much trouble as the original gave Melville's crew.

CONTINUED

During long hunt for Moby Dick, Ahab's madness grows. Gripping harpoon, he tells crew heavenly glow of St. Elmo's fires is good omen for chase

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANK HORVAT AND DAN WEINER

At outset of epic man-whale battle, Ahab (r.) struggles to free one of whaling boats from grasp of Moby Dick's jaws. But whale bites boat in two, and crew falls into sea



After pulling himself up out of water and onto whale's side, Ahab furiously thrusts lance, again and again, into its body, as the monster whips the sea into turbulence

Caught in a web of harpoon lines, Ahab's near-lifeless body rests on his enemy's side like a corpse borne upon a great white bier. It took eight weeks to film the sequence

Huston created his Moby Dick from scratch. A stickler for authenticity, he wanted the giant whale sections in the close-ups of Ahab's death scene to be so realistic that a viewer would feel as though he were personally clinging to the monster's spray-washed side.

After numerous false starts, an acceptable sea beast, big enough to serve as a plausible prop for live actors, was devised by Robert Clark, British oceanographer and whale expert. The monster was *built in three parts—head, midsection and tail*. For "skin," Clark used a mica-like plastic coated with white latex. Beneath the "skin" of the midsection was added a sponge-rubber-like substance porous enough for "blood" (an aniline dye mixed with an oily chemical) to seep through when a harpoon was plunged into it. All three sections of the whale were mounted on metal frames in huge concrete water tanks, and a steel rotating mechanism activated the midsection in the climactic man-whale fight.

The script also comes as close to Melville's original story as time, talent and technical considerations would allow. As adapted by Ray Bradbury, some episodes have been telescoped, but Huston has resisted Hollywood's classic tendency to embroider on the plot. From the immortal opening line, "Call me Ishmael," the story of the doomed voyage of the narrator, his companion (the tattooed harpooner Queequeg), and the crew of the whaler Pequod remains essentially unchanged. Huston's mad skipper, like Melville's own, pursues the monster who had crippled him until all are destroyed but Ishmael, who is left floating in the empty sea.

Though the film is billed as a CinemaScope production in Technicolor, the color Huston hopes to capture will be like none seen in a movie before. He and director of photography Ossie Morris (Moulin Rouge) evolved a method of muting vivid colors to duplicate the dullish blues, grays and browns of New England winters and days at sea. Whenever possible they shot in overcast light, in drizzle and in rain.

Perhaps as important as the choice of Ahab and the development of a convincing Moby Dick was the selection of the ship. Huston found an old topsail schooner which Walt Disney had used in the movie Treasure Island lying at anchor near Scarborough, England. He painted her, doctored the masts and bowsprit, installed dressing rooms below decks, and sailed her across the Irish Sea to Youghal.

Aside from actors Leo Genn, who plays the mate Starbuck, and Richard Basehart, who is Ishmael, Huston picked his cast with a typically free hand. He used up a hunk of his budget in assigning Orson Welles to the small part of Father Mapple. And for interesting character types, he hired newspapermen, folk singers (period chanties make up the score) and fellow sportsmen.

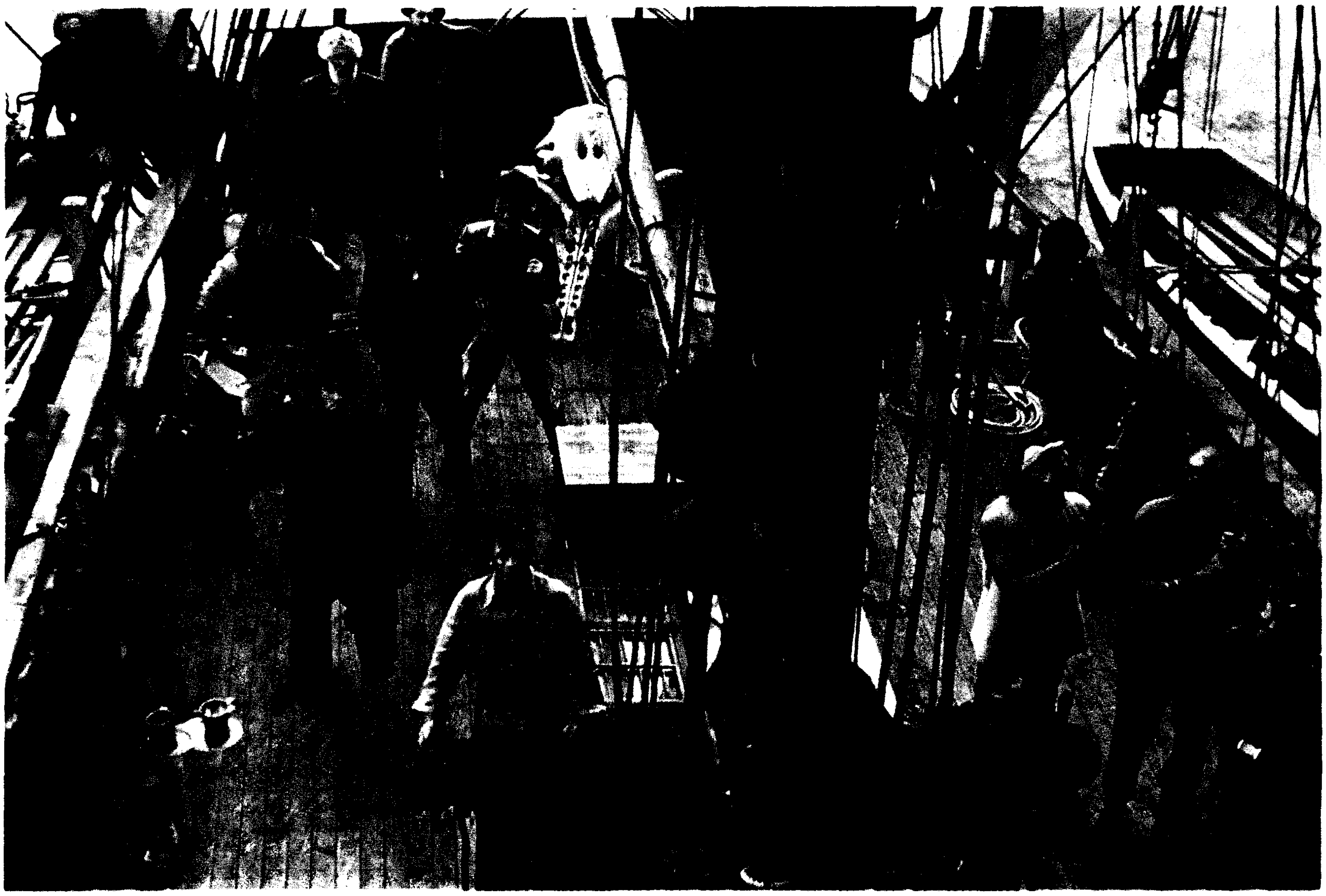
Of them all, Huston was the busiest man on the set. But he found time to pull a few outrageous gags, like having his crew play dead for a passing tramp steamer, or breaking up an off-stage chess game by shifting camera angles and keeping the players on the run.

"Huston plays people like an organ," says one associate. But he apparently earns their loyalty all the same. After eight months as Ahab, Peck, who never used a double and was suffering from a severe cold, was lashed to the back of the bogus whale for one of the final scenes. As cameras turned, the studio became a ferment of noise. Wind machines roared and torrents of water poured over whale and man. When the take was finished, the drenched and dripping Peck clambered down and commented with a wry grin:

"Huston destroys everything he loves. That's why he can't resist organizing wild, cross-country fox hunts for friends who've never even been on a horse. And that's why I'd rather ride a real whale without John directing than a fake one with Huston figuring out ways to get me killed."

Coughing and sniffling, Peck climbed back on the whale. ▲▲▲

ick is big as life and, like Melville's white monster, wild as a storm at sea

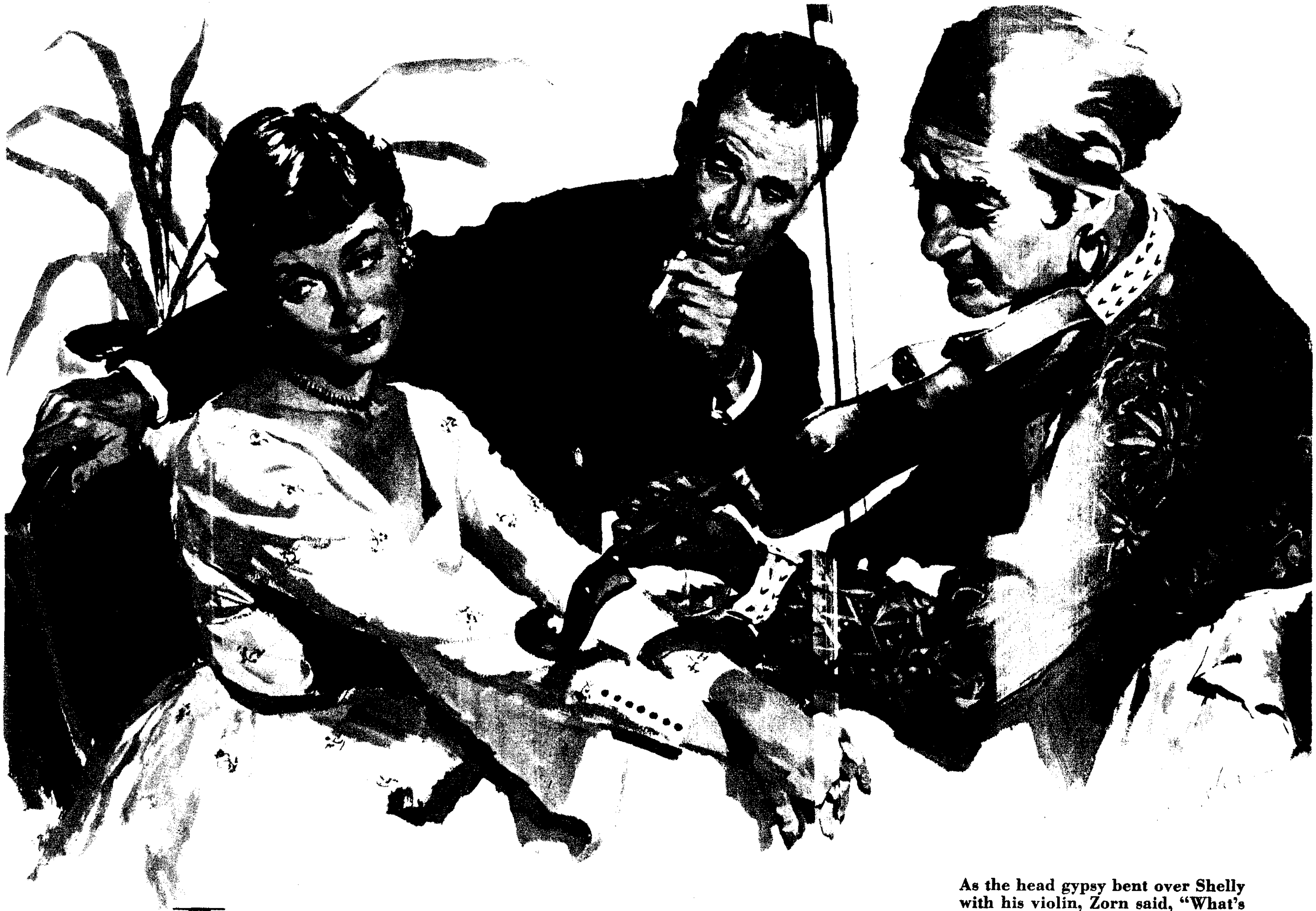


Pequod's crew stands aboard the ill-fated ship. Tamba Allenby as Pip (l. foreground) holds mugs of grog. Richard Basehart (Ishmael) is in center foreground. Harpooners (r. foreground) are Tom Clegg (Tashtego), Frederick Ledebur (Queequeg), Edric Connor (Daggoo). Just behind top-hatted Peck are Harry Andrews as Stubb, Leo Genn as Starbuck, Seamus Kelly as Flask. Sitting in lifeboat (l. background) is Bernard Miles as Manxman; to his right, Noel Purcell, playing carpenter, Albert Lloyd as a seaman

Frederick Ledebur plays tattooed Queequeg, is a celebrated sportsman and an Austrian count

Orson Welles, as New Bedford preacher Father Mapple, has pulpit shaped like a ship's bow

Director Huston shows Gregory Peck method of navigating steps with Ahab's ivory peg leg



As the head gypsy bent over Shelly with his violin, Zorn said, "What's he trying to do—guess your weight?"

INVASION of PRIVACY

By HARRY KURNITZ

She was costing Zorn two million dollars. Was she a murderess, or a colossal fibber?

The Story: WILLARD MORLEY executed what seemed to be the perfect crime: he hired a holdup man and then, during a staged robbery, killed both his wife and the hired thief. Morley's story—that his wife had been killed by the thief, and that he had then shot the thief in self-defense—was accepted. The case was dropped; Morley inherited his wife's money and remarried. Nine years later MICHAEL ZORN, New York chief of Continental Films, bought for movie production a murder story, Black Velvet, by a writer named SHELLY GRAY. Two million dollars had been spent on the film when Shelly found out she had unwittingly written about a real crime—the Morley case. She had got the story from BEN JARROLD—who was, though Shelly was unaware of it, the late Mrs. Morley's cousin. If Continental released the movie they could be sued for libel, slander and invasion of privacy—for tremendous damages. The only alternatives would be to abandon the film or reshoot it, at a loss of millions. Zorn knew that when Hollywood producer LOUIS STRADLING heard about the situation, his own career would be ruined. Then, as Shelly and Zorn left a restaurant one night, someone shot at Shelly. Morley, meantime, had learned of the forthcoming movie and had hired lawyers HAROLD FENN and PETER DISANTO to prepare a suit against Continental. ARNO BRACKETT, the policeman who had handled the Morley case, and who had been ousted from the force for trying to trick Morley into a confession, also knew of the movie. Now a private detective, he offered to help Zorn find Ben Jarrold; for Continental's only defense against Morley's suit would be proof that the story was true—that Morley actually did murder his wife.

The Second of Four Parts

MICHAEL ZORN spent an unhappy afternoon trying to frame a teletype communication to the Coast. With each reluctant word he envisioned Stradling's sulphurous rage rising. When Midge Bolton, his secretary, came in he was pleased with the prospect of an interruption—but not so pleased when his caller turned out to be Harold Fenn, counselor at law.

Fenn was all warm smiles, oozing cordiality. He took the indicated chair. "Do you know the purpose of my visit, Mr. Zorn?" he asked gravely.

"I think so."

"Splendid. Then we can dispense with the tiresome preliminaries." He cleared his throat. "The laws of libel and slander, Mr. Zorn, are a somewhat special area of law. Our universities merely skim the surface. In a small way, I do what I can to rectify the situation."

"I'm anxious to learn all I can, Mr. Fenn," Zorn assured him.

"Splendid. I'm sure you'll be an apt pupil. A libel suit, to take up only one point, rather reverses the basic concept of Western jurisprudence: the burden of proof—you might almost say the assumption of guilt—is on the defendant; in this case it would be on your company. Another curious aspect is this: the plaintiff has the right to sue not only the author and producer of the libel, but every person who sells, displays or exhibits it. In the case of a motion picture, every exhibitor."

Zorn sighed. "You'd think those poor guys had enough to worry about with television and taxes."

"I don't mean to imply, Mr. Zorn, that I have all this in mind, but it is all possible and it could be argued in courts all over the country, at the expenditure of vast sums of money and a great deal of time."

"And time is money," suggested Zorn.

"As you say, sir, time indeed is money. Though

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not a regular filmgoer, I am a great admirer of Louis Stradling. To invest millions in a film is sheer courage, magnificent. I'm sure he is also a man of great taste and discernment."

"If you say so," said Zorn amiably, "that's good enough for me. Besides," he added, "it's really the investment that intrigues you, isn't it?"

Fenn smiled politely. "Lamentably, if two million dollars is tied up in three years of court action—a minimum period for a well-contested libel suit—interest charges alone amount to more than three hundred thousand dollars. Add to this the bare minimum legal expense over such a period: another two hundred thousand. Add to this sum whatever costs and judgments are awarded. You get the picture, I think?"

"I get it. I get it in color, on a wide screen, with stereophonic sound."

FENN went on, smiling, "As I said, you are an apt pupil, Mr. Zorn." He drew a long envelope from his breast pocket and tendered it to Zorn, who drew back apprehensively. "My dear sir," the lawyer said reproachfully, "please do not think that I would stoop so low as to serve a paper. This is merely a memorandum on the case."

Zorn glanced quickly over the two closely typed pages. On behalf of Willard Morley, they ordered Continental Films to cease, desist, refrain and instantly discontinue production and/or distribution of the disputed films. He looked up from the letter. "I suppose you've got the papers ready to file on the suit itself?"

"Nearly ready," was the apologetic reply. "I have only a small office."

"How do you know the details of our picture, Mr. Fenn? So far as I know, it's never been shown out of the studio."

Fenn smiled. "I spend much of my time in the entertainment world, Mr. Zorn, suing here, defending there, always with an ear to the ground. Somehow," he went on, "a copy of your script found its way to my office shortly after it was mimeographed on the West Coast."

"Then you know," said Zorn, "that in our film the holdup and murders are engineered by the husband in order to get rid of his wife."

"An imaginative, bizarre situation."

"Or is it art holding a mirror up to life?" Zorn suggested.

The lawyer's eyes narrowed. "If it were true, you know, it would be the perfect crime. But the conscientious police of our great state thoroughly investigated that possibility. And they dropped it, Mr. Zorn. I urge you to do likewise."

"What damages does your client have in mind?" asked Zorn.

"I don't know. He may not consider any damages. He may simply wish to block the release of the film. That would leave you in a pretty bad hole, eh, Mr. Zorn?"

"With two million tied up in the picture? Yes, a pretty bad hole."

"I was merely expressing the darkest view," the lawyer said reassuringly. "What did you have in mind, Mr. Zorn?"

"We'll run the picture for your client and guarantee to change substantially any objectionable portion. Or," said Zorn, walking the lawyer to the door, "we may simply go ahead with our own version of the film!"

Fenn's smile was frankly incredulous. "I see that you're a poker player, Mr. Zorn, and a good one."

Zorn shook his head. "Canasta."

"In a libel suit," said Fenn, "there are two main lines of defense: one is that the material in question is fair comment on a figure in the public eye; the other is that it is true."

"I know. Our defense would be that it's true."

"That would amount to accusing my client of murder. It would be most embarrassing to lose such a case."

"But even more embarrassing, Mr. Fenn, if your client lost it." Then Zorn smiled and put out his hand. Fenn took it reluctantly. Some of his good humor was gone. "I'm just thinking out loud," said Zorn. "Spitballing we call it in the movie business. Please don't worry about it."

"You're on the worrying end," Fenn said harshly. "I'm not."...

Harold Fenn's assistant, Peter DiSanto, was a keen, grasping and maniacally opportunistic young man—endowed, moreover, with an abundance of dark Latin good looks and the lean compact body of a fast middleweight boxer.

Visiting Willard Morley, he was impressed, as always, by the grandeur of the foyer, the magnificent river view, the huge living room and the richness of the *décor*.

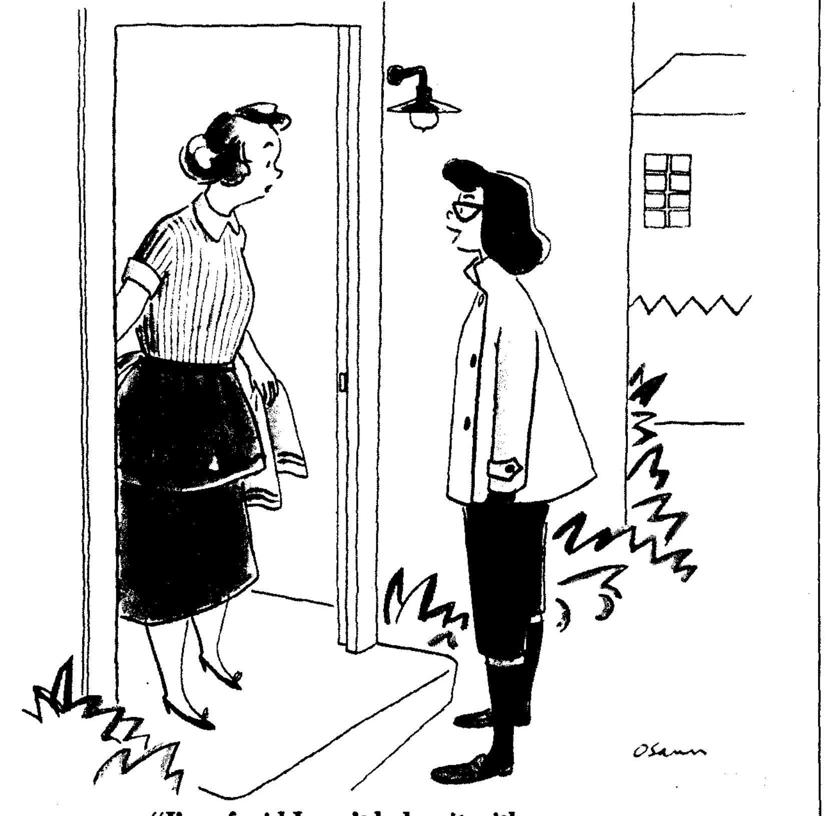
Morley was seated at his desk, his back to the view. The elderly houseman who had ushered DiSanto in from the front door wheeled up a portable bar and then went out, closing the double doors.

"Mr. Fenn is a little worried," said DiSanto. "Somebody tried to kill Shelly Gray last night."

Morley's grip on a heavy tumbler tightened until the knuckles of his hand were white and bulging.

"Somebody fired two shots at her outside a restaurant," DiSanto said. "She was with Michael Zorn, of Continental Films. It bothers Mr. Fenn, because it makes him think that there might be something about this case he doesn't understand."

TIZZY



"I'm afraid I can't baby-sit with your little boy tonight, Mrs. Saunders. I have a date with your big boy!"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

"How did the girl and this Continental Films man get together?" asked Morley.

"We don't know that. They got together, though, and as long as they did, Mr. Fenn thought it was pointless to stay in the background. He's been to see Continental. He gave them a letter outlining our position."

"How did that go down?"

"Not too well. Mr. Fenn got the idea they might fight the case."

"On what grounds?" Morley asked.

Lighting a cigarette, DiSanto managed to keep his eyes averted. "Continental implied that their story is true." He looked up at Morley now, into eyes burning with anger. "Mr. Fenn was surprised," DiSanto continued. "He didn't expect that. Coming on top of what somebody tried to do to the girl, it kind of rocked him."

Morley took three quick, sudden steps that brought him over to DiSanto, his heavy fists clenched. "What the hell are you trying to say?" he demanded.

DiSanto shrank into the back of the deep chair. "Wait a minute, Mr. Morley. I'm your lawyer." He was relieved to see Morley's fists unclench and the hunched shoulders go slack.

"Sorry," Morley muttered. "I had a bad night." He moved to the bar and poured himself a stiff drink from a decanter of whisky. "It stands to reason," he said, "that Continental isn't going to reach for a checkbook and start writing just because Fenn gave them a letter of intention. What this fellow Zorn said about defending the suit—that's bluff."

"Sure," DiSanto said readily. "Actually, that isn't what bothers Mr. Fenn. What he doesn't understand is the attempt to kill the girl."

"What time did this happen?" Morley asked.

"About ten thirty last night."

"Mrs. Morley and I were dining at Pavillon. That can be checked. Anything else?"

"The girl, Shelly Gray," said DiSanto carefully, "has spent most of her time in New York trying to find Ben Jarrold. It looks as if he must have been the source of the story."

"Good old Ben," was Morley's comment.

"Mr. Fenn wants to be sure you understand that if Ben Jarrold gave the girl the story, it can only be because he expects you to sue for libel—that he wants it that way."

"Well, I'm suing," said Morley harshly. "What bothers you?"

"Jarrold would have done that only if he expected Continental to fight the case—in court. Maybe he'll help them."

"Maybe he'll have his hands full helping himself," said Morley. "Don't worry about it."

"Just this one thing," DiSanto went on insistently. "Is Jarrold likely to have anything that Continental could use in their defense?"

"I said don't worry about it."

After a moment, DiSanto nodded. "Anything you say, Mr. Morley."

WHEN DiSanto was gone, Morley poured a fresh drink and was raising it to his lips when Julia Morley, his wife, entered from the foyer that led to her bedroom. Julia Morley was nearly twenty years her husband's junior. He had known her for years, and married her shortly after his first wife's death. She had fine, thin features, and her dark, lustrous hair was carefully combed and set to show them off. She was wearing a dressing gown

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

from Page 51

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cinched tightly at the waist, and she moved across the room with easy grace.

"I couldn't help overhearing, Will," she said. "They're going to fight the case, aren't they?"

"Just legal talk," Morley said.

"Will, don't put me off. I'm involved in this too."

"Yes, so you are." Morley laughed. "According to this film, you were the evil influence, the illicit love who prompted the crime. Fascinating, isn't it? If you weren't such a shrinking violet, Julia, you could be suing them yourself. Well, don't worry about it. They'll settle up. I'm sure of it."

SHE poured some sherry into a small glass and held it thoughtfully. "Is that why your bags are packed?"

"I may have to fly out to Youngstown," Morley said. "Overnight trip, that's all. There's talk of some defense-plant construction, and I'd like a chance to get in on it. We could use the money, you know."

She was sitting at the piano, holding her sherry glass, absently striking chords with her left hand. "I know. Good luck, Will."

"Thanks. He held the decanter to the light and, seeing that it was half full, tucked it under his arm. "I'm going to bathe and change. Then I've got an errand to do, but I won't be long. Why don't you call the broker and get tickets for a show—anything you want to see."

"What about Youngstown?"

"If I go," Morley said, "there's a plane at one tomorrow morning."

"Yes," she said. "If you go." . . .

Zorn was slumped down in his chair, rereading the letter Harold Fenn had left him, trying to assess the degree of confidence exhibited by the lawyer and what this might cost in dollars and cents. When Midge, his secretary, came in he asked, "Where's Shelly?"

LOOK IT UP!

(And add to your fund of useless information)

It's easy to gather
Conclusions chaotic
From thinking inclined
To be purely acrotic.

The very best way
Of achieving serenitude
Is living a life
Of genuine lenitude.

THE WORDMONGER

"In the casting office," Midge said. "She's studying the clippings on the Morley case."

Zorn went into the casting office and closed the door behind him. Shelly Gray was sitting at the interview desk, the photostated clippings laid out in neat stacks. Her face, posed above these, looked anxious.

"Hello, scholar." Zorn gave her Fenn's letter and lighted a cigarette while she read it. "Oh, well, the chances are I've had this job too long."

"You'll be discharged, Michael?"

"It's hardly likely that I'll be decorated and promoted," Zorn said stiffly.

"I've blackened your good name," Shelly mourned in a stage whisper.

"Come here, and I'll do as much for you."

"Michael, are you sure this is helpful?" She struggled to free herself and maneuvered past him. "Michael! I thought the film industry had a code!"

"We have," he said. "For films—"

The door opened suddenly and Midge, wild-eyed, stuck her head in. "Mr. Zorn! It's Mr. Stradling, on the private wire."

Zorn streaked for his office. "Does he—do you think—does he *know?*"

"Hard to tell," said Midge. "He was screaming, 'Zorn! Let me talk to that blockhead Zorn!' "

"He knows," Zorn said sadly. He sat down in the chair, reached for the telephone, said, "Yes, Mr. Stradling," and then clung to the receiver with both hands. The instrument seemed to come alive, leaping and jumping like a wounded trout. This was Stradling's "crisis" voice, the tone that set the Geiger counters clicking. Curses rattled off Zorn like hailstones; maledictions followed one another like tracer bullets. Finally, when Stradling paused for breath, Zorn ventured the start of an explanation. He was treated to a metallic crash as Stradling hung up.

Zorn slumped down in his chair and Shelly, who had been listening and watching from the open doorway, stood over him sympathetically. "Poor Michael. You're pale."

"Only because I'm scared," Zorn assured her. In the next room Stradling's personal teletype crashed into an Anvil Chorus of its own.

At Zorn's bleak little smile, Shelly said earnestly, "I found out a lot about Ben Jarrold in those clippings you gave me, Michael. He was Susan Morley's cousin and just about all the family she had. They must have been quite close. In fact, the Morleys were at his housewarming party the night of the killing."

"An auspicious start for a new house," said Zorn.

"I think you've got it all wrong about Ben Jarrold," she said. "I mean, I don't think he and Morley were partners, working together to provoke a libel suit. He'd be pretty stupid going about it that way. But suppose Jarrold did believe that Willard Morley murdered his wife, and wanted to see him brought to justice? The police dropped the case years ago. There isn't any way it can ever be brought into court—except one. Jarrold might get the story into circulation as he did with me, hoping I'd get it published and that Morley would want—or have—to do something about it."

ZORN said thoughtfully, "I see what you mean. But if that's all true, why is Ben Jarrold hiding out? If he's using the idea of a libel suit by Morley as the instrument of revenge or justice, why isn't he at our side helping us defend it?"

"He may be waiting to find out what we—what you plan to do. I think that if he knew the suit was filed and that you planned to fight it, he'd show up."

"To fight the case," Zorn said uneasily, "we have to accuse Willard Morley of cold-blooded murder in a case that's nearly ten years old—a case that the police themselves have given up as a lost cause." He pushed himself up from the chair. "Still, I'll take a look at those clippings."

A hellish clang and clatter was emanating from the teletype machine, and Zorn stopped to glance at the uppermost message, in Stradling's usual "cablese" gibberish: CANNOT UPMAKE MIND IF YOU TRAITOR IMBECILE OR CROOK, it began. Zorn smiled weakly at Midge. "Let me know when he starts repeating himself."

He went into the casting room alone, snapped on the light over the desk and began to read the batch of clippings. The facts were as Shelly had stated

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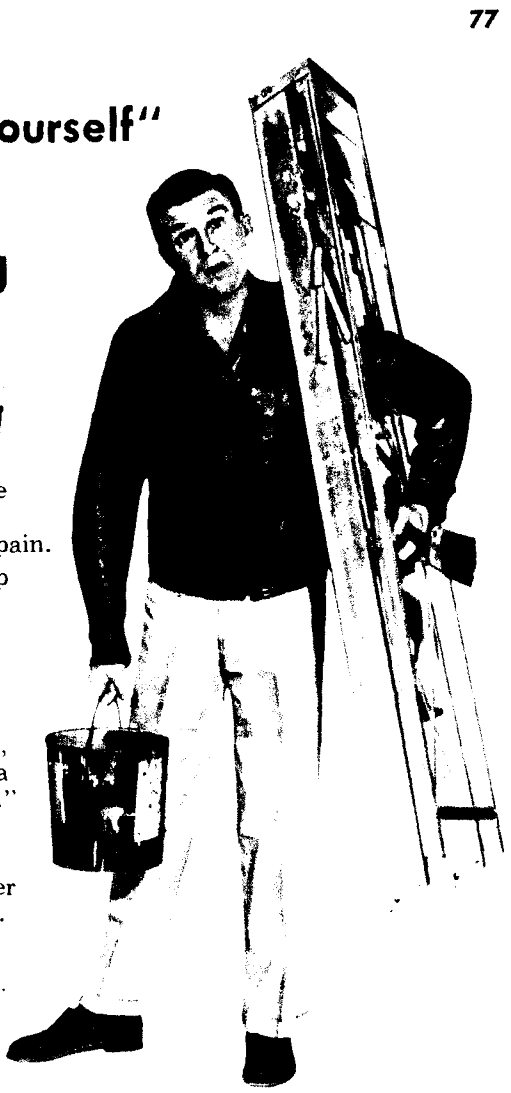

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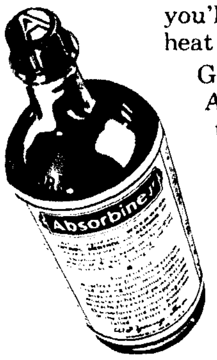

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"I often lose my shirt, but I have no regrets unless it is Springmaid Broadcloth"

Mr. McMack boats marlin at Cat Cay and kills salmon on the Restigouche. He sticks the wild boar in Bengal and bags the pheasant in Mongolia. He spears the iguana in Yucatan and shoots the flying fish in Jamaica. He tracks the elephant in Africa and stalks the tiger in Pakistan. He poloes at Delray and golfs at St. Andrews. He quinines his gin and dines the Gabby girls.

"I believe in putting up a good front," says Mr. McMack, "particularly a good shirt front. I tried one of these blends of smog, peanut shells, and horsefeathers, because you don't have to iron them and I wanted to travel light. I was wearing it on the Congo when I was chased by a rhino. In ten paces I was as hot as Richard Coeur de Lion storming the Walls of Jerusalem in a cast iron shirt while Saladin waited for him on the terrace in a cotton burnous and coolly unhorsed him.

"I got another mixture of pot likker, pine stumps, and peach fuzz, and wore it to Chicago last winter. There were no porters at the station, so I had to carry my clubs, rods, cameras, mallets, quivers, and guns. When I reached the street, I was so hot my shirt was wet. It was a cold day and, while I was waiting for a taxi, the neckband of my shirt froze solid like Sir Walter Raleigh's ruff. When I got over pneumonia, I went to the nearest haberdasher and bought a Springmaid shirt."

It's right, you don't have to iron these solid fibres. They are fine for stockings, blankets, overcoats, hairnets, garters, bustles, tow ropes, parachutes, and truck tires but, if you want to wear a comfortable shirt, get one of Springmaid cotton plisse. You don't have to iron it either and its insulating blend of light natural cottons with hollow fibres will keep you warm in winter and make you cool in summer by dissipating moisture. It's nature's own air-conditioning system.

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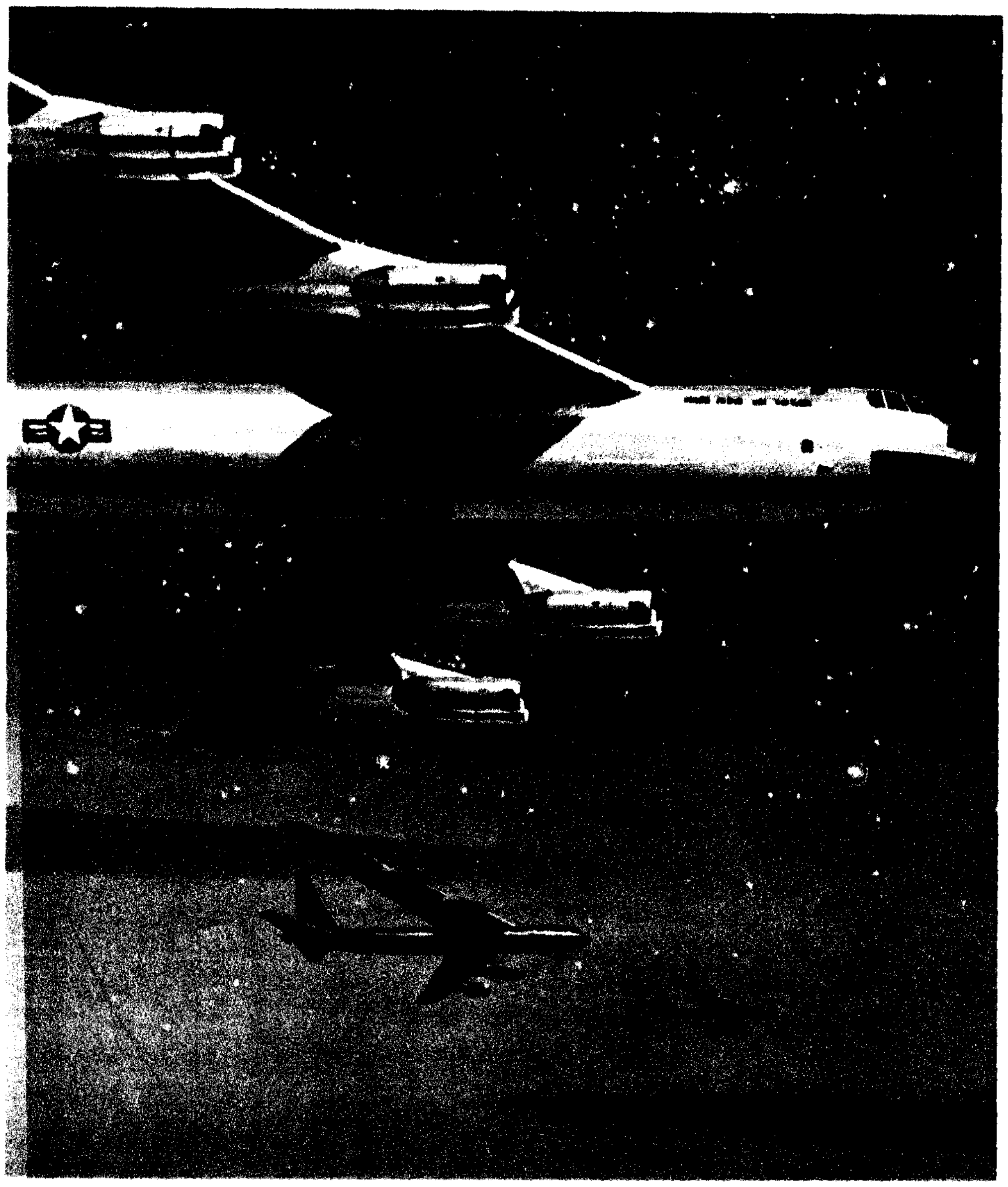
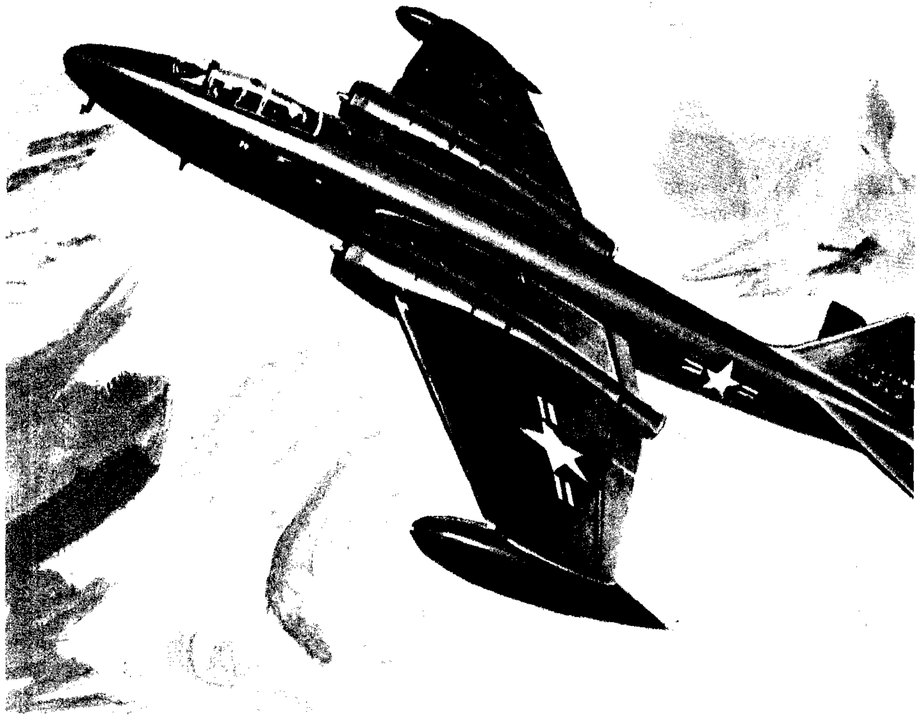
If you want to know more about Springmaid advertising, buy a copy of "Clothes Make The Man" at your favorite newsstand or send 50¢ to Dept. 3, Box 111, Lancaster, South Carolina.

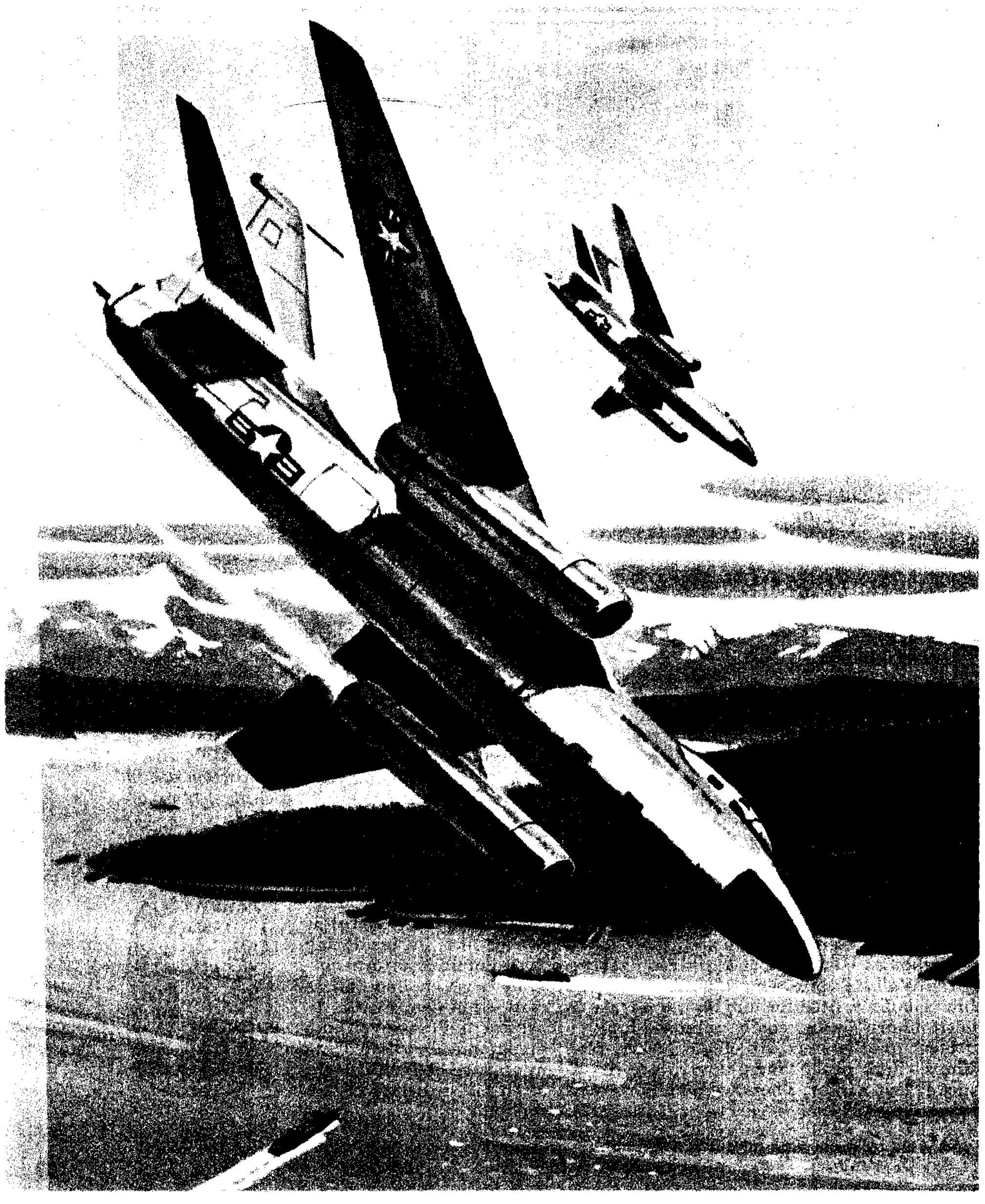
A NEW GENERATION



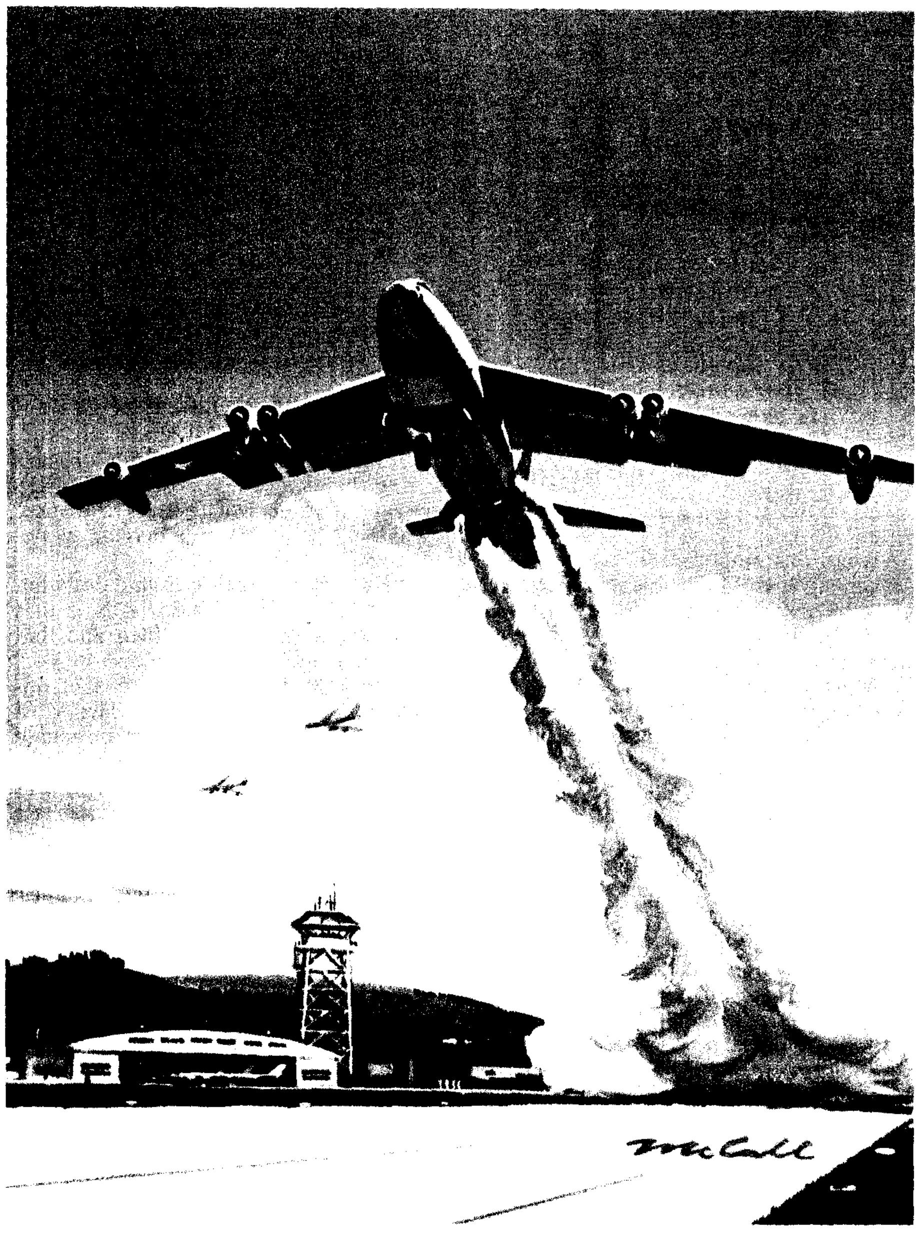
LARGEST JET BOMBER is Boeing Airplane Company's global B-52, a giant weighing 175 tons. Eight 10,000-lb. thrust Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 jet engines enable it to top 600 m.p.h.



THIS SPIRITED LIGHT BOMBER, the B-57, is now being delivered by the Glenn L. Martin Co. It is swift and versatile, based on the Canberra design, and powered by two Wright J-65 jets.



SWEPT-BACK WINGS and twin engine pods mark the B-66, a new light attack bomber being built by Douglas Aircraft Company. Its Allison J-71 jet engines put it in the above 600 m.p.h. class.



OVER A THOUSAND Boeing B-47 medium bombers have been built in Boeing plants and in new Douglas and Lockheed Aircraft Corp. plants. Each has six General Electric J-47 jets.

OF AIR FORCE BOMBERS

Another example of continuing progress in rebuilding American Air Power

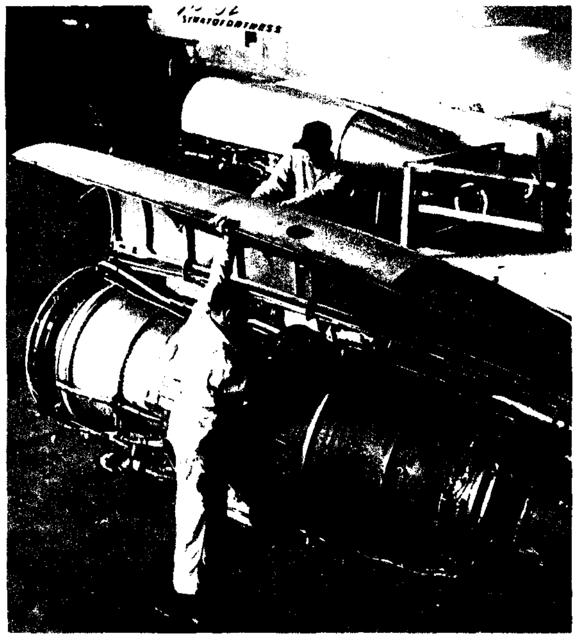
Air Power is recognized as a vital part of national defense today and every citizen should know where the nation stands in rebuilding it. He should know, as well, what must be done to maintain adequate strength once it has been reached.

The aviation industry and the armed forces, working hand in hand, have developed vastly improved aircraft in every category. The Air Force jet bombers shown on the opposite page are typical. They are second to none in performance, in safety, in quality. These bombers and other aircraft are being produced today at more than four times the rate of production of June 1950, when war broke out in Korea.

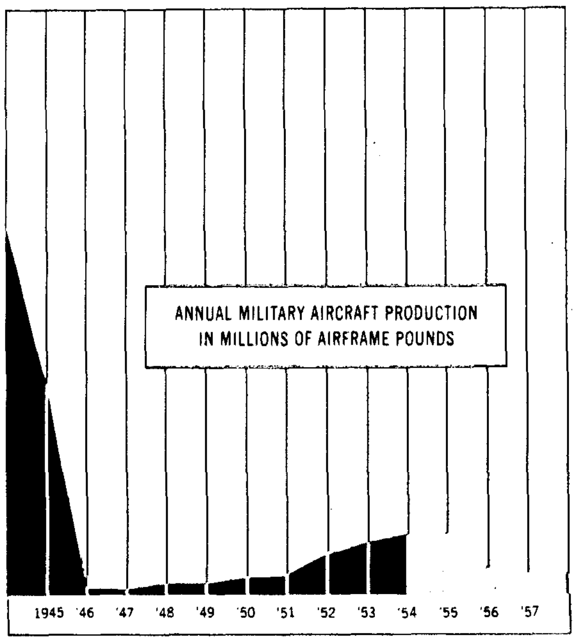
In spite of the progress represented by advanced aircraft and high production, years of work are still ahead, for the challenge to freedom is greater now than ever. To meet it, research and development leading to more powerful generations of fighting aircraft *must be continuous* year after year; production must be high enough to supply the armed forces with the required quantities of the latest fighting planes.

Today such a program of research, development and production has been given a vigorous start. If continued on a long-range basis, without wasteful stop-and-go interruptions, it can build and maintain essential, modern Air Power at the lowest possible cost to the taxpayer . . . With such air strength we one day may achieve lasting peace.

CONTINUING RESEARCH in basic fields of aviation is absolutely essential if America is to retain air leadership in future years. Tomorrow's faster, safer, higher-flying and more powerful airplanes will depend on the better materials and advanced knowledge continually sought by aviation scientists. Aerodynamic research facilities such as this United Aircraft Corporation wind tunnel, at East Hartford, Connecticut, have a vital part in this never-ending search.



CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT of engines, aircraft and equipment is the only way America can be assured of airplanes that are second to none in performance. For example, since 1942 jet engine development has steadily added to aircraft speed and altitude. But only within the last few years, with the perfection of such mighty engines as Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's J-57 (above), has America been able to have supersonic fighters and high-speed heavy bombers.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of the most modern aircraft and aerial weapons, which are far more potent than World War II's best, is rebuilding U. S. Air Power from the weak level of 1947 to a position of major strength, as this graph shows. Estimated future production, if uninterrupted and supported by adequate, long-range research and development work, can provide powerful, up-to-date air strength over the years to come at minimum cost to taxpayers.

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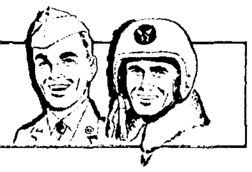


ENGINEERS: *We need experienced engineers in many categories. If you are not engaged in national defense work write to our Personnel Department, stating your complete qualifications.*

them, but they were a perilously sketchy basis for what amounted to an accusation of murder. Zorn replaced the clippings with a sinking heart and went back to his office.

The teletype was still going, and Zorn, whose faculties were sharply attuned to the machine, realized that the carriage jumps indicating END OF MESSAGE were inaudible, and that this one was all in one big piece. "Midge," he called, "what's coming in—the Old Testament?"

There was a tearing sound and Midge came in with the message. "Special from Wally Sindell. Page one and he's only warming up."

Wally Sindell was the studio manager, Stradling's right-hand man and Zorn's best friend in the organization. Sindell had written: DEAR MIKE YOU CERTAINLY STEPPED IN IT THIS TIME RIGHT UP TO YOUR DETERMINED LITTLE CHIN. THE OLD MAN IS HANDING OUT RIOT EQUIPMENT AND ORDERS ARE SHOOT TO KILL. BATTERY OF LAWYERS ASSOCIATED WITH ONE HAROLD FENN BROKE THE BAD NEWS AT THIRTEEN HOURS OURTIME AND IT WAS THE DAMNEDEST FOURTH OF JULY YOU EVER SAW. THEY ASKING MILLION DOLLARS AND STRADLING OFFERING FOUR HUNDRED AND YOUR HEAD ON SILVER PLATTER. BUT NO SALE SO FAR. URGE YOU DE-LEAD PANTS AND UNMESS BLACK VELVET OR YOU GONE GOOSE.

Then there was page two, with a change of subject: CASTING URGES LOOKSEE NEW ACT ALISON WITT NOW PLAYING TRIANON. GIRL SUPPOSEDLY HOT LOOKER WITH FULL SET PIPING. BETTER YOU ACT SOONEST.

When Shelly had read the wire, Zorn explained about Sindell. "Want to go with me while I size up this girl? You can hold the tape measure."

"Really, Michael, I think your job is just disgusting."

"I won't have it long," said Zorn.

She sat on the edge of his chair, swaying back perilously. "Women to you are just chattels to be bartered in the nearest market place."

"Some women," Zorn said comfortably. He prodded her absently. "Not much meat on you, is there?" He sat up suddenly, almost pitching Shelly to the floor. "It's stopped! The teletype is quiet. I wonder what Stradling means by *that?*"

THE game was over. The dice and sticks were scattered on the faded green cloth of the back-room pool table, and the room was in darkness except for the hanging lamp directly over the playing surface. Jerry Gallin was perched on a high stool counting up the house take. The "house," Ken Dorsey, was leaning against the doorframe, a big, shirt-sleeved man.

Jerry Gallin was a dry little man with darting eyes. His partner, Dorsey, was big and loud, with a saloonkeeper's mechanical heartiness. One of Dorsey's eyebrows bulged with scar tissue, a souvenir of early days in the ring.

The players were all gone now except for one, Lester Broda, the big loser. "How'd you go today, Lester?" Ken Dorsey asked.

"I lost," Broda said. With a nod to Gallin he went into the adjoining bar.

Dorsey watched him go, waiting until the door closed. "How much did he lose?" he asked his partner.

"About a grand," Gallin said.

"Again?" Dorsey seemed pained. "I got the dope on Broda—what he was doing time for. Receiving stolen goods."

Jerry Gallin swung around on the stool. "I figured it was something like that," he muttered. "Big stuff?"

"The biggest. Broda was with a detective agency that worked between the thieves and the insurance companies."

"Any stuff they couldn't account for?" Gallin asked.

"I don't know, but it figures," muttered Dorsey, brooding. "He's getting money from someplace—that's for sure. He's spending and losing a fortune right here."

The chief bartender came in, handing Gallin a bill, a crisp, fresh, hundred-dollar note. Gallin snapped the bill in his deft fingers. "Who's cracking this?"

"Lester Broda," said the bartender.

Gallin counted out the change. "Give me two fast taps on the buzzer when Broda leaves," he said. Then he dropped a key onto the table and turned to Dorsey. "That's for the room right alongside Broda's apartment. The walls ain't much, and there's one spot behind his bureau where some plaster can be cut away easy. There's a ledge runs along outside the window—you could shove a mike along out there."

Dorsey took the key eagerly. "Good. That's swell, Jerry."

"Be careful," Gallin said. "You can use the back way coming and going—I squared Broda's super with a fifty. You're supposed to be tagging him for a credit bureau, so stick to that story. Maybe there's a big score here, if Broda really has got a lot of stuff salted away."

"Don't worry," Dorsey said.

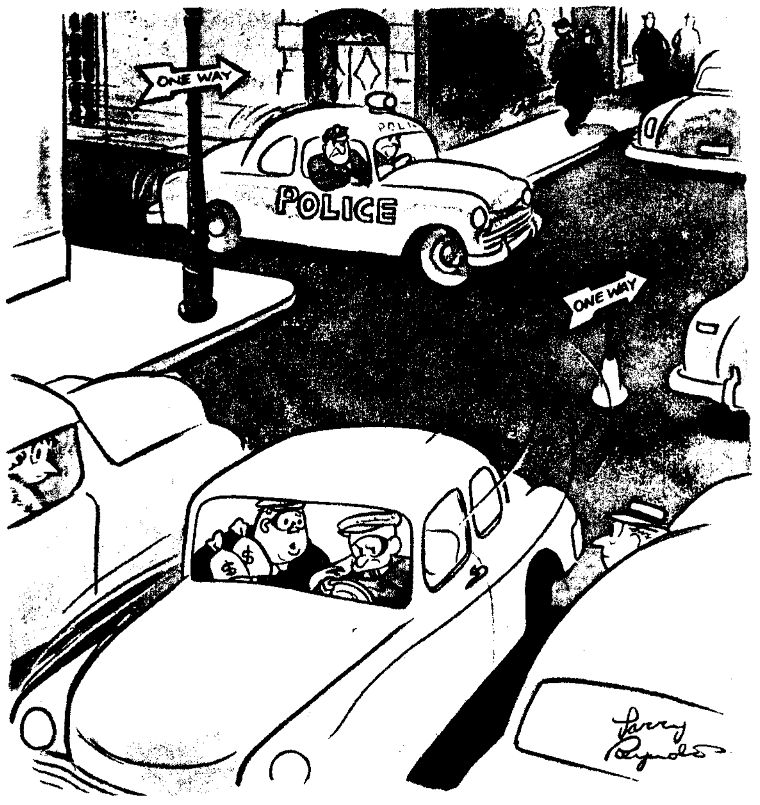
A buzzer under the pool table sounded two imperative notes. "There he goes," said Gallin. "Get moving."

Broda was walking north to 57th Street. In the twilight, it was a simple matter for Dorsey to give him a half block lead. On 57th Street, Broda turned west. He was going home, Dorsey realized, and he fingered the key in his pocket eagerly. He slowed up, to make sure Broda was out of the lobby, before going around to the service entrance.

A long green convertible slid into the space between the two No Parking signs in front of the house. Dorsey ignored this, but turned away abruptly when he saw Broda reappear at the front door. Dorsey was only twenty yards from the entrance, too close even to risk a glance, but he heard Broda say, "Hello, Mr. Morley. Right on time, as usual."

Dorsey ducked into the doorway of the adjoining house and waited there until Broda and his caller had gone upstairs. Then, using the service entrance and the key Gallin had given him, he hurried up to the room next to Broda's apartment.

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "Now they're really sore" LARRY REYNOLDS

IT WAS early evening when Zorn left his office and set out on foot for his apartment. A few paces behind, though Zorn was unaware of this, walked Ken Dorsey. As Zorn walked steadily east and pedestrian traffic thinned out, Dorsey quickened his steps until they were finally side by side.

Zorn gradually became aware of the heavy body keeping step with him. He slowed his steps, as did Dorsey. "Keep moving, Mr. Zorn. Let's go right along."

It was hardly the hour or the place for a stick-up, Zorn decided. He walked on agreeably.

"I might be able to help you with a matter of business," said Dorsey. "Libel business. That's your line, isn't it, Mr. Zorn?"

"What's yours?" asked Zorn.

"I could fix it for you," Dorsey continued, "so you'd never hear from Morley or his lawyers again."

"You seem to know quite a lot about my business," said Zorn.

"I've got contacts." They walked twenty yards in silence. Then Dorsey said, "I could give you proof that Morley murdered his first wife. Does that mean anything to you?"

"We'd better talk upstairs," said Zorn. He led the way into the house and up to his apartment. For all Dorsey's casual swagger, there was a tension in him that indicated truth or some vital urgency. "Go on about Willard Morley," Zorn said.

"This is business. Cash business. Fifty grand."

"Could I see a sample—say about twenty dollars' worth?"

"Think it over, Mr. Zorn."

"You say 'proof.' What do you mean by that?"

"I mean proof. Flash it, and you've got Willard Morley over a barrel. That's what I mean."

"I don't own the company, you know. I'll have to put it up to my boss. How do I get in touch with you?"

Dorsey smiled. "Don't call us; we'll call you." He went on earnestly. "You're hooked, Mr. Zorn. You'll find it's a lot cheaper doing business with me. I'll be in touch with you tomorrow morning. That ought to give you time to check with your boss."

There was a moment in which Zorn stared hard at his visitor, vital questions churning up in him, and then the spell was broken by the grating sound of the buzzer on his front door. Dorsey wheeled, his right hand flying up under his coat. He made a gesture of caution as Zorn went to the door.

"Who is it?" Zorn called.

"Willard Morley," was the startling reply, spoken in an easy, affable voice. Zorn saw that Dorsey was already in the bedroom, closing the door. He slid the bolt and admitted Willard Morley.

MORLEY was friendly, completely at ease, and in the way he greeted Zorn and shook his hand there was no trace of strain or anxiety. At Zorn's invitation he poured himself a drink, then sat on the arm of a chair as though they were clubmates.

"Never could get along with lawyers," he murmured. "Just between us, that chap Harold Fenn gets on my nerves. What do you say we do a little business on our own, just us two?"

"We might. What do you have in mind?"

"I'll make it easy for you. A hundred thousand for a full release, and that includes my wife too. You've got her in your silly picture too, you know. She's kept out of it so far—sensitive type, my Julia—but she knows her legal rights. I'm offering you a cheap settlement with both of us. What do you say?"

"Not for a hundred thousand. We might beat you for less than that."

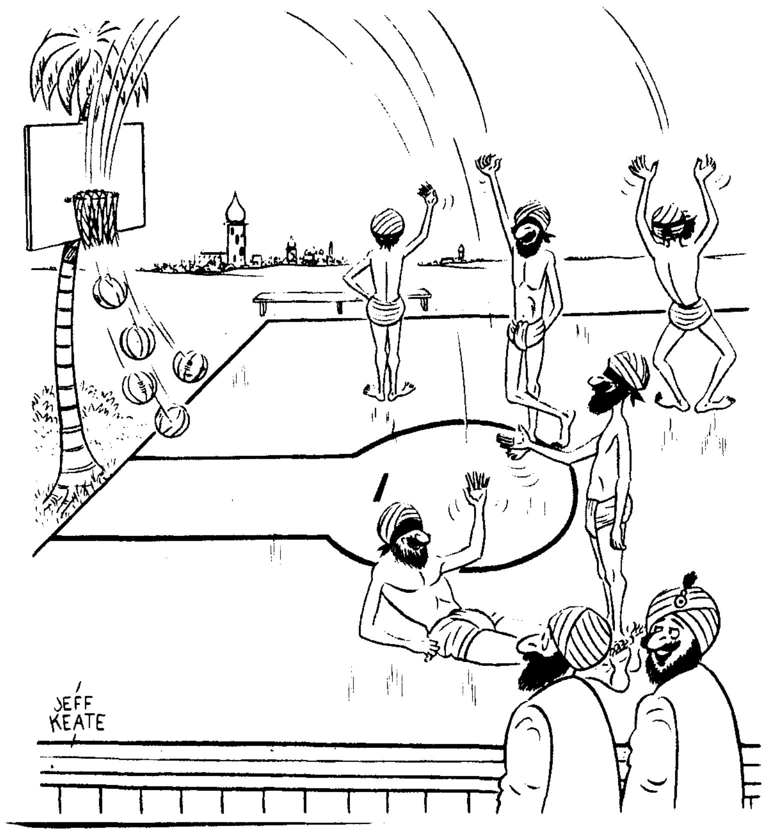
"Beat me? Stop horsing around, Zorn. I know something about legal matters, costs, expensive tie-ups and bottlenecks. I'm offering you a cheap out. Pass it up and you're buying a lot of trouble."

"I haven't passed it up yet," Zorn said. "Don't go away mad."

Morley extended a card. "Call me any time up till noon tomorrow. If it's any later than that, you can do business with Harold Fenn."

Zorn took him to the door. "Nice to have met you, Mr. Morley."

Morley shook his hand in the same friendly fashion. Zorn closed the door behind him, slid the bolt home, then went into the bedroom. The door leading into the foyer was ajar, and, on investigation, so was the door to the service entrance. There was a sprinkling of ashes near the door and a cigarette butt crushed carelessly on a metal lamp base. His visitor had been on hand for most of the conversation, Zorn decided; and he found this, as well as the other incidents of the early evening, vaguely disquieting.



"Morning, noon and night, every day for the past seven years. Just wait till those Harlem Globetrotters get around this way again!"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Zorn and Shelly Gray arrived at the Trianon a half hour before the scheduled appearance of Alison Witt, while the gypsies were hammering some standard czardas to a nostalgic pulp. The leader of the gypsy band, who could spot a folded ten-dollar bill at a hundred paces, loomed over Shelly. A few peremptory double-stops, apparently in code, brought his cohorts scurrying to the table, and then old Hungarian melodies filled the night until Zorn felt like the middle dumpling in a generous portion of goulash.

Shelly sighed blissfully. "I wish the old Emperor were still alive and that your regiment were leaving at dawn and we were spending these last precious moments of your leave in your hunting lodge at Mayerling."

The head gypsy was now inclined over Shelly at an angle of approximately forty-five degrees, the neck of his violin perilously close to the V of her dress.

"What's he trying to do," Zorn muttered, "guess your weight?"

The arrival of the champagne, as essential to gypsy music as coffee is to doughnuts, forced the Romany band to withdraw a few paces. Then the lights were dimmed, the gypsies formed one sobbing heap around the tiny bandstand, and Alison Witt—eyes shining, teeth sparkling—made a flashy and effective entrance.

AS THE girl began to sing, Zorn turned to glance at Shelly—and saw that she was looking past him with an astonished stare. "Michael," she said in an awed little voice. "At the bar—alone, down at the left—that's Ben Jarrold!"

Zorn rose and Shelly tugged at his arm, whispering, "Michael, what are you going to do?"

"How the hell should I know? Punch him in the nose, probably. Take your hand off my arm." He freed himself and walked to the bar, moving in between Jarrold and the bar stool immediately to the right. Jarrold turned to look at him. "I'm Michael Zorn. I'm with Continental Films."

"Oh." Zorn couldn't decide whether Jarrold was or was not surprised. Jarrold looked past him. "Shelly!" He started up, but Zorn moved to block his passage. It was not a friendly pose, and that fact seemed to sink in on Jarrold.

"We'll talk first," Zorn said.

"All right. I just wanted to say hello to Shelly."

"She wants to say hello to you, too," Zorn told him. "She's been looking all over Europe and New York for you."

"Yes, I should think so." Jarrold gave him a look of absolute candor. "I know the trouble I've caused. I didn't do it to make money."

"What the hell do I care why you did it? We're about to be sued for a million dollars. You don't happen to have it on you?"

Shelly, who had come up behind him, said, "Michael, you're shouting."

"You're damn' right I'm shouting!"

"Pay the check," the girl urged. "Let's go someplace and talk." She turned to Ben Jarrold and said reproachfully, "You knew all along what might happen."

Jarrold nodded. "Yes. I'm sorry, Shelly."

Zorn was busily overtipping the waiter, wine steward, maître d'hôtel, and the leader of the gypsy band. "You coming?" he demanded of Jarrold. "Or would you like to be frog-marched up the stairs to the street?"

"I'm coming," said Jarrold quietly.

They walked to a little bar in the neighborhood and settled themselves in a booth in the back. Jarrold ordered a bottle of whisky and some ice, then waved away the waiter. Jarrold was, as Shelly had described him earlier, a compact man of about fifty. His lined face was tanned and he had the look and movement of a man in finely trained condition.

"I won't say any more about being sorry," he began. "For one thing, I'm not. This is what I've been waiting for Willard Morley murdered his wife, my cousin Susan. He did it coldly and logically, the way you'd move a piece in a game of chess. He had a girl, Susan knew it, and he knew that she knew it. She was on the verge of writing him out of her will, and he knew that too."

"In favor of who?" asked Zorn.

"Whom," Shelly said.

"Shut up, damn it," snapped Zorn.

BEN JARROLD said, "I was just about Susan's only other surviving relative. I thought about the money then—who wouldn't? But it doesn't matter now. I've brooded about Susan's murder for a long time. I'd thought of writing a story, some way of getting the truth into circulation, but I didn't know how to go about it. Then I met Shelly in Cannes, and when I learned she wrote this sort of thing quite successfully—crime stories—I couldn't resist feeding it to her. I thought it might kick up a rumpus and the story might get to court finally, even on this basis."

"You see, Michael?" Shelly said excitedly. "That's what I told you."

"You knew you might be putting her out on a limb, didn't you? So why did you vanish, leaving her to hold the sack?"

"I didn't vanish," said Jarrold stiffly.

"Then why the hell were you hiding?" Zorn demanded. "Don't tell me you didn't know she was looking all over New York for you?"

"I had something to attend to," said Jarrold awkwardly. "I was going to look you up, both of you, in the morning." He went on in spite of Zorn's raised eyebrows. "I arrived from Spain only forty-eight hours ago. I was served with papers as I stepped off the plane. They've made me a party to the libel suit, you see."

"Well!"

"Michael, take that smug, self-satisfied look off your face this minute," said Shelly sternly.

"Apparently," Jarrold said, "they knew that Shelly had been hunting high and low for me and realized I must have given her the story. They've made me a party to the suit on the grounds that I put the libel into circulation."

"Do you really think, either of you, that this is going to get to court?" Zorn said wearily.

"It will if you let it," Jarrold said.

"If *I* let it? Who the hell do you think I am? I work for Louis Stradling. He makes the decisions, and right now it's a hundred to one he'll settle with Morley's lawyers before the week is out. Either that, or he'll reshoot the picture so that not a speck of what you want in it remains. Take a tip from me, Jarrold, and don't waste a lot of time rehearsing what you're going to say in court."

"What's your attitude?" asked Jarrold. "I'd like to know where you stand—you personally, that is."

"I'm for full employment," Zorn said irritably. "Two chickens in every pot. Listen to me, both of you avengers: if this is just a grand-opera revenge plot, let's not waste time and money. Let Stradling settle it and I'll find some honorable employment elsewhere. If I fight, I want a fighting chance to win. That's fair, isn't it?"

Jarrold nodded. "Fair enough," he said, and he sipped his drink as though taking the moment to organize his speech. "I think Willard Morley is being blackmailed."

Zorn's quick reaction was that this suggestion matched altogether too well with the encounter he had had earlier in the evening. And while it matched,

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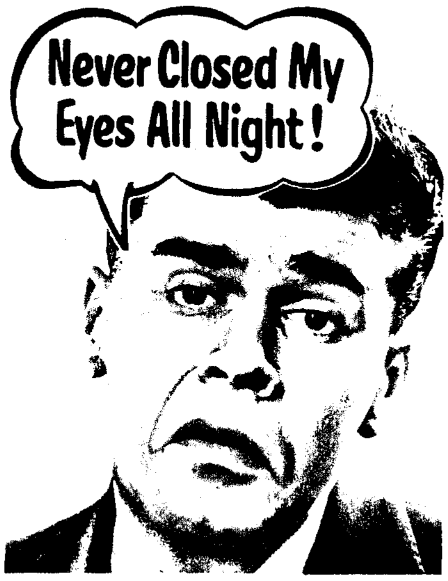
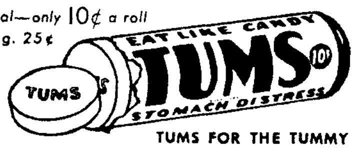

Never Closed My Eyes All Night!



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he couldn't connect it. "How do you know that?" he asked Jarrold.

"I've got friends here and there," said Jarrold. "One of them has been keeping tabs on Morley's bank and brokerage accounts for me for years. Lately Morley has taken to drawing large amounts in cash, at regular intervals, much more than he or anyone would want to keep around under normal circumstances."

"When did you find out about this?" Zorn asked.

"Just a few days before I met Shelly in Cannes. It was the first real piece of information I'd had in all those years. Then I ran into her, and—well, I suppose the rest of it was just impulse."

"It worked like a charm," said Zorn. "Miss Birdbrain, of course, swallowed the story whole, without a whimper?"

"*You* didn't exactly choke on it," said Shelly hotly. "Anyway, how was I supposed to know about the Morley case? In nineteen forty-five I was a child—sixteen. Well, seventeen," she amended.

"Nineteen," Zorn said firmly. "Nineteen, going on twenty."

Jarrold smiled. "News of the Morley case was swamped by the war and V-E Day. That was one of the things I was counting on."

"Is there any more to this blackmail theory?"

Jarrold shook his head. "Not so far." He waited for a moment. "What do you think, Mr. Zorn?"

"I think," said Zorn slowly, "that gypsy music has softened my brain. For the time being, I'll go along."

THEY dropped Jarrold at a club in the East Sixties, which he assured Zorn would be his permanent address. Afterward, in the taxi, Shelly curled up comfortably close to Zorn. "You're a fine man, Michael Zorn," she said. "A good citizen."

"Shelly, how did Jarrold know where to find us?"

"I didn't know that he found us," she said. "Wasn't it just luck?"

"Was it?"

"You mean," said Shelly, "that you think I've been in touch with him, that I told him where we would be. Is that it, Michael?"

"Just asking."

She moved away from him. "Driver—the Midvale Hotel, please."

"Well, damn it all," said Zorn irritably. "Somebody told him where we'd be, and you can't blame me for trying to find out what's what and who's who." He continued this gusher of self-pity and grievance as long as Shelly was in the taxi, which wasn't very long because she jumped out at the Midvale and slammed the door without even saying good night. He watched her until she was gone, and then he gave the taxicab driver the address of his own apartment.

As Zorn went into the lobby he saw Arno Brackett coming across the street. The private detective's first words hit Zorn like a rabbit punch: "Ben Jarrold find you all right?"

Zorn nodded unhappily. Brackett walked with him to the elevator. "I called your office a few minutes after you left. Girl there told me where you'd be. I located Jarrold—it was easy, like I said—so I passed the word along to him."

"Good work," Zorn said sourly. He led the way out of the elevator and opened the door to his apartment. "I've got an important call to make. Are you in any special rush?"

"Go ahead," said Brackett.

In the bedroom, Zorn called the Midvale and asked for Shelly Gray. There was silence on the line, and then the operator returned to ask his name. He gave it, with no particular confidence, and after another silence the operator told him that Miss Gray was not in her room. "I've got to talk to her," said Zorn. "Be an angel, operator, tell her I was all wrong about what I said in the taxi and that I'm calling to apologize. Got that? I'm calling to—"

The cool voice said, "I will connect you with the manager."

Zorn hung up and scuffed his way unhappily back into the living room.

"How'd you get along with Jarrold?" Brackett asked.

"Dandy. We're engaged."

"You don't sound too happy," said Brackett. "I heard you telephoning. The best thing, if she won't talk to you, is to give some phony name. Most dames can't resist curiosity. I've served a lot of papers that way."

"I'll write to Dorothy Dix," said Zorn. "Do you know about the blackmail routine that Jarrold gave me tonight?"

"Yes. He told me."

"You believe it?"

"I think he believes it," said Brackett thoughtfully. "I'll know more when I see the statements or talk to somebody from the bank. I'll tell you this," he went on heavily. "It's the kind of break I looked for in the Morley case all along. There must be somebody, somewhere, who knows how Morley and that thief he hired—Lonny Shires—got together to arrange that fake holdup. Somebody must know how and where Morley got the gun."

Zorn nodded. "I think the 'somebody' was sitting in that chair tonight."

"What?" There was no mistaking Brackett's surprise.

"All told, I had quite an evening." Zorn described his encounter on the street and what the anonymous caller had offered him for fifty thousand dollars. "While I was stalling and haggling, who should loom up on my threshold but Willard Morley. He wanted to put me out of my misery too. Only what he had in mind was a hundred thousand." He laughed bitterly. "What a cast of characters!"

"Yeah, and at that, maybe more characters than you think, Mr. Zorn," Brackett said.

Zorn looked at him searchingly. "You've got a little surprise for me?"

"Like you said this morning, Mr. Zorn, Morley is kind of an obsession with me," Brackett said. "I've kept pretty close tabs on him since I've been in New York. Not full time or anything like that, but I've followed him around town a lot and I've got friends in the business who take a turn at it once in a while. This afternoon a guy from Harold Fenn's office, an assistant, visited Morley in his apartment. He stayed about a half hour. I hung around. I thought I might pick up Morley. Then I saw the present Mrs. Morley come down the stairs and go out the back, through the service entrance. I thought that seemed funny, so I hung on. She went straight across town to a little bar and grill on Columbus Circle. She met a man there—Peter DiSanto, Harold Fenn's assistant—the lawyer who'd just come from visiting her husband."

"Is that good or bad for Continental Films?" asked Zorn.

"I think it's good," said Brackett. "Don't ask me why, not just yet, but I think it's damn' good. I've got an idea it would pay to keep tabs on Morley and his wife and on this Peter DiSanto. Only to tell you the truth, Mr. Zorn, the way it ought to be done, it costs quite a bit. I haven't got it to spend or believe me, I'd spend it."

"How much?" asked Zorn.

"About a hundred and fifty a day, give or take a few bucks. That doesn't include a dime for me," he added earnestly.

"Okay," said Zorn. "I'll go for that."

When Brackett had left, Zorn turned out the lights in the living room and went on into his bedroom. He sat on the edge of the bed, his chin in his hands, and stared at the telephone.

"So I made a mistake," he said bitterly, aloud.

He kicked off his shoes, picked up a set of galley proofs he had brought home from the office, and stretched out on the bed to read.

He had read for perhaps an hour when he heard a woman scream, a shrill, piercing scream. After a moment of shock, Zorn jumped up from the bed and raced out through the living room in his stocking feet.

He was in the hall and heading for the stairs when the elevator door slid open. Shelly Gray was huddled in the corner of the small self-service car; in the opposite corner was the body of a man. Blood was seeping from a wound in his side and he was obviously dead. As Shelly stumbled out of the car and into Zorn's arms, he saw that the remains were those of Willard Morley.

ZORN'S apartment, the lobby, the stairs, the elevator and the nearby areas were all jammed to overflowing with a variety of specialists in violent death: fingerprint experts, medical examiners, photographers, weapons specialists, two lawyers representing the district attorney—even a psychiatrist. Operating this complicated machinery for the People of the State of New York was Captain Nicholas Rule, a tweedy pipe smoker about forty-five years of age, whose calm was so profound that it seemed to have been glazed on him.

He had heard enough about Morley and the pending libel suit from Shelly and Zorn to order his men to bring in Arno Brackett and Ben Jarrold. Then he monopolized the telephone in the bedroom, where Shelly and Zorn were waiting it out, thus making it difficult for them to exchange more than scraps of conversation or confidence. From these they learned that Willard Morley had died at once of a shrewdly placed knife thrust administered either while he waited for the elevator or was about to step inside. Shelly had found him there and, after her first scream of shock, had immediately punched the button for Zorn's floor. Of the murderer no more was known than he or she was apparently right-handed, wore gloves and could have been of almost any height or weight. The weapon itself was a cheap brass letter opener, undistinguished and common and very likely difficult to trace.

Captain Rule, after listening to some report on the telephone, gave Zorn and Shelly a thin smile and motioned toward the other room.

"I think we'll be more comfortable in there," he said.

They followed the detective into the living room. Captain Rule's staff had left, but Ben Jarrold was there. He was pale and greeted Shelly and Zorn in a toneless voice.

"I'd like to talk some things over," said Captain Rule. "If any of you would rather not, for any reason, just speak up." He waited, puffing at his pipe. "You must be quite relieved, Mr. Zorn. The problem of your libel suit seems to have solved itself."

"I hadn't thought of it quite that way," said Zorn thoughtfully. "It's the Higher Destiny, I suppose, that watches over Continental Films."

Captain Rule had turned away from him and was looking at Shelly. It was a careful but clinical examination. "An

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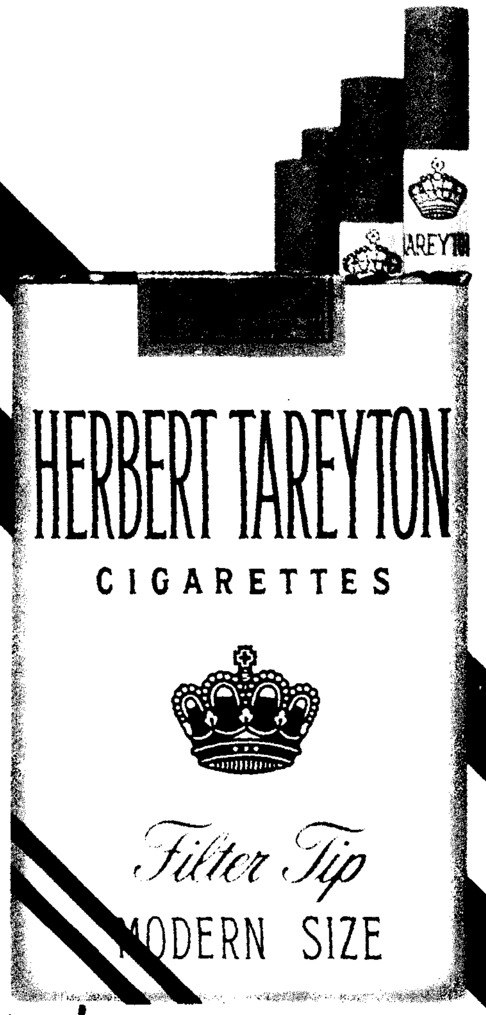
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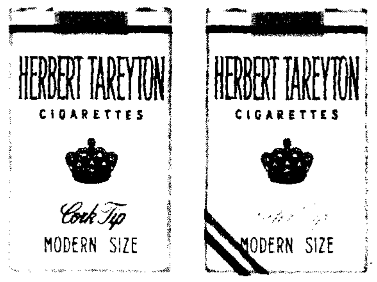
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odd hour for you to come visiting, wasn't it, Miss Gray?"

"It turned out that way," said Shelly, "but I wanted to apologize for—"

"Mr. Zorn said that he called you at about one fifteen and you were out."

"Not quite," said Zorn hastily. "I said she didn't answer. As a matter of fact, I was quite sure she was in but *wouldn't speak to me.*"

RULE looked at Shelly reflectively for a moment. "Just as a point of information, Miss Gray, *were* you in when Mr. Zorn telephoned?"

A hint of a blush preceded her reply. "No," she said, in a small voice. She glanced up at Zorn and winced at the chill stare he offered. "Well, you'd been such a pig, Michael, and I wanted to talk to someone . . ."

"Don't mind me," said Zorn wearily.

"I walked around to Mr. Jarrold's club," Shelly continued, and Jarrold was already nodding confirmation of this. "I sent a message upstairs, and when he came down we walked around to a coffee place on Madison Avenue. We talked a while, and then Ben took me back to the hotel. I was restless, though—Michael and I had quarreled, you know—and so I came on over here—and found Mr. Morley's body."

"I don't want to tell you how to run your business, Captain," Zorn said, "but I wouldn't believe her if she had a lie detector strapped to each wrist."

"It's quite true," said Jarrold. "When we met earlier tonight I told Zorn I had a theory that Morley was being blackmailed. That's what Shelly and I talked about. She was very much concerned about the trouble she was making for Mr. Zorn." He went on, over Zorn's hollow laugh: "That's the truth."

"Exactly what is this blackmail theory based on?" Captain Rule asked.

"I had a friend in Morley's bank watching his account, particularly heavy cash withdrawals," Jarrold said. "You see, I believed—I still believe—that Morley framed the holdup and the murder of his wife. If anybody at all knew the facts, I thought it might be costing Morley something to keep him quiet. About six months ago I learned that Morley was making considerable withdrawals in cash."

Captain Rule looked as though he had swallowed something unpleasant. "And that's the blackmail story?"

Jarrold nodded. "It isn't very much, is it?"

"No. I'll check on it, though. We'll call on your friend in the bank." There was a plain hint of dismissal in this, and Jarrold promptly rose. "Oh, one more thing," Captain Rule said. "You went right back to your club after taking Miss Gray home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the porter or doorman see you come in?"

"I think he did. I didn't really see him, but the light was on in his booth and I imagine he was there."

"You noticed that the light was on, but you didn't notice anyone?"

"It's the only light in the hall. It would be hard to miss."

"Thank you," said Captain Rule. He ushered Jarrold to the door, saw him out, and then excused himself and went into the bedroom to telephone.

Shelly and Zorn sat in stony silence for a moment. "You're being mean to me, Michael," Shelly said finally, plaintively.

"Don't put up with it."

"I didn't lie to you about being in my room tonight, Michael. You jumped to a conclusion. I would have told you about meeting Ben, when it occurred to me."

"Or when it was convenient."

Captain Rule emerged from the bedroom. "Feel like taking a little ride with me, Mr. Zorn?" he asked. "I'd like to get your statement, and waiting here for a stenographer will be a long haul."

"What about me?" demanded Shelly. "After all, I found the body. If it wasn't for me you wouldn't have any murder. I don't mean it quite that way," she added hastily.

"I'll get your story tomorrow," said Rule smoothly.

Zorn laughed. "It ought to be quite a story by then. I'd like first crack at the fiction rights."

Shelly regarded Zorn bleakly. "You stink, Michael Zorn," she said, choosing each word with extreme care. "I hope you wind up in solitary confinement."

"Tonight," said Zorn, as he went out with Captain Rule, "that sounds ideal." To make this sound more like a crushing retort he slammed the door.

AT POLICE headquarters, Rule led the way to his office, a whitewashed cubicle almost surgically bare. Arno Brackett was seated just inside the door.

Brackett nodded to Zorn, then fixed his eyes on Captain Rule. "You were pretty hard to find," said Rule mildly.

"Sorry, Captain." Brackett's manner and voice were easy. "I'm working, you know. The agency had me relieve a man at two thirty. I didn't

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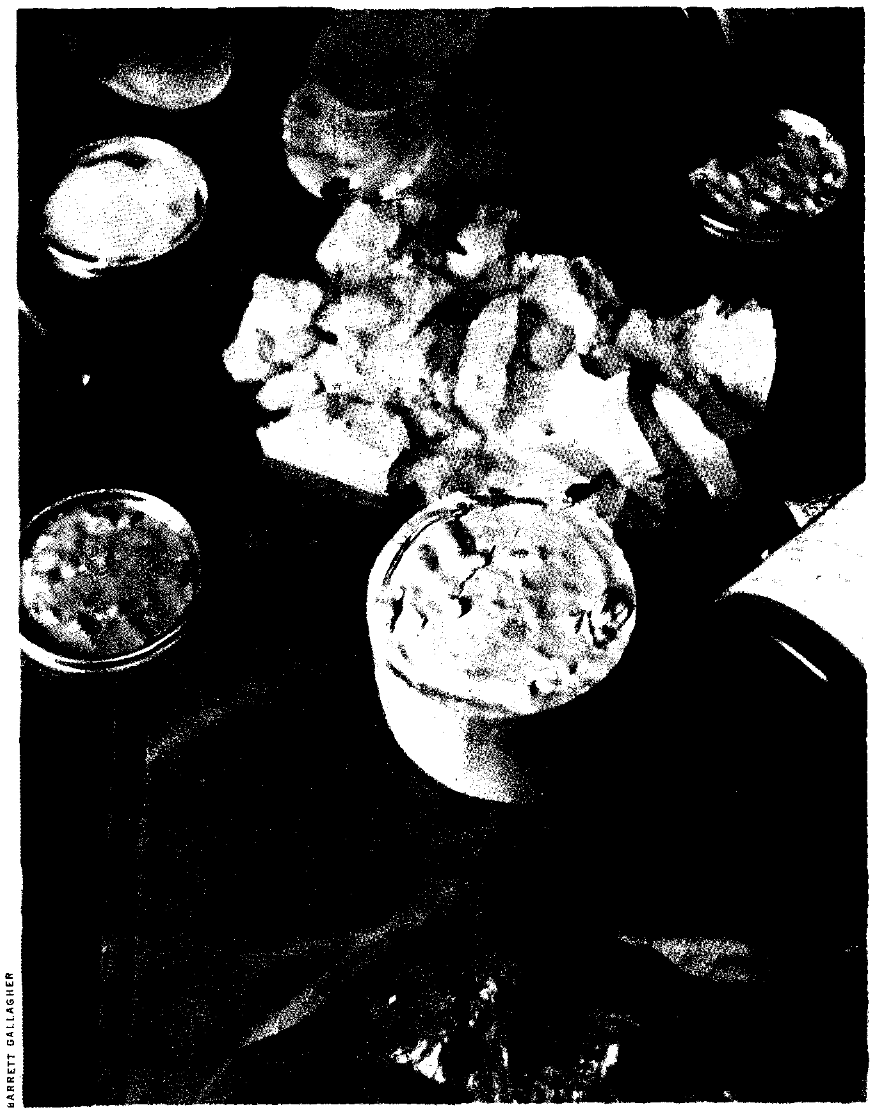

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know you had a call out for me until I phoned in a half hour ago."

"What's your assignment?" Rule asked pleasantly. He had a pencil and pad ready, obviously prepared to jot down some notes.

"It's a divorce case," Brackett said uncomfortably. "I know you've got a right to check up on me, Captain, but I'd rather not give you the client's name. The agency wouldn't like it. The man I relieved is Joe Fulton," he added ingratiatingly. "He used to be in the D.A.'s office. You can check me with him."

"If it doesn't violate your client's confidence, or your agency code," said Rule elaborately, "what time did you relieve him?"

"Twenty-five minutes past two," Brackett said. "I left Mr. Zorn's place at two ten, got a cab at—"

"Hold it right there," Rule said sharply. He turned to Zorn. "Is that right? He left your place at ten minutes past two?"

Zorn shrugged uncomfortably. "I'm not sure," he said. "I don't know just when I got home, or just how long we talked, or just what time Brackett left. I didn't notice the time. Sorry," he added, intending the last word for both of them.

"Did you see anybody in or around the house or the street when you left?" Rule asked Brackett.

"I'd have to say no to that."

"Did you see a man walking a dog?" When Brackett didn't instantly reply, Rule said, "Come on, Brackett, snap out of it. You're a trained man. Did you see a man walking a dog?"

"No," said Brackett emphatically. "No man, no dog."

"One of the tenants says he took his dog out this morning and brought him back up in the elevator at just about ten minutes after two. If you were leaving then, Brackett, you should have seen him."

Brackett nodded. "Yeah, I should have. Which tenant was that?" he asked softly.

RULE ignored him. He turned to Zorn. "Let's see if we can't get a better fix on the time, Mr. Zorn. I can help you out some. You called Miss Gray at exactly one fifteen. Did you do that as soon as you came in, before you and Brackett started to talk?" When Zorn nodded, he went on: "Now, have you any idea how long you two talked? Was it a half hour, an hour?"

"A half hour would be my guess," said Zorn. "My guess, mind you, Captain."

"Fine. Let's make it forty minutes, or even forty-five. Would that cover it, Mr. Zorn?"

"I think so."

Captain Rule turned back to the other man. "Well, now, according to that, you'd be leaving at around two."

"Two ten," said Brackett firmly.

"What makes you so sure of that?"

"I walked to the corner, got into a cab and rode to Ninety-fourth Street and West End Avenue. It was two twenty-five when I arrived—Joe Fulton can verify that."

"I'm not interested in when you arrived. I want to know when you left Zorn's place."

"Two ten," Brackett repeated.

The pencil snapped in Captain Rule's fingers. He looked down at the two pieces for a moment, and then tossed them into the wastebasket. "Two ten it is," he said, with a sigh. He got a fresh pencil from the middle drawer of his desk. "Ninety-fourth and West End Avenue, you said?"

"That's what I said," was the firm reply.

"This blackmail theory that got around tonight," mused Captain Rule. "Did you put that into circulation?"

Brackett shook his head. "It started with Mr. Ben Jarrold." He stared at the back of his hand for a moment. "Captain, let me tell you something: the worst thing that could have happened, the way I see it, is for Willard Morley to get himself nicely killed in an elevator. I don't get anything out of that. Nine years I've worked and waited, hoping to get the rat on the stand, in court. As it stands now, I'm not even much interested in who killed Morley."

"I am," said Captain Rule.

BRACKETT stood up. "I know that. Come to think of it, Captain, I *did* see a man walking a dog outside Mr. Zorn's apartment. The man was an albino, about eight feet tall. The dog only had three legs, but it had two tails. Does that check with what you got, Captain?"

"Check," Rule said pleasantly.

"Fine. Meanwhile, I'm working." He jerked his thumb at the door. "Any objections?"

"Good night, Brackett," Rule said. He looked down at the pencil in his fingers until he heard the door close.

"Brackett was supposed to fall for that lead you gave him on the tenant walking the dog, wasn't he?" asked Mr. Zorn.

"It's an old one," Rule said apologetically. "He's probably used it himself. I'm more interested in this blackmail story that got around like a prairie fire. Suppose Morley *was* being blackmailed. Who'd be more likely to get something on him than Brackett, the cop who was handling his case at the time?"

Zorn looked at him narrowly. "Do you believe that?"

"I'll tell you later," said Captain Rule. "What I want to know is why Morley was coming to see you in the small hours of the morning. How did he seem when he called on you last evening? Was he excited, tense, anything like that?"

"Just the opposite. He was pretty lighthearted. He meant business, I think, about the settlement, but he was offhand about that too."

"Did you encourage him?"

"Not particularly. He knew I was only the middleman, that the actual deal would have to be made on the Coast. I was to call him before noon today if I had any decision for him."

"And yet he was on his way to see you again when he was killed," Rule said thoughtfully. "He was packed and ready to leave town. His wife says he was planning a business trip to Youngstown."

"Have you checked his office?"

Rule nodded. "They made his reservation." Then he changed the subject abruptly. "I'll need you tomorrow. I want you to look at some photo files, see if you can't pick out the man who offered you the proof on the first Morley case."

"Anything you say, Captain."

Rule touched a button on his desk and a stenographer came in, an elderly man carrying a tiny machine. He recorded Zorn's story, while Rule leaned back in his chair, relaxing. Zorn was near the end of his narrative, recounting his talk with Arno Brackett, when he mentioned that Brackett had trailed

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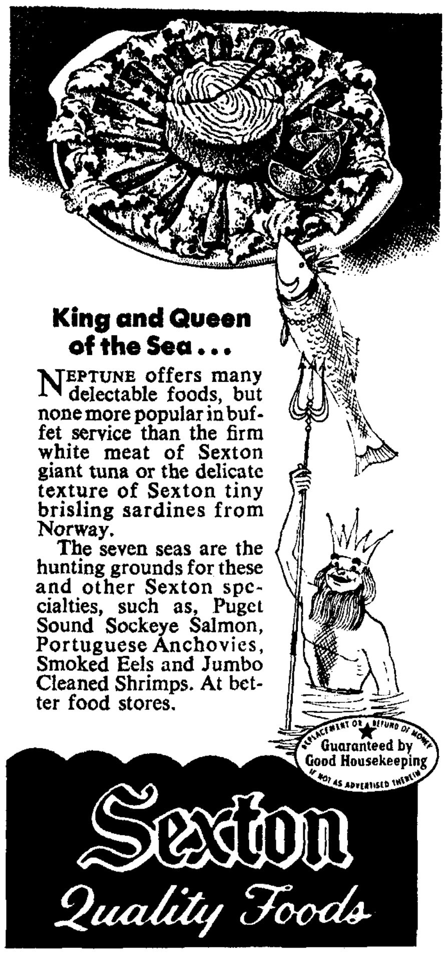

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Julia Morley to a rendezvous with Peter DiSanto. The front legs of Rule's chair hit the floor with a thump. "What's that?" he snapped.

Zorn frowned. "Did I leave out that part of it before?"

"You damn' well did. Give me that again. Quickly."

Zorn told the story while Captain Rule seemed to sink back into placidity. "Why do you suppose Brackett didn't tell me that?" Rule asked, when Zorn finished.

"He probably took it for granted that you already knew it from me," replied Zorn.

"Maybe. Is that all?"

"Just about. After Brackett left, I read for three quarters of an hour or a little longer, and then—" He shrugged. "That's all."

The stenographer glanced past Zorn to Captain Rule. When Rule nodded, he gathered up the ribbon of paper on which Zorn's statement was recorded and shuffled out. "I'll see you tomorrow," said Rule, "and you can sign this." He rose to take Zorn to the door.

IN THE anteroom they saw a plain-clothes man just entering, holding the door open for a tall, slender woman in a black coat. "Mrs. Morley, Captain," the plain-clothes man said.

Julia Morley was in hastily chosen black, without make-up, her pallor intensified by the ensemble. Zorn murmured something in the nature of condolences when Rule introduced him, and she said, "Thank you, Mr. Zorn," in a barely audible voice. A police car was waiting in the street to drive him back and in a few minutes Zorn was on the threshold of what had previously been the peace and quiet of his own home.

Shelly Gray was sitting cross-legged on the floor listening to one of Zorn's favorite recordings: Jascha Heifetz playing the Sibelius Violin Concerto. Zorn circled Shelly warily to the bar, poured himself a drink and gulped it while the dark, somber harmonies flooded the room. Then the record stopped and in the following silence Shelly heaved a long sigh. "Isn't it rotten that there has to be so much cruelty and violence in the world?"

Zorn poured another drink. "Since that's obviously a prelude to something you've rehearsed in my absence, I won't comment on it."

Shelly pushed up from the floor. "Michael, are you going to keep on being beastly to me?"

"I'm going to try," said Zorn, without too much confidence.

"I didn't lie to you, Michael," she said earnestly. "It's true that there was something I didn't tell you, but on the other hand, you didn't ask me."

"Damn it, Shelly, don't start that quicksand logic on me again. You're too good at it."

"I'll never lie to you again, Michael. Cross my heart. Not even by omission. I'll tell you everything I do and you can check up on me."

Zorn hesitated, wavered, and was lost. Shelly was in his arms, and suspicion and distrust receded into some dimly remembered past. . . .

There was an inevitable link between Continental's new film and the murder of Willard Morley, and Zorn, in his talks with reporters, took to referring to the crime, quite casually, as the "Black Velvet mystery." The phrase caught on and was used in all the post-murder editions. It was fabulous publicity for a forthcoming movie, and the value was quite apparent on the West Coast. The teletype in Zorn's office purred like a contented kitten. OFFHATS TO MICHAEL ZORN FOR BRILLIANT JOB WELL DONE. BLACK VELVET UPPLAYED BIG ALL AYEM PEEM PRESS. CONGRATULATIONS. STRADLING

"Movies are your best entertainment," Zorn mused, smiling at the teletype. Midge interrupted his philosophizing to announce Captain Rule.

The police detective's profound calm seemed to have solidified in the seventy-two hours since the murder of Willard Morley, and the inevitable pipe was so firmly fixed that it might have been riveted to his front teeth. He sat down wearily.

"I'm sorry, Captain," Zorn said, anticipating Rule's question, "I haven't heard from the man who offered to sell me the information on Willard Morley."

"Didn't think you would," said Rule. "What he had to sell was valuable only while Morley was alive, and suing."

"A very sensible deduction," was Zorn's comment. "How did you make out with Arno Brackett's alibi?"

"His alibi is better than mine," replied Rule irritably. "So is everyone else's." Rule leaned forward in his chair. "Zorn, I want a favor. I want Mrs. Morley to revive the libel suit against you."

"You want *what?*"

"I've got to get to the man who tried to sell you the information on Morley, and I can do it only by creating the impression that the information is valuable again." He saw Zorn's wary hesitation. "Damn it, Zorn, they're not *really* going to sue you."

"I don't like giving them the idea," said Zorn. "Besides, how do I explain it to my boss?"

"Tell him the truth. Look at it this way: you're getting a million dollars' worth of publicity for your lousy picture. As it is, the story's dying. The idea of the libel suit will keep it alive."

"I don't like it," said Zorn.

"What difference does it make? You've had Julia Morley in your movie right along and she could have been a party to the suit at any time. Do you suppose a lawyer like Harold Fenn doesn't know that? So what are you risking?"

"I don't know," Zorn said. "Having your head in a lion's mouth is one thing; putting it there yourself is another." He teetered uncertainly in his chair. "I do owe you a favor, Captain—I don't suppose you'd like to settle for a lifetime pass to all the Louis Stradling pictures?"

"Let's get started," urged Rule.

Zorn nodded unhappily. "Okay." He pressed the buzzer for Midge. "I'll have to clear it with my boss, but the words 'free publicity' ought to do the trick." Midge came in and Zorn said, "Put this on the wire to the Coast: 'Suggest we revive libel suit by Morley widow against us. Suit would be by prearrangement, no real action contemplated. Police urging this step as helpful to solution Morley case. Also, invaluable in keeping story alive. Advise immediately.' "

Midge disappeared into the outer office with this, shaking her head doubtfully. There was silence for a few minutes, and then the incoming machine in the other room began to clatter.

"Ah, the message from on high," Zorn said.

When Midge appeared with the message, Zorn glanced at it and then pushed it across to Captain Rule. HUNDRED PERCENT APPROVAL YOUR BRILLIANT PLAN IF CERTAIN LAWSUIT OFFKILLED. FINE THINKING YOUR END. UPKEEP GREAT WORK. STRADLING

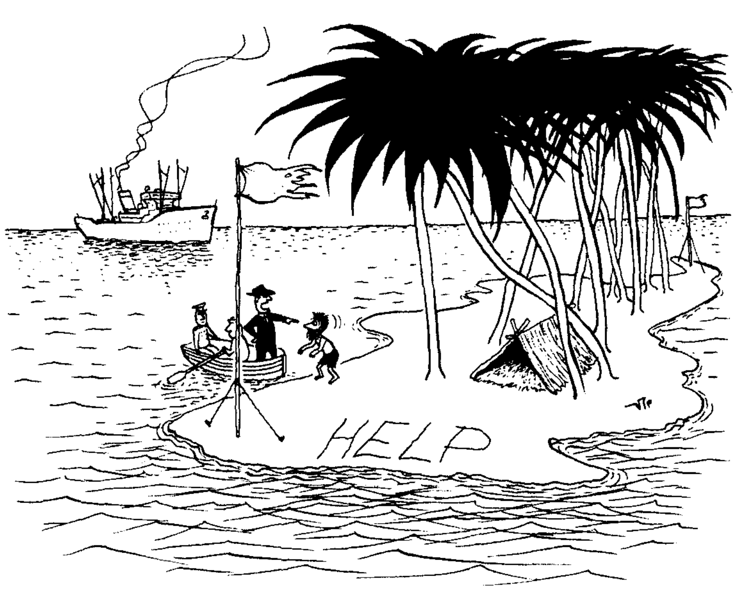
"Your fine thinking made a big hit," Rule said dourly.

"If I get a raise, Captain," said Zorn, "I'll cut you in for a new pipe. And," he added grandly, "a pound of tobacco."

SLIM and beautiful in deep mourning, Julia Morley received Zorn and Captain Rule in the huge living room. She seated herself on the piano bench and softly struck random chords while Captain Rule explained what he wanted.

"Just how would it help you if I reinstated the libel suit, Captain?" she asked finally.

"We've found evidence that Mr. Morley assigned an interest in the libel suit to an unidentified party," said Rule smoothly and unblushingly. "We think the person to whom he assigned this interest may have valuable information. The best way to make him—



COLLIER'S "We're rather curious as to why you haven't filed a statement of estimated income for 1954 and '55" VIRGIL PARTCH or her—come forward is by seeming to revive the suit."

"I know of no such assignment," said Julia Morley.

"Our information on this point was quite conclusive," said Rule bluntly, so bluntly that a challenge would accuse him of lying. It seemed to succeed, because Julia Morley lowered her eyes and nodded.

"Captain Rule means, of course," said Zorn, "that you would only be pretending to reinstate the libel action."

BEFORE the widow could reply, Peter DiSanto came in from the foyer.

"I asked Mr. DiSanto to meet us here," said Mrs. Morley. DiSanto stood in the curve of the piano, nodding approval and looking very much at home.

"You're with Harold Fenn, aren't you?" Rule asked.

DiSanto smiled. "No. I've opened my own office. Mr. Fenn does not represent Mrs. Morley. I do."

"Please tell Mr. DiSanto what you have in mind, Captain Rule," Julia Morley said.

Rule told the story briefly. "I think Mrs. Morley is prepared to help us, and since Harold Fenn handled the suit originally, I imagine the best procedure would be to ask him—"

"*I* represent Mrs. Morley," said DiSanto. "I've explained that, Captain."

"I know," Rule said, "but Fenn has the papers ready. It's important that the suit be reinstated right away."

"Don't worry about that, Captain," said the lawyer harshly. He took a paper from his pocket and tossed it into Zorn's lap. Zorn picked it up and saw the heading: *A Summons to Appear . . .*

"In the presence of these witnesses," said DiSanto, "I serve you in the action of Julia Powers Morley versus Continental Films Corporation."

"You see, Mr. Zorn," Julia Morley said gently, "I had already made up my mind to proceed with the suit. I'm delighted, naturally, that it's what you want too."

"It's perfect," said Zorn. "It makes my whole day." He glared at Captain Rule. "Any more bright ideas?"

"We can go into all that later," Rule said placatingly.

"I can promise you that," said Peter DiSanto.

"I'll run along," said Zorn, rising. "You three can work things out among yourselves." He found Peter DiSanto's mocking smile too much to endure. "I take it you and Mrs. Morley cooked this up over a drink in that little West Side café." DiSanto's grin disappeared abruptly and the color drained out of Julia Morley's cheeks.

"Shut up, Zorn," Rule snapped.

"Shut up yourself. How many sucker plays do I have to fall for in one afternoon?" He shook off Rule's restraining hand. "What were you two planning—how much more you could make out of the libel suit if Morley wasn't around to share in it?"

DiSanto's hands were gripping the piano top and he seemed to catapult himself from this position. Zorn caught the first blow on his shoulder, and before DiSanto could follow it up Captain Rule stepped in. He blocked the second punch and in a savage motion twisted the lawyer's wrist up behind his back. "Behave yourself, counselor," he said. He released the lawyer and stepped away. DiSanto rubbed his wounded hand, retreating again into the curve of the piano.

"Damn' silly way to carry on," Captain Rule said reproachfully. "You too, Zorn."

In a shaky voice Julia Morley said, "I think you owe me an apology, Mr. Zorn, and an explanation." She turned to Rule. "You heard the accusation Mr. Zorn just made, Captain."

"It wasn't precisely an accusation," Rule said patiently. "Besides, I don't know of any reason why you shouldn't see your lawyer when and how you wish."

"Thanks, pal," Zorn said. He picked up his hat and walked out to the elevator, stolidly ignoring Rule, who rode down to the street with him.

In the taxi, Rule said, "Use your head, Zorn. They were all set to sue anyway. I didn't know that, but I don't see how it makes any difference."

"The difference," said Zorn bitterly, "is that I've told my boss a pipe dream that the suit would be a fake. How do I break the news that it's on the level and that it's going to cost a fortune? Do you know what it means to reshoot a big part of a movie like this? What it costs to bring back stars and directors, rebuild sets, start all over on a job that size? And the only alternative is to settle with them." He brandished the paper DiSanto had served. "I've only looked at the first page, but the sum they have in mind is one million dollars."

"That's a lot of money," was Captain Rule's well-considered comment.

THE atmosphere in the Morley apartment, when Zorn and Captain Rule departed, was supercharged. Julia Morley, after some agitated movement around the room, flung herself into a deep chair. "How did he know about us, Peter?" she asked.

DiSanto shrugged. "Fenn notified him that the suit was pending; he may have had someone watching."

"Watching me, Peter?"

He smiled reassuringly. "You heard what Captain Rule said. We've got a perfectly natural relationship—client and lawyer."

"You and I were the only ones who knew Willard wanted to settle the suit and get away, Peter," she said softly.

"Well, I didn't kill him," said DiSanto. "That leaves just one of us."

She stared at him. "But I wasn't near Zorn's apartment when Willard was murdered," she said. "You were, weren't you, Peter?"

DiSanto smiled. "As a lawyer, Julia, I think I should advise myself not to answer that. As your lawyer, my dear, I would like to give you this counsel." He had been gathering up his papers, a thick wad of foolscap sheets. He folded them lengthwise, then slapped them across her face. She cowered in the chair, shocked by the blow. DiSanto saw the butler moving through the foyer. He stepped back into the curve of the piano. "Sit up," he whispered harshly.

"Mr. Harold Fenn," the butler announced.

Fenn pushed the man aside and strode into the room. "You damn' double-crossing heel!" he shouted to DiSanto, his accustomed rich speech forgotten. "You think you're going to get away with this?" He stepped past his former assistant and stood over Julia Morley. "What the hell kind of an operation is this?" he demanded.

DI SANTO took him by the arm and whirled him around. In an accurate imitation of Fenn's more courtly style, he said, "Take heed, counselor, lest you bring down upon your head the wrath of Heaven." He pushed Fenn away. "Mrs. Morley, did you invite Counselor Fenn to call on you?" She shook her head, and DiSanto said, "Ah, then he stands accused of trespass, forcible entry, disorderly conduct, and various and sundry offenses against the peace."

"I want an explanation," Fenn said stubbornly.

"You got my resignation, counselor," said DiSanto. "I'm waiving my severance pay."

"You can resign and be damned," Fenn said hotly. "We'll let the Bar Association decide whether I can be fired so that a junior in my employ can take over the case."

DiSanto smiled. "By all means call in the Bar Association, counselor. They may start by investigating just this incident, but I assure you they won't stop there. They will go on to all sorts of things—little gifts you've made to witnesses and jurors, for example." His smile widened as he saw the effect of this on Fenn.

"I'll split it with you," Fenn said abruptly. "If the case goes to court, you can handle any part of it."

DiSanto shook his head. "I'm in business for myself."

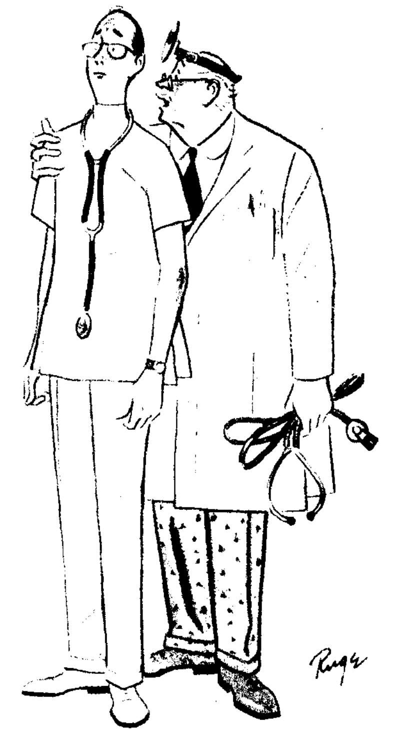
Fenn turned to Julia Morley. "Mrs. Morley, is this how you want it?" he asked.

She nodded.

"All right," Fenn said, in a suddenly meek tone. "You're entitled to counsel of your own choice. But before you're through, you may both need counsel. Remember that."

—HARRY KURNITZ

(This is the second of four parts)



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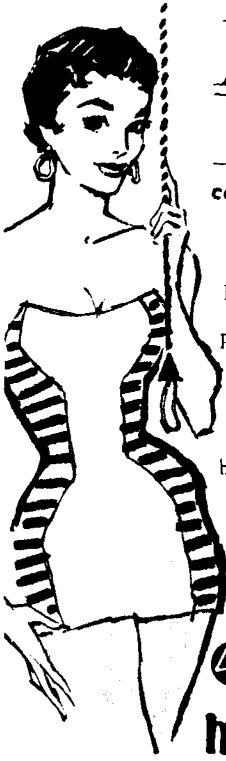

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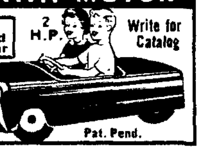

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Mine's discoverer, 82-year-old Don Gillies, leads visitors down a steep jungle path to site deep in primitive southwest Mexico

A Mine

It may end one of the top U.

Oaxaca State, Mexico

PLUMA HIDALGO is a tiny century-old community perched on a convulsion of geography deep in the primitive Sierra Madre country of southwest Mexico, within sight of the Pacific Ocean. Once it was the land of the Aztecs.

In Pluma's colorful open-air market place, roasted grasshoppers and salty pieces of dried fish are prize items. A good machete, indispensable in jungle country, sells for about $3. On fiesta days, firecrackers with dangerously short fuses are available and in the cantinas iced beer can be had for one peso (eight cents) a bottle.

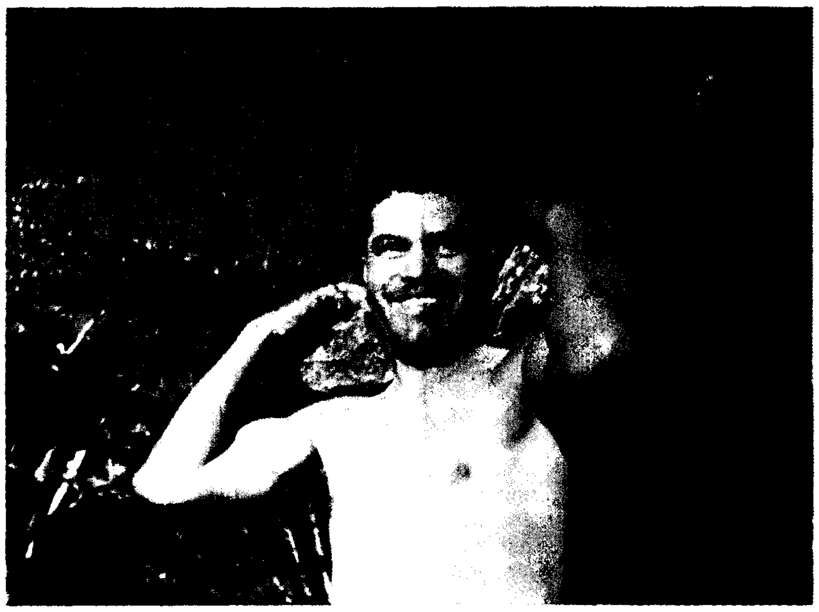
For the young in heart, there is street dancing, ballroom and country style, every weekend. To poor Indian families, descendants of once majestic warrior tribes, a visit to town means entertainment and relaxation away from work on sprawling nearby coffee plantations.

But it remained for other visitors—serious-faced *yanquis*—to discover Pluma's biggest attraction, one that has prompted even the more quiescent braves to move in from the suburbs.

The closemouthed newcomers from north of the border spurned siestas to poke industriously at rock formations with picks. They gathered up sand from creek beds in pans and bottles and carried it away to study under magnifying glasses. They touched off dynamite blasts that set parrots and other tropical birds to cawing and screeching in the treetops. Rumors flew, and there was much speculation among the Indians and Mexicans.

Last December, Mexico City's national radio confirmed shrewd local guesses. Within sound of the bells of Pluma's Church of the Madonna of Guadalupe, the station announced, American mining engineers had located the largest, richest sin-

Gillies (center) and associates, Willis Seaman (left) and Ward Broadfield, go over map of area



A native workman carries rocks from the mine. Ore is rich in rutile, which contains up to 60 per cent pure titanium

for the Jet Age

ease shortages in titanium, the new wonder metal

By BILL STAPLETON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

gle source of titanium ore in the Western Hemisphere—perhaps in the world.

Actually, the discovery was made by Donald Burton Gillies, a spry, white-haired, eighty-two-year-old mining consultant and "retired" vice-president of the Republic Steel Corporation of Cleveland, Ohio, whose infallible "hunches" about the existence of valuable ore bodies around the globe have made him as important an asset to Republic's stockholders as several rolling mills.

Assisting Gillies, a former president of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, in his Pluma research were veteran mining engineers Ward R. Broadfield of Americus, Georgia, and Willis A. Seaman of Crystal Falls, Michigan. Together, they have better than 150 years of experience in mining activities behind them.

These three wise men quickly staked out a total of 40 claims for Republic in a mountainous strip seven miles long and up to a mile and a half wide. The lode contains at least 25,000,000 tons of rutile and the total may even exceed 400,000,000 tons. Titanium may be made from either rutile or ilmenite, but the rarer rutile may run as high as 60 per cent pure titanium. Ilmenite runs only about 20 per cent.

The importance of the find may be gauged by the fact that titanium is probably the metal most in demand and shortest in supply today for our air-defense effort. Called *Ti* (its chemical symbol) by the men who know it well, titanium is only 56 per cent as heavy as steel although rivaling the older metal in strength. It retains its strength and other properties in temperatures up to 800 degrees Fahrenheit compared with 300 degrees for aluminum

Jeep struggles up mountain road. Tree in foreground was knocked down in avalanche

White slash among trees (center) shows mine site as seen from village of Pluma Hidalgo

Broadfield, truck boss Pedro Vara and Gillies with native children at mine entrance. Moderate estimate of lode's richness: from 25,000,000 to 400,000,000 tons of rutile

In 1957 the new mine alone should produce 35,000 tons of refined titaniu

and magnesium, and resists sea water as effectively as platinum.

Titanium's lightness and remarkable resistance to heat, corrosion and shock make it ideal for use in jet engines, air frames and stressed parts for guided missiles. Two of the most promising military airplane engines now in the design stage will be 80 per cent titanium. In fact, *Ti* is considered the metal of the future for supersonic planes and engines.

Its other uses are myriad. Some is used for artillery recoil mechanisms and experimental air-borne equipment. Hospitals have obtained a little of the metal for making artificial bones and skull plates. Oil companies are interested in it for drill bits and shafts. A compound, titanium dioxide, is the whitest material known; it is used in paints and enamels, and for whitening false teeth, whitewall tires and paper. Titanium crystals are sold as jewels.

Discovery of the Pluma underground reserve means that the United States no longer need depend upon Eastern Hemisphere sources for the bulk of its titanium. Australia now supplies three quarters of our ore, and most of it goes into defense production. Titanium sponge (purified titanium ore) production in this country last year totaled 6,000 tons. This year we shall need three times as much, and by 1960, defense requirements alone are expected to total 100,000 tons.

Although titanium was discovered by an English clergyman in 1789, no workable process for refining it was found until 1946. Today four big American companies, Republic, Titanium Metals Corporation, Mallory-Sharon Titanium Company and Rem-Cru Titanium, Incorporated, convert the ore into ingots, bars, sheets and other mill products.

However, because of the short supply and a few remaining production bugs, the wonder metal costs plenty. *Ti* sheets sell for $24,000 to $50,000 a ton; by comparison, aluminum sheets are priced at only $650 to $1,160 a ton. But once the present problems are solved, the price of titanium is expected to start falling. Optimists say it could approach that of stainless steel.

When Don Gillies, Broadfield and Seaman began prospecting for titanium in the wild country around Pluma Hidalgo in the autumn of 1953, they knew there was ore in the mountains around them. How much and how good were the big questions.

As early as 1942, a U.S. government survey party had noted outcroppings and traces of rutile in the area. Sporadically, over the years, other outfits had checked the deposits. But because of the terrifically steep hills—the grades are 65 per cent or better—the other companies decided against further investigation.

Certainly what is known today as La Mina Guadalupe del Tisur (the Guadalupe Titanium Mine of the South) is well off the beaten track, even for a burro. Until Gillies and his two companions brought in their jeep, no automobile had ever been seen in the area. There is little to attract a visitor unless he (1) happens to be a mining engineer, and (2) enjoys scenery that would make rough going for an alpine goat. And only visitors who have been living right should risk jeeping it over ulcer-building roads which leap around crags and disappear briefly under noisy mountain torrents.

Canadian-born (Bruce Mines, Ontario) Gillies has all the qualifications. Although engaged in one of the roughest of outdoor occupations for most of the last seven decades, he has yet to smoke or use more than mild profanity. He took his first drink at the age of sixty-three to celebrate the merger of his company, Corrigan-McKinney, with Republic in 1935. He was president of his firm at the time, but

Seaman checks progress in mine, where 35 Indians dig in two shifts. Republic Steel intends to hire 500 to 800 natives this year

e—several times the total output of the U.S. last year

Surveyor's helper holds measuring rod on jungle trail. To ease problem of transporting the ore, Mexico has agreed to improve all roads in area

accepted a vice-presidency with Republic. Twelve years later, he retired to become a paid mining consultant—which meant that he began going to his Cleveland office at 8:00 A.M. instead of 7:30.

When not otherwise engaged, he continued to rove the world searching for new iron deposits. (His findings have led to the opening up of fields in, among other places, Liberia, Venezuela and Peru.)

Willis Seaman, Gillies' bespectacled earnest junior of 70 years and a former professor of geology at the Michigan College of Mining and Technology, was fascinated by the high altitudes in which the three men found themselves working. "I'm a man who gets lost and lonesome in a flat country," he often told his two companions. He described the wild mountain valleys to me as "the southwest corner of the Garden of Eden, just across the line from the land of Moo," and this was a fair appraisal.

Like a Jungle from the Comics

The lush green tropical foliage, giant tree ferns and thick creeper vines do suggest the prehistoric habitat of the comic-strip character Alley Oop and his girl friend, Ooola. The narrow jungle trails we followed to the mine site wound mysteriously through the hills, and it was easy to conjure up primeval monsters lying in wait just over the next twisting rise.

Big, easygoing Ward Broadfield, fifty-eight, who once helped build and administer a mining camp of 5,000 people in the Belgian Congo, did have a brush with one scaresome creature, but it was a twentieth-century model. Broadfield was driving a jeep along a treacherous mountain road at dusk when a big ocelot either fell or jumped into the seat beside him.

For one horrible moment ocelot and engineer exchanged stares at easy scratching distance. Then the animal leaped out of the car and disappeared among the trees.

In the beginning the three prospectors made camp in a corner of an abandoned burro corral. They used sleeping bags at night and walked into Pluma for most meals, usually eating at the town's single hotel.

But with the onslaught of the spring rainy season, difficulties arose. Even moving around became dangerous. Once Gillies and Broadfield were trapped by a landslide in a lonely part of the mountains. They existed on wet soda crackers until help arrived three days later.

However, perseverance and hard work began to pay off. One day Gillies uncovered a vein 160 feet long on the face of a 4,500-foot mountain. He called Seaman and Broadfield. The three painstakingly tracked it, and finally concluded, several days later, that the Tisur vein, as it is now called, was actually a conglomeration of three and perhaps four major veins.

After additional cautious investigation, digging and drilling, Gillies recommended that Republic acquire mineral rights to the land—and the company took his advice.

Natives were hired to drive an exploratory tunnel. Adit No. 1, 300 feet into the mountainside just below what was to become a permanent camp. Under the supervision of Ramón Garcia, a miner since he was fourteen, three more tunnels were bored into the slope lower down, at 100-foot intervals. All hit pay dirt.

As a detail man, executive officer or just plain gang boss, Garcia has few peers. Under his smiling leadership, the men quickly leveled off the mountaintop with shovels and dynamite. The local priest, Padre Juan, arrived to bless the mine entrances and the new living quarters, made of native pine and studded with beer-bottle caps in geometric designs.

Why Both Cooks Were Widows

Two new cooks, Josefina and Manuela, struggled to make *tortillas* from an American pancake mix, but finally gave it up after eight fluffy tries and several anguished cries to the saints to protect them from such crazy corn meal. Both cooks, incidentally, are widows; they had the misfortune to marry husbands cursed by an inability to draw fast in a country where most serious arguments are settled in Jesse James fashion.

Despite this rather marked tendency not to turn the other cheek, the predominantly Indian population has proved an excellent source of labor. Republic intends to hire 500 to 800 for the Tisur mine operation.

While Republic's home office in Cleveland began figuring how best to spend what will eventually amount to an investment of more than $15,000,000 in the Mexican properties, Gillies and company studied the rugged terrain with an eye to moving in heavy machinery and equipment—and moving out titanium ore.

Reasonably level land was found in an area large enough to hold a concentrating plant. Plans are being studied to move the ore down-mountain to the concentrator by either conveyer belt or trucks. A scheme to turn rushing mountain streams into a source of cheap hydroelectric power was outlined, but it was decided to use diesel-driven generators for the present. A newly completed pipe line from Pluma Hidalgo to Salina Cruz, 112 miles down the coast, makes diesel oil available at low cost.

Engineer Don Francisco de la Pena has surveyed a seven-mile road to connect the concentrating plant with the incredible government highway which jolts down to the tiny seaport of Puerto Angel on the Pacific. Between Pluma and Puerto Angel is an airstrip, long enough to take a DC-3, provided it uses the field during the dry season and the pilot is a bold aviator. Some 350 air miles to the north is Mexico City. East, toward the Atlantic, there is a mountain highway which links the Pluma area with Oaxaca de Juárez, capital of the state, but only part of it is paved.

Nevertheless, all of these obstacles will be overcome. The Mexican government, in addition to promising Republic exemption from surface taxes until 1957, has agreed to improve all roads in the area and to rebuild and extend the docking facilities at Puerto Angel.

So, a mine has been born. When the concentrating plant is completed—probably late this year—it will turn out 2,000 tons of refined ore in a month. In 1957, with improved facilities, production is expected to total 35,000 tons.

The horizons for titanium promise to be broad and high—as high as tomorrow's aircraft.

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Dr. Kneeland

35 Questions and Answer

Just about everyone gets the sniffles at least three times a year. B

MAN has defeated, or at least tamed, some of the worst diseases ever to afflict him—among them, smallpox, diphtheria, diabetes, tuberculosis. Even polio soon may be a threat of the past. But the most prevalent ailment of all—the common cold—still defies science and medicine.

The common cold is nothing to sneeze at. It takes a terrific toll among the nation's 62,000,000 working men and women, costing the American economy a staggering $5,000,000,000 a year in wages, production and medical expenses. In fact, one out of every two workers who fail to report on the job is absent because of a cold.

Appalled by these economic facts, industry has decided to make a concerted attack on the elusive, indomitable ailment. Fifty of the nation's top industrialists and bankers recently set up the Common Cold Foundation in New York City to support selected research projects in schools and hospitals. Heading the foundation's scientific advisory committee is Dr. Yale Kneeland, Jr., associate professor of medicine at Columbia University, and directing the medical advisory committee is Dr. Melvin Newquist, medical director of The Texas Company.

It may be a long, tough fight. What medical men already know about the common cold—and what they don't—is summed up below in the answers to a series of questions asked of leading doctors working with the foundation. Starting with this body of information, science, medicine and industry will try to crack, once and for all, one of the most annoying medical mysteries of all time.

How old is the all-too-common common cold?

1. ***How often does the average person get a common cold?***

About three times a year, and colds keep the average worker home a total of two and a half days a year.

2. ***Do we build an immunity to colds?***

Perhaps. After a cold, most victims seem to build up a fairly good immunity which lasts, generally, a couple of months.

3. ***Do we know for certain what causes a common cold?***

Science is not sure, but a virus is believed to be the culprit. Or, perhaps, several viruses.

4. ***Is the common cold the most common of all man's illnesses?***

It certainly is. There are more than half a billion colds in the U.S. each year—an average of approximately 20,000,000 a day in the peak months.

Do any animals other than man get sniffles?

5. ***Do cold epidemics follow any pattern? Are there any particular times of year in which colds are more numerous?***

Yes. The first wave of colds usually hits in early fall, soon after schools open. The second comes in midwinter, around February, and the third in early spring.

6. ***In which of these three periods do we get the most severe colds?***

Midwinter. February is the worst month for common colds.

7. ***Is there any worst place for colds?***

Yes, colds are most prevalent in the North Central States. Among cities, Chicago has the highest common-cold rate in the country.

8. ***Does this mean that cold weather may be a cause of colds?***

No. Cold weather can't cause a common cold. But it may lower your resistance to one, or aggravate an existing cold.

9. ***How about drafts and dampness? Won't they cause colds?***

No. If there's no virus around, or if you're in a period of relative immunity, you could stand in ice water or in a draft for hours at a time without catching cold.

10. ***Do Eskimos catch cold?***

They do now, but only since white men brought the virus to them.

11. ***What animals other than man are subject to the common cold?***

Only the anthropoid apes, such as gorillas and chimpanzees.

12. ***Just how old is the common cold?***

It's probably one of the oldest maladies known to man. Science has been trying to track down its cause for at least 2,000 years.

13. ***How is the common cold spread?***

By direct contact between two persons, as in kissing, or by contact with airborne droplets of infected nasal discharge.

Is it safe to smooch with cold-sufferers?

14. ***Should we, therefore, expect always to catch cold after having direct contact with a cold victim?***

No. There's only one chance in ten that you'll catch cold even under these favorable circumstances. In fact, even when heavily infected nasal drippings are introduced directly into the nostrils, there's no more than a 50-50 chance that the infection will take. Your resistance level at the time may determine the result.

n the COMMON COLD

anks to a new industry-backed research program, we may yet find the cure

15. ***What lowers resistance to a cold?***

Again, science is not sure. But poor nutrition and fatigue may play a part. That's why it's wise to eat sensibly and get plenty of rest during the common-cold seasons.

16. ***Why are there fewer colds during the summer months?***

Possibly because there is less indoor contact among people—and because outdoor activity improves our general physical condition.

Should children with colds be kept in bed?

17. ***Are antibiotics capable of curing—or preventing—a common cold?***

No. Antibiotics have no effect upon the virus.

18. ***Does that mean we should always avoid taking them for a cold?***

It depends upon the cold. If it's a relatively serious one, accompanied by fever, drugs such as penicillin may prevent secondary infection. But don't take them for just plain sniffles.

19. ***What about antihistamines? Can they prevent colds?***

They appear effective only for allergies. But they do have some sedative value.

20. ***How can we differentiate between an allergy and a cold?***

We can't, from the symptoms alone. The condition must be medically traced back to its source.

21. ***Do colds, like allergies, have psychosomatic features? In other words, can a cold be affected by mental attitudes?***

There is no proof that anxiety or tension can make you more susceptible to a cold or make an existing cold worse. But either may make a cold *feel* worse.

22. ***How about age and the common cold? At what age are we most susceptible?***

The worst age for colds seems to be between one and three years. After that, susceptibility gradually tapers off.

23. ***What is the age of greatest immunity?***

Surprisingly enough, the first few months of life. The newborn are almost totally immune to colds. We don't know why.

24. ***Is one sex more susceptible than the other to colds?***

Technically, no. But mothers catch colds more often than fathers—probably because they spend more time with the children during the various cold seasons.

25. ***Is it advisable to keep young cold victims out of school?***

It depends entirely on how they feel. Common sense is the only rule. Most authorities agree you can't isolate children enough to narrow the field of contagion, anyway.

26. ***Why not? Won't keeping children at home prevent them from infecting other children in the school?***

Not necessarily. A cold may be infectious hours before the first symptoms appear—in which case other people will already have been exposed.

27. ***How about a cold plus fever? Is it wise to stay home if you have both?***

Yes. The rest gives your body more energy to fight the infection.

28. ***Is it sensible to dress warmly when suffering from a cold?***

Do not wear more than you normally would. Overheating is no better than chilling.

29. ***Should a common-cold victim avoid air-conditioned places?***

He should avoid any *extreme* temperature change, since it might aggravate the cold; minor changes probably don't matter.

30. ***Is there any truth to the old adage, "Feed a cold; starve a fever"?***

Again, common sense is the rule. Cold victims are wise not to overeat; it places an added burden on their systems, which are already working harder than usual to fight the virus. So long as a patient gets a reasonable amount of nutrition, let his own appetite be the judge.

31. ***Are any particular foods good for a cold?***

No. Any food is acceptable so long as it's not so heavy as to require extra energy to digest.

32. ***How about plenty of fluids?***

They're always good for you; they help perk up your system.

33. ***How about grandmother's old "sweat treatment"?***

Forget it. All it does is step up body excretions. By drinking fluids, you can achieve the same result with a lot less discomfort.

34. ***Is there any hope of ever finding the cause of—and a cure for—the common cold?***

Yes. Other respiratory diseases, such as strep throat and pneumonia, have been licked. And the new Enders-Weller-Robbins tissue-culture technique opens the way for a new attack on the problem of the common cold.

Are he-man meals taboo for a cold victim?

35. ***What is this technique?***

It is a method which enables scientists to grow viruses in test tubes. Previously, the cold virus could be studied only in apes or man. That's one reason why there hasn't been more research into the common cold; the primates are expensive, and more abundant animals—for example, rabbits—don't catch colds. Thus, thanks to tissue culture, it should now be possible for the first time to produce cold virus relatively cheaply in the quantities vitally needed for research. Never before have prospects been so bright for victory over the common cold. ▲▲▲

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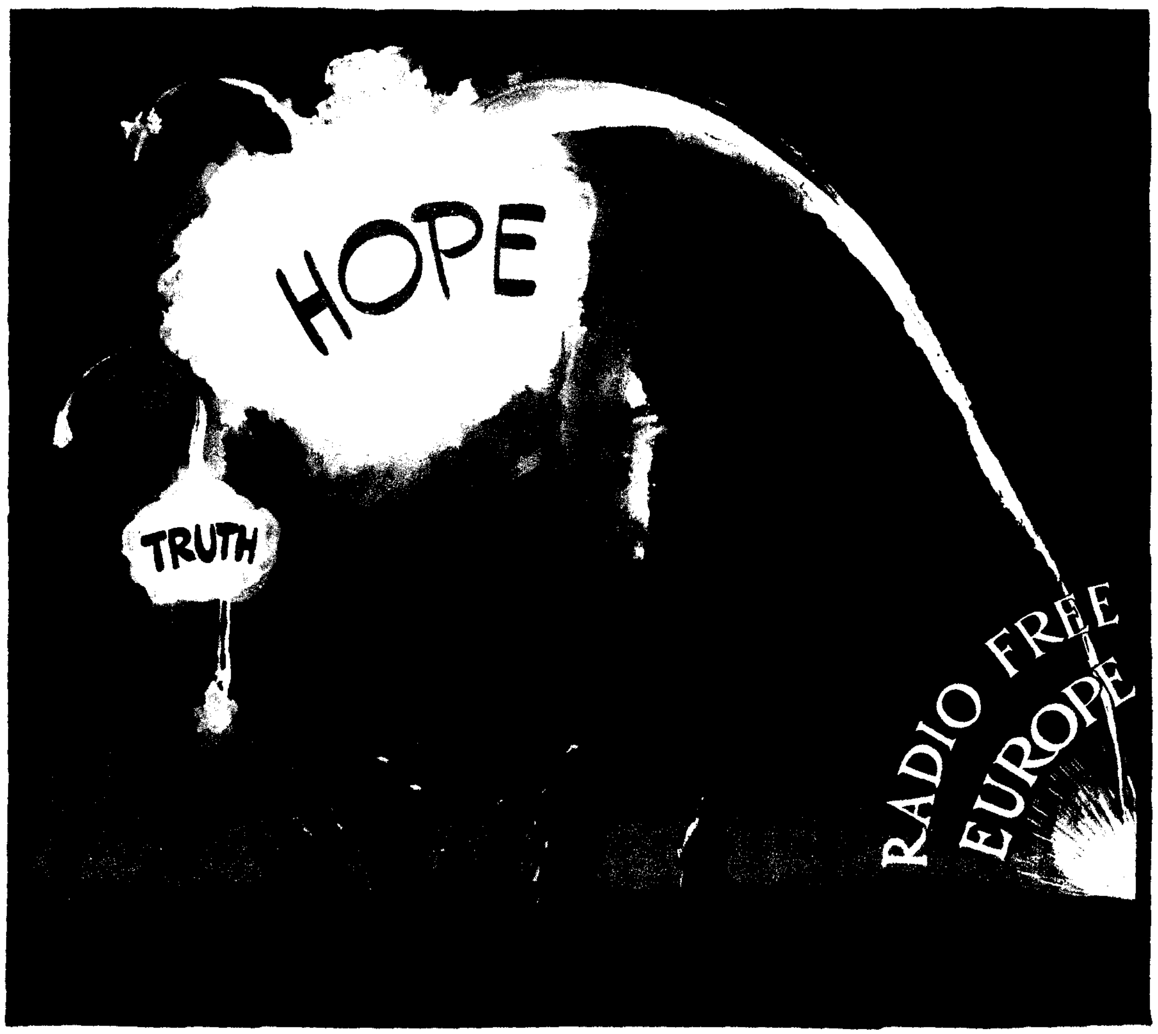

HARRY DEVLIN

Bullets of Truth

THROUGH the Crusade for Freedom several million ordinary Americans are waging their own cold war across the border that divides the Soviet satellite empire from free Europe.

The results are impressive. The Crusaders have been able to expose Red secret agents, to embolden a quarter-million Hungarian farmers to quit their collectives and demand rights as free farmers, to give a powerful assist to the collapse of the Polish Ministry of Security Police.

The Crusade, sponsored by the American Heritage Foundation, was organized in support of a simple theory—that the truth can defeat a lie wherever the two can be pitted in fair combat.

On the strength of this theory—and of the dollars provided by individual Americans who have faith in it—one of the most unique and effective communications systems of all history has been built and put into operation.

The foundation's operational arm, the Free Europe Committee, has ringed the satellite empire with five radio stations—the Radio Free Europe network. Through 29 powerful transmitters these stations beam truth to the people of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania and Bulgaria.

These bullets of truth crackle across the borders in a steady barrage—truth gathered by an elaborate intelligence network, and from thousands of eager refugees; truth voiced by exiled Poles to captive Poles, Czechs to Czechs, Hungarians to Hungarians; truth hurled specifically and tellingly against the lies spread by the Communist propaganda organs.

The committee also showers truth into the satellites in leaflets carried by ingenious balloons, timed to drop their cargoes over the big population centers. It also conducts, among its other activities, the Free Europe University in Exile for refugee students.

Communist governments have lodged furious protests against Radio Free Europe and the Free Europe Press—misspent protests, since the Crusade is strictly a private enterprise (a fact difficult for the Reds to comprehend).

Radio Free Europe has been subjected to the most strenuous and persistent jamming operations—sabotage efforts which have been surmounted by "saturation" broadcasts in which the same message is transmitted simultaneously over all 29 transmitters.

Red fighter planes have scrambled up to engage the leaflet-bearing balloons, and a secret Red agent confessed a plot to blow up a balloon launching station.

No better testimonials could be offered to the steady success of the Crusade for Freedom.

This Crusade aims to stir no massive uprising in the teeth of the Communist military; it aims at cementing the will of the captive millions to fight their captors in the only effective way now open to them—by quiet, passive resistance, and by clinging to the faith that so long as freedom survives anywhere on earth, and is cherished in their own hearts and memories, there persists the chance that they will one day regain it.

The Crusade for Freedom carries its vital message directly from one freedom-loving people to another, unhampered by diplomatic restraints and governmental fetters. To push on to the fulfillment of its mission, the Crusade needs the financial support of many more millions of Americans. On the record it deserves that help.

Industry Lends a Hand

ONE OF THE remarkable aspects of American democracy is a built-in, self-adjusting, self-steadying mechanism which operates—to the constant surprise of many critics—without benefit of any authoritarian hand on the controls. Demand produces compensating supply; problems find answers; defects are remedied.

For some time now a very real problem has plagued our higher-education system, the threat that our privately endowed schools—especially the smaller liberal arts colleges—would be crushed in a vise of rising costs and diminishing income. Mounting taxes have been eating away the great private fortunes which historically supported these schools; inflation has slashed the value of existing endowments. Meanwhile the mounting demands of business and industry for specialists have driven the once-basic curriculum of the humanities deeper into the shadow.

The loss of either the private college or the liberal arts curriculum would be a calamity.

The private colleges, besides being renowned sources of leadership, are also the sanctuary and symbol of the kind of inquiring, free-ranging mind that underpins American progress and American freedom. That kind of inquiry would be in jeopardy in an educational system completely beholden to political agencies.

And a nation relying entirely upon the techniques of engineering and commerce would be hard put to cope with the atomic age. From the liberal arts and sciences must come both the basic research upon which progress in applied science depends and the patient study of human nature which will one day make possible man's conquest of his own explosive behavior.

Even as our democracy was creating this complex problem, it was developing the means of solving it.

The rising tensions of the atomic age brought to the nation's top industrial leaders, as to others, the realization that man's technical knowledge had perilously outstripped his understanding of how to control his own behavior—and that for the security of all, the gap had to be closed. Indeed, the industrial leaders have found a developing need in their own bailiwick for leaders skilled in industrial statecraft—a kind of leadership calling for broader training than can be found in the straight technical courses.

Prompted by these needs, and aided by a corporate tax situation which encourages the diversion of substantial chunks of profits into philanthropic enterprises, corporation after corporation is rallying to the cause. General Foods, United States Steel, Columbia Broadcasting System, Standard Oil of New Jersey, Bethlehem Steel, Ford Motors, Sears, Roebuck, and a host of others, large and small, are in the van. General Electric is matching gifts up to $1,000 made by any employee to the college or university from which he was graduated. General Motors has expanded its already substantial educational-aid program by $2,000,000 a year in unrestricted grants to scholarship funds and to foundations representing 133 private colleges, most of them specializing in the liberal arts and sciences.

When the American industrial community displays this tangible evidence of its comprehension of what President Harlow Curtice of General Motors called "the need to develop a nation of informed citizens," the prospects are bright for the future of the private colleges, the humanities, and a balanced, sound democracy.

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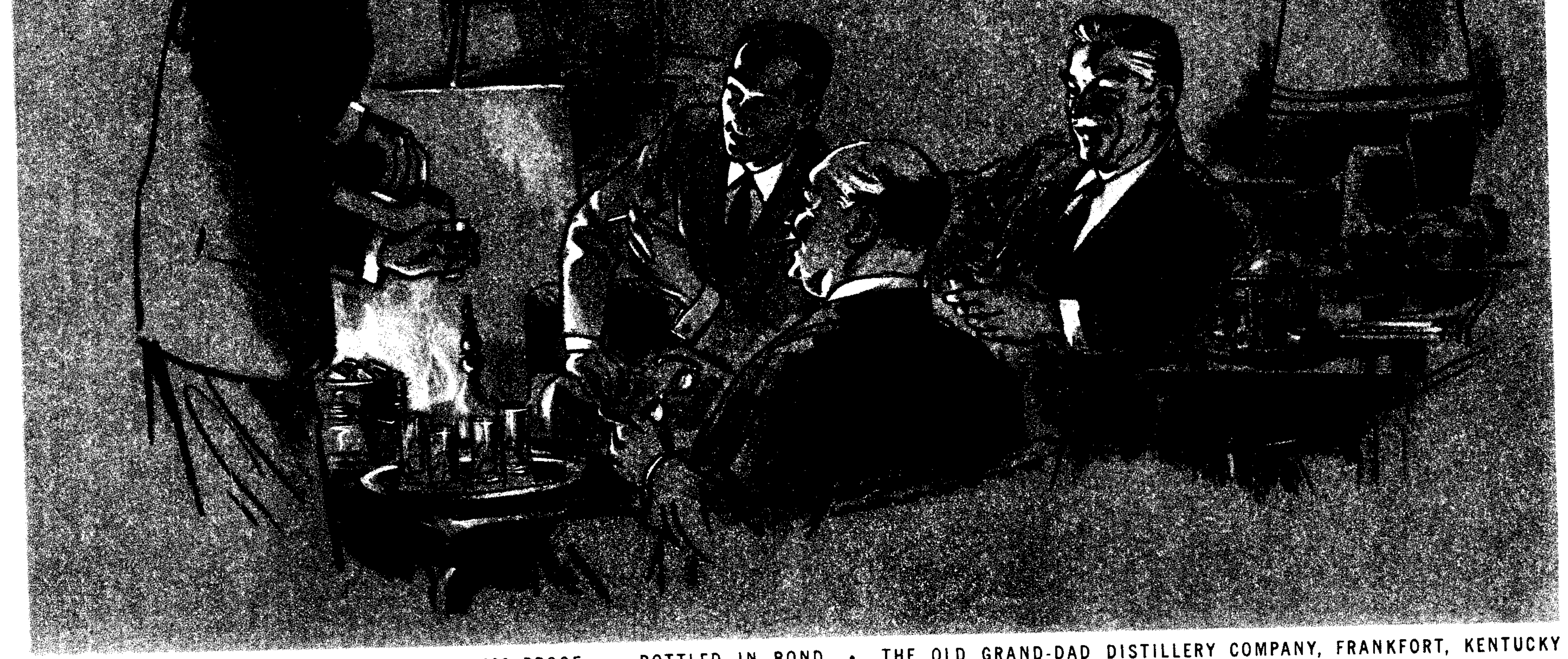

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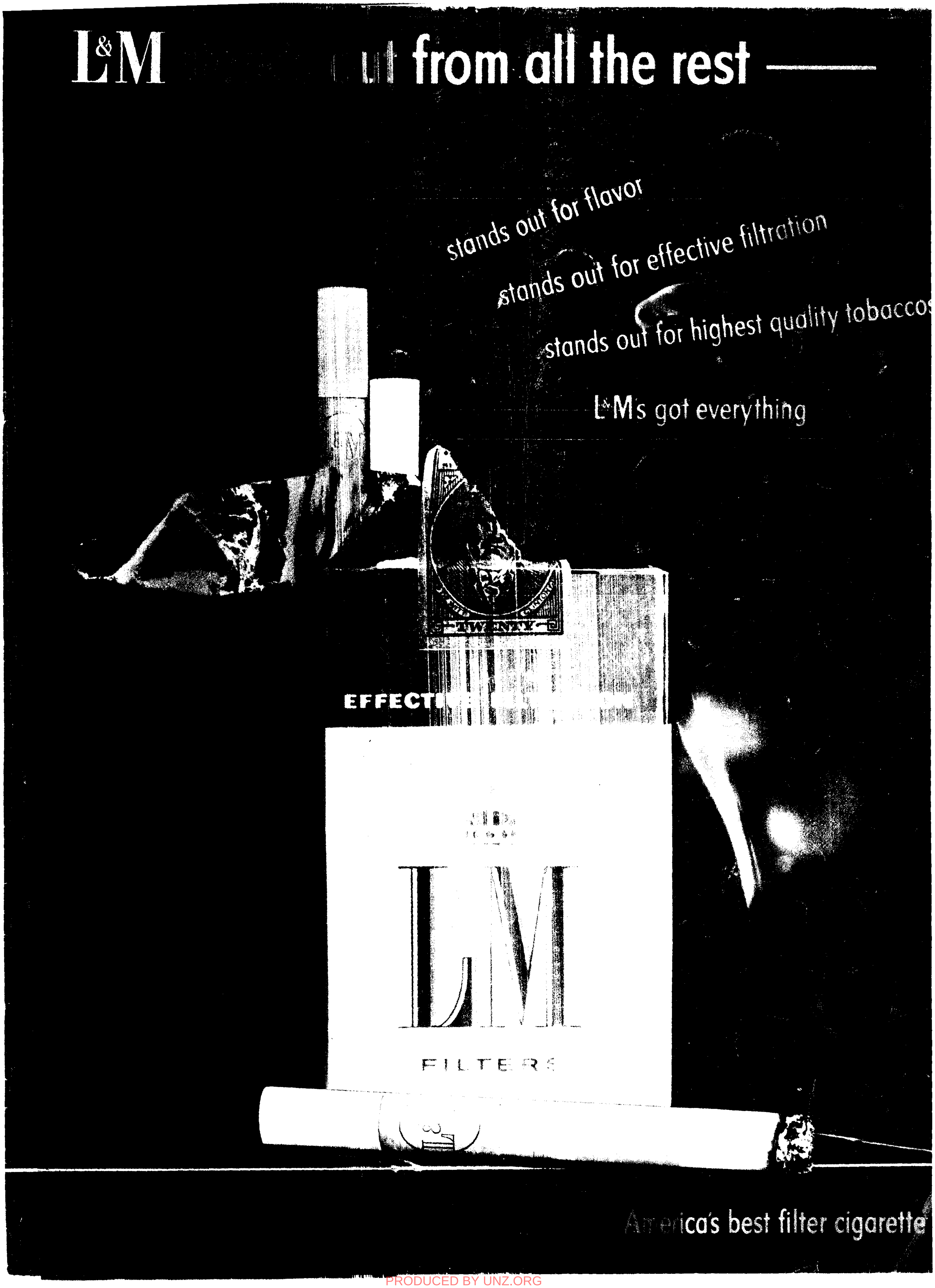
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